

CHRISTMAS NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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NO. 2

"A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by,
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me
For Christ's sweet sake and charity."



*Stealing
the O
Sandwich*



*Discovered in
his place of
refuge . . .*

December
1916

"Clubby's Regeneration" *See Story
on page 3*

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EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

"America First" Campaign to Americanize Millions of Immigrants Who Do Not Speak Our Language

A RECENT series of bulletins headed "America First Campaign," issued by the U. S. Bureau of Education for the purpose of urging all non-English-speaking immigrants to attend the free night schools and learn to speak and read our language, and appealing to all patriotic citizens to assist in inducing these immigrants to attend night school, shows that the government has at last opened its eyes to the necessity of doing something to Americanize the large and rapidly increasing element of our population which is foreign by birth and prefers to remain foreign in language, interest and affiliation.

Startling developments at home and abroad in connection with the great war have revealed the menace to our national welfare of having in this country millions of immigrants who, though with us, are not of us because they do not understand our language or our institutions and, worse yet, do not care to learn. Segregating themselves into separate communities consisting of people from their respective native lands they constitute foreign colonies in all our large cities, industrial centers and even in many rural districts. Although they have come here to escape oppression or for a better field of opportunity, yet with unreasoning inconsistency they refuse to identify themselves with the interests of this country but rather continue to venerate those old world social and political notions which in practice in the land of their birth have produced the undesirable conditions they have fled from. Unfortunately this characteristic is not monopolized by any one class of immigrants though those of some nationalities are more clannish than others.

It has been noted by eminent authority, and it is unquestionably true, that the amazing strength of Germany is largely due to the fact that her people are practically homogeneous, being of the same racial origin, speaking one language and having the same national ideals and ambitions, while the comparative weakness of her Austrian ally results from the multiplicity of races and peoples composing the Austro-Hungarian Empire, consisting of the kingdoms of Austria and Hungary and the former kingdom of Bohemia, each peopled by a different race with a language of its own and traditional jealousy of the other members of the empire, and added to this triple discord is the unrest of the Roumanian, Servian and Italian speaking provinces under Austrian dominion. The moral of this object lesson in Europe is further enforced by the trouble which hyphenated citizenship in the United States has caused our people and our government in consequence of many of our foreign-born citizens treating the interests of the respective countries whence they emigrated as paramount to those of America.

Previous to the outbreak of the present war immigration to the United States had reached the enormous figures of nearly a million and a half annually. A large part of this, especially that from the degraded nations of Asia and Africa should have been excluded as unfit for American citizenship, and even as to those coming from Europe care should have been taken to admit only such as manifested the capacity and sincere desire to become American citizens in the full sense, renouncing all foreign allegiance and unreservedly identifying their future interests with the welfare of this country whose hospitality they sought for the betterment of their condition.

For a large portion of our people to remain foreign in their ideas, their prejudices, their interests and their allegiance endangers our domestic tranquility and jeopardizes our peaceful relations with foreign powers. It cannot and must not be tolerated. Not being able to speak and read the language of our country is about the surest preventive against becoming Americanized.

By all means encourage every immigrant to attend school, day school if of school age, night

school if grown up, and learn to speak and read our language for his or her own benefit as well as for the good of the community. Employers of foreign-born labor have joined heartily in the efforts of the government to induce immigrants to attend the night schools and many of them have scheduled an advance of wages to those who learn our language. One of the government bulletins says that the foreign language press is to advocate the proposition, but apparently the existence of these foreign language papers and magazines has prevented many immigrants from taking the trouble to learn to read English by furnishing them with reading matter in their own language. They could help the cause immensely if they would duplicate in English in parallel columns the most interesting parts of their publications, and it would not be unreasonable for our government to require this as conditional to their use of the mails.

Surprising Decrease in Infant Mortality in Germany During the War

PUBLISHED statistics show that the annual death rate in Germany, which for all ages and classes was 14 per thousand of population in 1913, the last year of peace, rose to nearly 20 per thousand in the second year of the war and is still rising. Such a result was to have been expected and, considering that the soldiers are included in the tabulations and that the stress of war with scarcity of food and curtailment of other necessities is not conducive to health and longevity, the increased ratio of deaths seems moderate.

But the remarkable feature of the report is the statement, with figures to prove it, that the infant mortality rate has diminished considerably during the war. Infant mortality means the death rate among children under the age of one year, and it is stated in terms of the ratio of deaths to births.

In Germany in 1913, the year before the war, the infant death rate was 14.1 per hundred births, a very creditable showing. The war began the first of August, 1914, and that year infant mortality rose to 15.6 per hundred births, an increase rationally attributable to war conditions which prevailed during the last five months of the year, although they had not become acute in their effect on living conditions at that time. Since then, as scarcity of food and especially of milk, with deprivation of other comforts and necessities has become more and more pinching, the natural expectation would be for the infant death rate to rise with the prolongation of the war. But the astonishing fact is that from this point, instead of rising it has steadily declined. From 15.6 infant deaths per hundred births in 1914 it dropped to 14.5 in 1915 and is now down to 12.9, which is so much below the best figures (14.1) in time of peace as to clearly indicate the working of some war-induced factor that is favorable and powerful enough in its influence to more than counterbalance the ill effects of all the war conditions that are unfavorable to life and health of babies.

Searching the field over we can find only one possible explanation, but that one appears adequate and conclusive in the light of positive scientific knowledge of infant hygiene. Strange as it may seem, the milk famine, the dearth of cow's milk, stands out as the probable cause of saving the lives of so many German babies during the last two years. Our sympathies have been aroused by the publication of pathetic but ineffectual appeals to Great Britain to permit the proposed shipment of cargoes of American condensed milk to save the German babies from starvation. No doubt older children, adults and especially the sick and feeble in Germany have suffered from deprivation of milk as, indeed, they have from shortage of eggs, meat, butter and flour, but not so with the young babes to whom, in fact, the milk famine has been and is a positive

blessing in that it compels their mothers to give them the food which Nature designed for them but is denied their offspring by too many present-day women.

In the article on "Prevention of Whooping Cough Among Babies," in last March COMFORT, Dr. Beveridge says: "The great modern menace is the bottle-fed baby." He explains that the bottle-fed not only are less healthy than the breast-fed in infancy but that the weakening effect of the poor start which the former get as babies lingers and makes their frail bodies more susceptible to the ravages of disease through childhood, and to illustrate he points to the fact that "eight out of every ten babies who come down with whooping cough are babies that have had their start on the bottle and that the mortality is very great with these while with the breast-fed it is very slight."

The U. S. government, through the bulletins issued by its Children's Department, urges all mothers to make every effort to nurse their infants. Experts who have made a special study of the matter produce figures which show that out of every hundred bottle-fed babies an average of thirty die in their first year while of the breast-fed babies only about seven out of every hundred die in their first year. We trust the mothers of America will take the lesson to heart without the exigency of a milk famine or a war blockade.

Don't Gamble by Relying on One Crop

IT may be sound policy for the farmer to specialize somewhat but not to the extent of limiting his efforts to the raising of any one crop. To stake an entire season's investment of time, labor and money on the outcome of one kind of crop is too much of a gamble on weather, destructive pests and market conditions. The farmer can and should minimize the risk by diversified farming so that, if one crop fails or proves unprofitable because of overproduction and a glutted market, he still has several chances of making good on his other crops. This is forcibly illustrated by the experiences of the cotton planters who have suffered so much damage from the boll-weevil and then, when they succeeded in raising a large crop the year the present war broke out, it was hard to find a market for it even at prices below the cost of production. The apple men were equally troubled in disposing of their large crop that same fall, and two years ago the enormous grapefruit crop hardly paid for picking and shipping.

Another reason in favor of diversified farming is that rotation of crops improves the fertility of the soil and subdues the insect pests and plant diseases with which the land becomes infested by raising the same crop year after year. We read in Southern agricultural bulletins that the cotton boll-weevil is a blessing in disguise because it is forcing the cotton planters to practise diversified farming and crop rotation instead of depending entirely on the ups and downs of cotton.

Every farmer should also raise a variety of live stock including always cows, hogs and poultry besides the necessary work animals, and some sheep where conditions are favorable. In this way, instead of impoverishing his land by selling all his crops he will feed out a large part on the farm, thereby adding to the fertility of the soil, and will market a part of his products in the form of beef, veal, lamb, poultry, eggs and dairy products, for all which there is a continually increasing demand and an upward trend of prices. Pellagra, the dread disease that is caused by insufficient nourishment, has become alarmingly prevalent among farm people in the South because their diet is deficient in milk, eggs, meat, peas and beans, all which they might raise in abundance.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Clubby's Regeneration

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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HAD "Clubby" known his correct name, undoubtedly he would have scorned it. For that name was no other than the extravagantly sounding, "Leander St. John." Clubby was the offspring of a near-aristocrat whose heritage had been more money than brains, and a foolish virgin who had married the near-aristocrat in haste lest the monetary reward such a union would bring would escape her. She paid for her folly later, by being deserted by her near-aristocratic husband, and when Clubby was born, she passed away to her reward, her only happiness being the fact that she had been a lawfully wedded wife.

Clubby was then left to the mercies of the boarding-house keeper within whose establishment his mother had died. The leathery-hearted female kept Clubby until she had given him what she considered was two hundred dollars' worth of care, that being the amount of money she took from under the pillow of Clubby's mother, when she felt quite sure that the dead woman would not stretch out her hand in protest.

By the time Clubby was five years old, he was an old hand at trotting about the city streets selling papers. He generally sold them quickly, for the kind-hearted public felt a pang of pity for the little waif, and often gave him more than the penny he asked for his newspaper. Their generosity was promptly gobbled up by the harried man of the boarding-house, who, not content with seizing his inheritance, took his small earnings for his "keep." It was she, who once, in drunken humor, kicked him across the room, injuring his ankle so that when he became better, it was only to find himself burdened with a clubfoot, whence came his name, "Clubby."

When Clubby became seven years of age, a crisis in his life came. Up to this time, his earning capacity in the newspaper business had been steadily on the decline. He was getting to be just as any other little ragged neway of the street, and he had been gradually losing the pitiful attraction that brought him to the attention of the public. Now he was simply a "bow-legged kid" or "a pigeon-toed brat."

If he didn't sell enough papers, he dared not go home, and so stayed out all night. For this, however, he did not care. He almost preferred the streets to his squalid hole in the boarding-house. And so, if he did not go there, he'd trot to some convenient dark doorway or hall, and there curl up and snuggle down as a little dog might, and sleep the sleep of the street urchin. He didn't need much space, only a little corner sufficed.

Clubby was a child of the streets; sometimes he was an object of pity. He didn't know it, however, because he knew nothing of pity, kindness and generosity. If he thought at all about the great lifeless world in which he existed, it was very likely those thoughts concerned keeping out of everybody's way.

After Clubby was seven, he ceased almost entirely to go to the boarding-house which had been the only home he had ever known. For he found he could knock around town better and at the same time be at the scene of his business all the time. Keeping the irregular hours that he did, it was rather difficult to say when Clubby's day commenced and when it ended. Time was rolled into one mass with him. He was on the streets all the day, trying to sell papers. Between editions, he slept, so this made him wide-awake enough to attend the after-theater crowds with the latest sensation. By the time the cafes emptied out, it was pretty late, so Clubby snatched another few hours of sleep, and was up for the early morning editions. He slept when he had nothing else to do, ate whenever he had enough pennies to buy himself a frugal meal, and when times were dull, and sleep would not come, he joined in any of the mischief that his colleagues suggested. Clubby, however, was generally cautious in this respect, for his clubfoot was not a help in flight.

Thus time's cycle went on for him. He didn't know much, and he didn't care. Nobody took any interest in him, and he took no interest in anything in turn. But wait, there was one thing that Clubby was becoming interested in this year. That was Christmas.

Christmas was a time when the big store windows showed a most wonderful assortment of things; when men stood on the street corners and wound up distractingly interesting mechanical toys that ran and danced and jumped and buzzed. Then there were the men who made the little woolly dolls dance—Clubby wondered how they did it! Then there were the green wreaths with the red berries which looked so nice that one almost felt like eating them, though they weren't good to eat as Clubby knew, for he had tried it. Then there were the tall green Christmas trees on which hung all sorts of beautiful glittery things.

Yes, Christmas was something beautiful and grand and it must be coming soon now since all these signs of its coming were beginning to appear. He had heard too, that there was going to be given to all the newbies, a dinner, at which turkey and potatoes would be served, besides all sorts of other good things including candy. Clubby liked candy.

If he could only go to that big dinner! But Pete, who had sometimes been kind to him, had become angry with him for taking away a customer, and told him that if he asked anyone else about that dinner, or if he'd be there, he (Pete) would punch Clubby's head. So Clubby didn't ask anyone else. He was afraid of Pete.

The days passed, and Christmas was approaching. It must be very near to the day, Clubby reasoned, since the streets were getting so crowded and people carried such big bundles. What would Christmas bring him?

That was his thought as he walked, or rather, pulled his way through the big crowds on the street that evening.

As he went along, in a big store he saw a blazing sign: "Only One Day to Christmas!" Only one day! Then this very night must be the night of the big dinner! Pete was still angry with him, and unless Pete relented that big dinner would pass up Clubby. But where could he find Pete?

Clubby had sold very few papers that day. He hadn't but three cents, and those he must keep to pay for his papers the next morning. Ah, it was a hard world to be sure.

Clubby was hungry and tired, and the night was dark and slushy. The big, heavy white snowflakes fell, whitening the street, and forming on the sidewalks in a sticking, wet, slippery mass.

Clubby's hope was slowly dying out. There was nothing left for him to do unless perhaps, it would be to go to his old boarding-house. The boarding-house keeper might give him a bit to eat and a place to sleep. Yes, he'd go, and if she wasn't cross, he'd ask her for something to eat, but if she was, he'd gently sneak in and be quiet. At least he would be sheltered from the storm.

With this plan in mind, Clubby started off. He went the length of the business district, then passed into the more quiet streets. He walked a good many blocks down a boulevard on which stood many beautiful residences. Many had been sold by their owners since the street was becoming a business thoroughfare, but many of them were still used for residential purposes.

Clubby kept on until he sighted a policeman. Clubby feared policemen. They were awful people. So he turned off the boulevard and went down a sloppy snow-and-slush street that ran parallel with the boulevard.

As he walked down this street, he came to a wagon lunch-counter. It was a little affair with a glass front. Within the proprietor stood

among his stores of food, looking well-fed and contented in the glaring lights. On the open counter was an array of sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, within easy reach of the transient customer. There were also doughnuts, and cuts of pies. Under a glass case were raw steaks and chops, while in a pan, presided over by the proprietor, sizzled a regiment of "red-hot." They sent up a delicious aroma that tempted Clubby's cold little nose and quaking stomach.

He paused before this lunch counter for several minutes. Then all of a sudden, he really didn't know how he did it, his hand snatched one of the sandwiches in the waxed paper and he cut down the street.

The yell the proprietor sent up seemed like the curses of seven devils. In dismay at the fact that he had really "swiped" something, Clubby ran on, and turned into a dark alley. He hid behind a garbage can, and quaked there until all was quiet.

Fear for the moment had taken away his hunger, but now it renewed its attacks on his stomach. "If they git me, they'll put me in," he philosophized, "so I'm goin' to eat, it anyway," and forthwith he did.

The sandwich disposed of, and his foot feeling rested after the exertion he had put it to, Clubby got up and looked cautiously about. It would not do to go out into the street again, perhaps a policeman was watching the alley. So he started down it, until he came to a large gate which had not been pulled to, entirely. Through the small aperture he wriggled, and found himself in a yard of large proportions surrounded by a high, iron fence. A big building rose indistinctly in the falling snow in front of him; it faced the boulevard, he knew.

At his side was another smaller building; that was the garage. Funny that the door of that was open a bit, too. The people must be very careless, Clubby thought, but anyhow, it was shelter, so he ducked in. In the gloom he described the vague outlines of a big automobile.

"It's late, an' I guess th' geezer what owns this's gone to bed. Ooh, how I'd like to sit in it!"

Clubby climbed on the clear running board of

the big machine, and hoisted himself to the front seat. He threw out his thin little chest—how fine he was, just like the swell guys who rode in automobiles! He saw the electric button and his fingers itched to touch it and have it send forth a growl in the manner which those did which stood at the curb when he and his mischievous companions pressed them when there was no one around. But Clubby conquered the desire. Then as his fingers touched the electric switch, the car illuminated. He quickly turned out the lights lest he be discovered, but in doing so, he found out that he could allow the small inner light to burn. This was pleasant for the little light felt very nice to the cold skin of his hand.

As he examined the different levers and brakes, he suddenly noticed a wonderful thing lying on the floor of the machine. It was a big golden locket with a great sparkling stone in it. The big stone threw off all colors of the rainbow when the light struck it. There was a little twisted loop at the top of the golden thing—it must have broken and the gentleman who owned the car must have lost it.

Clubby picked up the beautiful thing. Gee, it must cost nearly a dollar and ninety-eight cents, anyhow, for it looked like one that he saw in the window of a store and marked that much. Maybe if he handed it to the gentleman who lost it, he might give him a few pennies for keeping it safe for him.

He put it into his pocket. Yes, that's what he'd do, as soon as the light came. Even if the gentleman didn't give him anything, perhaps he wouldn't mind or be mad if he had slept in the car for the night.

Over the robe-rail hung a big woolly blanket, so big and heavy that Clubby could hardly lift it. Clubby dragged it over the back of the seat to the front seat. How warm it felt, how nice! Clubby pulled it about his little shoulders, and sat in calm delight on the floor. Jimmy, wasn't it great?

He sat with his back resting against the door of the car, the light sparkling in his eyes. But he must turn out the light now, for he was getting sleepy. Yes, he must turn out—the—the

—light—because if someone saw him—and knew he—had the golden—thing in his pocket— But the light burned on, and Clubby's soul was winged away to slumberland.

CHAPTER II.

Palmer Northcross sat before the library grate, smiling to himself and smoking a cigar. He was happy, happy though he was all alone that Christmas Eve. His parents were abroad, so was sweet Robina West, but with a letter such as he had received from her that morning, what chap would not be happy?

Northcross was rich—or rather, he was a rich man's son. Robina had promised to marry him when he had ten thousand dollars in cash, earned through his own efforts. Robina was a girl of ideals. And so, instead of going abroad with his parents and with Robina (who was in his mother's party and chaperoned by her), he stayed at home to earn the ten thousand dollars, for Robina, though she said she would be happier if he were alone, still was set in her determination not to wed him until he had fulfilled her condition.

So he had remained at home, and worked hard, and was now on his tenth thousand, which he hoped, would soon be earned. His money, too, had been made legitimately, from hard work and judicious saving.

In the letter which he held, Robina had invited him to join her, as soon as the condition was complied with. "And let us hope it will be quick, Palmer dear," she wrote.

Instead of going out that Christmas Eve, he decided to stay at home. "We'll spend Christmas together in spirit, my Robina," he smiled happily, as he let his thoughts wander to the rose-covered meadows of the future when he would call Robina West his own. What better pastime could he find than reading her letter as often as he chose, and wandering with her to the land of fancy on Christmas Eve? And so he died, and smoked and smiled, and read the letter in the big room which breathed the spirit of Christmas, for there was a gayly decked Christmas tree which his servants had trimmed up at his laughing order; a great sheaf of holly glowed in a big vase upon the table whereon reposed a great pile of presents that had come from numerous friends, and from abroad. Well, he might just as well open them up.

He took out his watch, then suddenly noted that his charm was gone. A thrill of horror passed over him. Where had he lost it? Would he, could he, ever recover it? It had been given to him by his mother, and he prized it highly. He tried to recall when last he had it; he knew he had it before he left the office. Perhaps he may have dropped it in the car.

He jumped up and seized his hat, and plunged through the deep snow on the drive to the garage. He noted a faint light—had he left the lights burning?

He pushed open the door, and stepped in and for a moment forgot his quest as he gazed upon the picture that came to his eye.

In the light of the little electric, the fine lines of the big automobile loomed up; bundled before the front seats in the big woolly blanket with head back and mouth slightly opened, a little waif lay, fast asleep.

The garage was chilly; the waif breathed heavily. Northcross stood with fingers at his lip for a moment, then opened the foredoor, and gently gathered up the woolly bundle, boy and all, into his arms.

Recalling his quest, he glanced quickly around. He saw nothing of the lost watch-chain, so giving it up as lost for the present, he carried the blanketed waif into the house and laid him into a big, soft Morris chair.

"There!" he breathed with amusement. "We'll see what it has to say when it wakes up!"

He straightened out the crouched little figure so that the lad rested more comfortably, an exclamation of pity escaping him as he noted the clubfoot.

"Poor little waif; poor 'Clubby,'" he said, unconsciously designating the lad by almost the same name by which he was known.

Northcross sat down and studied the lines of the wan face.

"Poor kid! I guess I ought to make a Christmas for him," he mused. "I haven't any toys, and it's pretty nearly too late to get him some. Wonder if there's anything in those packages to attract a child." He went on, talking to himself. "Mayhap the folks sent some souvenirs of a kiddish character."

He opened the bundles but found little, then suddenly recalling that he had brought home a bunch of "cottonion junk" from an affair a few nights before, he went up-stairs for it. There was plenty of it to amuse a child, odd caps, tissue paper, novelties, and other truck. He often brought these favors home for a little youngster who lived in the neighborhood, whose mother was a washerwoman and whose father was a drunkard. And as for candles, nuts, fruits and sweets, well, Northcross had always been ashamed of his sweet-tooth.

He collected the stuff and went back to the library, stopping short in the doorway to observe the lad who had awakened and was sitting in rapt wonder at the Christmas tree. Then suddenly the lad turned from his cynosure and caught Northcross's eye. The gentleman, thereupon, deposited the truck underneath the tree, and switched on the lights, and the tree burst into a blaze of color.

This done, he went and stood before his tiny guest.

"Hello, kid!" he began.

"Hello," returned the waif, a little shyly.

"What's your name?"

"Clubby."

"Clubby what?"

"Not Clubby What, jus' Clubby," returned the little fellow.

"Um huh," grunted Northcross companionably, and then he said nothing more but watched his quasi-protégé and waited for him to speak.

"I say, Sport," Clubby began finally, "you don't care if I call you 'Sport' do you?" (He threw in the query a bit diffidently). "You look like a swell one."

Northcross took the appellation in its complimentary sense and nodded negatively.

"Well, say, Sport, ain't I dreamin'?"

"Well, Clubby, do you think you are?"

"Yes, I guess so," Clubby responded.

"Would you like to dream like this all the time?" Northcross questioned.

"Yes, 'cause this don't seem like no dream. Everything seems like real, on'y I know it can't be."

"That so? Well, suppose you pretend it is real?" Northcross suggested. "Get up and move around."

"Kin I?"

"Sure, kid, sure."

Clubby threw aside the big blanket, and stood up. "I know it's a dream, 'cause I fell asleep in the garage, and this ain't no garage. But this ain't one of them no clubfoot dreams."

"No clubfoot dreams?"

"Yes, Lots o' times when I dream, I ain't got no clubfoot."

"I see." (The light must have bothered Northcross's eyes, for he closed them for a moment. To rest them, undoubtedly).

"Well, suppose you enjoy your dream while it lasts."

"Oh, I'm afraid soon's I do, I'll wake up."

"No, you won't. Don't be afraid. Just go ahead and enjoy your dream."

What a time the two boys had! They played with the electric switch, turning the lights on and off as often as they pleased; anything that

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HAVE you ever planned a quiet Christmas, just with mother and the folks, and then suddenly found that the dearest girl friend you have would be with you for two days during the holidays?

That is what happened to me, and, more than that, my dear friend Polly was an orphan, and had never had many parties, so I was determined that she should have a Christmas party, although we were isolated in the country by a heavy snow. Of course the "grownups" said it was impossible to entertain under such conditions, but I knew Polly would enjoy helping, so I persuaded mother to send out invitations for the next evening while Polly and I planned the party.

The decorations were the problem that came first, and we solved it easily, because the woods were full of evergreens. I took three old straw hats, cut off the brims and covered the crowns thickly with evergreens until I had formed three jolly Christmas bells. One was hung in the center of the sitting-room, one over the dining-room table, and in the third one I fastened a small dining-bell. Then father fixed it over the front door, with a long red ribbon attached so that our guests could ring it, and it gave a delightfully festive appearance to the front porch. Strings of evergreens and Christmas wreaths completed the decorations of the rooms.

In the dining-room we arranged a table from which to serve refreshments and it was particularly attractive. The bell hung from the ceiling and beneath it stood the table covered with snowy damask and with ropes of greenery going from the bell to each corner of the table. Flat on the table we placed a Christmas wreath of holly and in the middle of the wreath put a lamp with a red paper shade which cast a soft, bright light over the table. With dishes of popcorn balls and nuts, apples and raisins placed about, our table was decidedly tempting.

Everything looked pretty when we had finished, but now arose the vexing question of "what to do with our guests when they had arrived?" Polly and I put our heads together, thought ever so hard, and finally planned a Santa Claus sale, which proved a great success. This was the way we managed it and if you have never had one you don't know what fun really is. Mother and I had made up dozens of stockings from some old red calico, and while we were doing this Polly concocted some splendid candy, fudge, pully taffy, and peanut brittle. Then we had stuffed the stockings out with wads of paper, adding a switch or so and a few boxes of ashes and sawdust, until they all looked like the bulgiest and best of Christmas stockings. Into a few of them, however, we put Polly's candy, also nuts and apples. Jimmie—who is only fourteen but has lots of sense—was transformed into the queerest Santa Claus you ever saw by tying on a white cotton batting beard and wig, and putting on a red sweater adorned with cotton ermine, high boots and a red flannel cap.

When the guests arrived, we gave each twenty hickory nuts, and brother Jimmy—dressed as Santa Claus—auctioned off the stockings for the nuts, amidst roars of laughter. Of course it was luck, pure and simple, when a guest won a stocking filled with goodies, and Santa was well enough acquainted with the crowd to venture jesting remarks about the proverbial "bad little boy" to those who got only sawdust and paper in their stockings.

Our next game was a contest that Polly and I had devised after earnest consultation with the dictionary. For this we passed around little Christmas bells cut from red and green cardboard and tied with Christmas ribbon. All girls like to have favors to remember a party by, and Polly and I made up booklets so attractive that our guests could keep them for souvenirs.

On an inner sheet was written the contest verses, and how it did set that crowd to thinking! The blanks were all to be filled in with words beginning with "Ex," each word in these verses beginning with "X" was left blank.

An Xmas Xtravaganza

That X-mas night so cold and clear
Filled Santa with Xceeding cheer
As Xpediently he crept.

But now's Xposed a sorry sight
Young Harry's moans his tears Xcite
Xcusable he wept.

"Xtremely small, this diamond ring
I can't Xtend so mean a thing,"
Xclaims the mournful Harry.

"To Xquisite Lucy Grey, whose gold,
Is most Xcessive, I am told,
Yet she, Exclusively, I'd marry."

Old Santa's wise, I must Xplain
To Xorise young Harry's pain,
Xpertly he did advise.

"Xert a little sense," quoth he
"Send your gift Xpediently,
Love will Xait its size."

Xultant, Lucy seized the treasure,
Xpressed her joy without measure
Xclaimed that she would wed.

Said Santa, "I'm Xcribly stupid
Xploiting myself in role of Cupid,"
So, self-Xilled, he fled.

We let the guests puzzle over this for twenty minutes, and try to fill in the blanks properly, then each signed his booklet, and we collected them. All who had made a correct list were entitled to cut for the prize, which in our case was a miniature fruit cake, decorated with a sprig of holly. Mother had made the cake when "trying out" her batter, but a copy of Van Dyke's "Otherwise Man," or of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," would be perhaps as suitable. For a booby prize Polly and I had blown out an egg-shell and colored it green with dye from a bit of cloth. We pasted this upright on a red cardboard base and wrote around the base, "Let us Xggs-hort you to study the dictionary."

During the evening we had served lemonade from the dining-room table and after the contest we brought out our refreshments. These were simple but they looked pretty, for we had chosen to typify the Christmas star in our edibles. Red gelatine in a star-shaped mold, was palatable and attractive, and mother had covered star-shaped cookies with icing colored with beet juice.

With our gelatine and cakes we gathered about the fire and popped corn, and roasted apples and chestnuts while we told of other Christmases. This day, however, meant more to us than a mere feast of gaily, so when it grew late, we went to the piano and closed our evening with the old carols and hymns, handed down from our English forebears.

"Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
How still I see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by."

While we sang I placed a lantern made from a box on the piano. It had a large star-shaped opening through which the light filtered softly through white tissue paper. We then slipped about the room, turning out the other lights until the Christmas star shone out alone, closing our merry evening most impressively.

Saint Jonathan

By Violet Knapp



"Help! Is no one near?"



"I'll tell you when I next wake up"



Stopped a few minutes to get married.



"Come in sweet mate"

Sequel to "June's House of Joy"

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THE snow was falling so rapidly and thickly that the snow-plows on the Wyoming and Western Railroad were kept constantly busy clearing the slender rails. For these were the only link between the little town of Faraway and the outer world. The telegraph wires had been down for some hours and no one could tell when the Chicago Limited would go through. June Valera and her stalwart husband had been waiting four hours in the little wooden station for the arrival of the train which was to bring them their first guest from the East—the first since their marriage on the May day of the spring previous. As June looked at her watch and saw the time her face grew serious. "I feel I must go home, Sweetheart," she said to her husband. "I dare not stay longer. We have to ride twenty miles through this snow and in two hours it will be dark. But I cannot let Maude arrive with no one here to meet her. What can we do?"

Juan Valera looked adoringly into the trusting blue eyes raised to his. Maude or no Maude, his sweet wife must be gotten back to Casa Alegre without delay. How had he ever dared let her leave its warm shelter for this wild ride, and in her delicate health, too! Saying not a word he suddenly picked her up in his strong young arms and bore her swiftly out to the waiting sleigh, tucked her in carefully and calling to his servant to await the guest at the station with the extra horses and see her safely home, he started off with a flourish for Casa Alegre, their ranch home, twenty miles away. June knew it was useless to protest,—in fact she didn't want to protest, she only wanted her own fireside, a hot drink, her own soft bed, and her maid Pepita.

Now the servant, Felipe, had no mind to spend the night at the lonely railway station. He could hear no train coming, a blizzard was certainly upon them, and this was no place for a good Christian on a stormy winter's night—at Christmas time too. So when the depot clock had ticked off another hour, and the glistening rails were again blanketed with snow, and no rumble of any train could be heard, Felipe saddled one of the horses and told the depot master that he was off.

"Bad luck to you," yelled that worthy, "to leave me here alone."

"Come with me then, you fool," cried Felipe. "Leave the door unlocked and the fire banked and come on to the hotel. It'll be black night in another hour. I've left the bay mare in the shed for the gal that's comin'."

The depot master shook his head, but as Felipe disappeared into the whiteness of the falling snow his suggestion sank into the mind of the man left behind and he soon began to argue that the train was probably stalled,—a washout or a blockade or a bridge down. "It won't be along before daybreak any way," he muttered. If he should go to the tavern—now was the time before darkness had fully come. And again it came true that he who hesitates is lost, for after he fixed the fire in the little stove, hung out another lantern and pocketed the money in the drawer, he slammed the door of the station and trudged off into the snow.

Thus it was that when the Chicago Limited rolled and creaked and groaned in its efforts to stop somewhere near the station at one o'clock in the morning, there was no one to meet the slender dark-haired girl who alighted from a sleeper. "I don't like to leave you here this way," said the kindly conductor, who helped her off. "Oh, I must get off here," replied Maude Bentley with a queer little laugh, "but thank you for your interest."

"I feel better about it, because I have another passenger for Faraway too. A man. He was in another car. Your friends are probably asleep in the station yonder."

"I don't see any station," said Maude, half trembling.

"It ought to be right off there, but this snow has covered up its lights I guess. Well, so long. All ad-o-a-d," and the brightly lighted train moved slowly but surely on, leaving the girl standing on a snow-bank in total darkness. She stood still thinking rapidly. Not a light to be seen, nor did a sound of any kind break the awful stillness after the rumble of the train had died away. "God in heaven," she breathed. "Show me what to do,—which way to go." Then she remembered the other passenger, the man. What was he like? Where was he? Dare she call out to him? Was he a cow-boy or a parson or a train robber? She decided to walk on—somewhere—and wait developments. So she stumbled through the snow until her hand, outstretched before her, felt a baggage truck and she knew she was going in the right direction. But no station lights were visible, and after a few minutes she called out in desperation, "help! Is there no one near?" Silence, save for the slight howl of the wind and the whirr of the falling snow. She crept carefully a few feet from the truck in hopes of finding the building. Then she called aloud: "Oh, June Mortimer Valera! Why did I leave my happy home for you?" She ended with a hysterical sob. And then she heard a noise. Footsteps were certainly coming, padding their way over the snow.

"Did I hear a voice? Did some one call?" came through the darkness.

"Oh, yes. Right this way. Are you the other passenger from the express?"

"Right-o!" answered the hearty masculine voice. The conductor told me to keep an eye on his other passenger for Faraway, but my eye couldn't find you."

Floundering more than knee deep in the snow, chilled to the bone, Maude Hastings turned in the direction of his voice, and soon felt herself clasped in strong arms, but whether they were the arms of a respectable rancher or a desperado she did not know. They were human arms, and they were strong and warm. For the moment, in her intense relief, that was enough.

"L t's back out the way I came. I dare not turn around for fear I'll lose all sense of direction," he said. "I've found a building. Whether it is the station or a shed I don't know. As near as I can remember Faraway depot I should say what I have found must be the shed for horses."

"Oh, then you are a stranger here like me," she said breathlessly as she faced the wind.

"Hardly. I've had a job here for four years,—that is to say in this vicinity. This your first visit?"

"My very first, and my last."

He laughed boyishly.

"Perhaps not. You are seeing us at our worst just now. We aren't like this all the time. Now here we are by the building," then as a whinny of welcome sounded very near them he cried, "It is the shed and there's a horse inside."

"That means we can leave at once, doesn't it? My friends will be so worried."

"Looks like they were worried," he muttered sarcastically as he unfastened the door and dragged her in. The air here was warmer, owing to the presence of the horse, and Maude exclaimed:

"How good this feels. Must we leave it at once?"

"No, indeed! I dare not stir from here till dawn. I might lose my way even when hunting for the station. It is quite a ways from the shed. You must be made as comfortable as possible right here. When old Sol appears we will explore. As far as setting out on the horse is concerned in this blizzard, why—it is out of the question. Here put your arms around the horse's neck,—I guess he is gentlemanly enough not to kick,—and get what warmth you can. And I will rub your arms." Maude obeyed obediently and soon slipped off her dripping traveling cloak and declared she felt much better.

"Oh, if you hadn't been here!" she cried suddenly, seizing his arm in terror at the thought.

"But I am, thank God."

"I like to hear you say that," she said shyly.

"I know you aren't a desperado." His laugh rang out.

"Well, we are both of us desperadoes in one sense. We are in a rather desperate plight. No knowing how long we shall have to stay here—or in the station. These early winter blizzards in Wyoming are no child's play. Can't we fix it so you can get some sleep? There is some hay in the corner I think, and I'll make a pillow for you, if you will lie down."

"How far are we from the House of Joy?" she asked irreverently.

"I beg pardon, from what?"

"From the House of Joy?"

"She is a little light headed," he thought in dismay. "What ever can I do?"

"Yes, how far it is to June's House of Joy, the Casa Alegre?"

"Oh," exclaimed her companion, much relieved as a great light dawned on him. "Casa Alegre, The Valera Ranch? Are you going there? It is all of twenty miles. But why—"

"Do you know them, the Valeras? Have you ever robbed their house or stolen their cattle?" she asked with a laugh of delight.

"I've robbed them of many a good meal—but right at their dinner table. Charming people, the Valeras. Yes, I know them well. They are happy too. And a heavy sigh escaped him involuntarily."

"Yes, June writes me she is a perfectly happy woman, and that is rare nowadays. But who are you? Would you mind telling me?"

"A thousand pardons. I am their friend, Jonathan Black."

"Not the Mr. Black? The minister who married them on May day last?"

"I am that very same," he assented joyfully.

"The Reverend Jonathan Black, Home Missioner, if you please. And now young woman, please hand me your visiting card."

His companion laughed and fumbling in her hand bag to find one, she was astonished when he struck a match. The flame flared up brightly for a minute and she started as she saw his face.

"Oh," she cried, "you are the very one."

"The very one what?" and he smiled quizzically back into her eyes.

"The one I kept seeing in the diner all the way from Chicago and I thought I——" Then she stopped in utter confusion.

"Go on," he urged quietly. The match had gone out and he grasped her arms masterfully.

"Tell me what it was you thought of the man in the diner." But she would not. "Must I wait for that?" he said gently.

"Yes, you must wait."

At length he burst out: "You haven't told me who you are. Is it possible,—are you by any means 'Maude'?"

"Oh, yes. I am Maude. Have you heard of her from June?"

"Continually. Maude is the girl of her heart, her mate she called you."

"Yes, I was her mate. But now,—and a tear rolled down and splashed on his hand. He tightened his hold on her arm. "Now she has her true mate,—and I am not needed."

"Not in the way you were, of course. But have you no mate of your own back in the East?" he asked softly.

"No. None at all. I have no one. Not a relative on earth nearer than a third cousin, sixty years old, and he has six children and sells calico and molasses at a corner grocery."

"Oh, Maude, Maude," he exclaimed. "You are delicious. A mate of the calico-molasses variety is an impossibility, I clearly see."

"Do you? I'm so glad you understand. So few people do. But I am woefully tired. Where is that hay?"

"Right over here. No, it must be here," as he fumbled around. "I don't want to waste my few matches. There doesn't seem to be any hay. The horse has eaten it I guess. Well, we must make the best of it. I'll sit down here in the corner and you lean against me so. Is that good? Is it comfortable? Don't be afraid of me? I just want you to be warm and easy. Try to go to sleep if you can," he said as her head sank into the hollow of his shoulder and he drew her wrap over her feet. "I'll keep awake."

"You go to sleep too," she murmured drowsily. "I couldn't sleep a wink, I——"

"Y. what?"

"I don't want to waste the time."

"What do you mean?"

"You must wait for my answer till you tell me what you thought of the man in the diner."

And he drew her closer to him and rubbed his chin against her hair. She half started up and said laughingly, "I'll tell you when I next wake up, Mr. Black."

"Must I be Mr. Black? You are just Maude to me. We are not in a Chicago drawing-room standing on ceremony."

"I should say not—Jonathan," she laughed happily as she settled back against his shoulder and prepared herself for sleep. But sleep would not come. In fact she was wide awake. She was far too happy to sleep. In all her life she had never been so happy. She had never been at all happy before, she concluded. To think that the paragon in the diner should be the passenger for Faraway, should be June's staunch friend, the minister, that she should be sitting here in a horse-shed leaning against his arms,—it was no wonder that all desire to sleep had fled. She could sleep when she got to her bed in Casa Alegre, but now,—and she stirred uneasily.

"Awake, little one?" he whispered as he bent down to her.

"I believe I am," she whispered back lifting her face towards his. And then,—they neither could tell afterwards how it happened, but it did, and Maude found her lips against the minister's and their two souls seemed to melt and fuse into one.

"I have found my mate," he at last said brokenly. "The mate I have looked for and longed for always. And you?" and he kissed her again before she could answer. But the pressure of her lips told him everything. The horse whinnied as if in sympathy and at length Maude said as she caressed her lover's face:

"This is our House of Joy, isn't it Jonathan? Our Casa Alegre?"

"Our House of Joy, sure enough. Anywhere with you is my house of joy. We are to be married soon, are we not, my mate? I want my mate, darling. Oh, the lonely hours I've spent riding over these mountains and valleys, with no one at the day's end to welcome me but my Indian housekeeper. I've prayed God again and again to lead me to my mate, to the one whom I could love and cherish, and the one who—"

"I am one who would love you back, and would work for you and pray for you and take you for my very own," Maude interrupted half tearfully in the exuberance of her joy. "And Jonathan, we found each other, and we——"

"We didn't waste precious time in formalities either, sweet mate of mine. And we are not going to. Tomorrow is none too soon for us to wed. My little cabin, two miles from Casa Alegre, is ready and garnished for my bride, and we'll journey to the Justice of the peace and get the knot tied."

"I want a Christian marriage, Jonathan. Why not a clergyman?"

"Because, sweetheart, I am the only one within a radius of two hundred miles, and this blizzard may continue for days or weeks, and we

couldn't travel. Are you going to keep me waiting all that time, mate of mine? Don't you want to be with me before spring?"

"Spring? Oh, that's an age away. Now that we've found each other, now that God has put my hand in yours."

"And my lips on yours, like this—and this—and this, Sweetheart, I will not wait till spring. I have it," springing up. "Stand up, Maude. I am a clergyman, and I can perform our ceremony right now, and in the morning we will stop at the Justice's and have everything fixed up legally. Now Maude say after me, 'I, Maude Hastings, do take thee, Jonathan Black, to be my lawfully wedded husband, and true mate,' and slowly, solemnly Maude repeated the sacred words which bound her to this strangely found bridegroom forever. Then her lover repeated the same vows and their lips met in the nuptial kiss.

"Oh, mate of mine," breathed her husband. "God grant I may be as good to you as you deserve. Mme. Valera, June, has told me of your self-sacrificing life, nursing among the poor a destitute, working bravely on, sometimes for a mere pittance. You were a hero in my eyes months ago. And now to have you in my arms as my wife, my mate. God in heaven!" he exclaimed reverently, "Help me to be worthy of her."

"And June's letters have been full of your heroism and devotion to the scattered whites and Indians of this section, until in my prayers I have added every night, 'God bless St. Jonathan.'"

"Dearest, I think our courtship, betrothal and marriage the most sacred thing of my life. It is a direct answer to prayer. I needed you, Maude, and my heavenly Father filled my need. And may you ever be able to say the same. Come now, get some sleep and it will soon be dawn when I'm sure your friends will send for you. What a surprise we will have in store for them."

It came about as he predicted. By nine o'clock the snow had ceased, then the sun came out, and soon a stout sleigh with a frightened driver came dashing up to the Faraway railroad station. Juan Valera's face was white and drawn. "My wife has been nearly frantic for fear something had happened to you, Miss Hastings."

"Something has happened, Mr. Juan," she said happily. "Your good friend here, Mr. Black, took care of me," and she smiled mischievously.

"But let's bundle in, for I am in a hurry to see June. And we have an errand on the way."

Five miles from the station lived the Justice of the peace and Mr. Black told Juan to stop a few minutes as he had an important errand. "You get out, and come in, too, Miss Hastings," he said with a merry twinkle. "You can get warmed at the fire." In twenty minutes they came out again, and the minister was putting a paper in his innermost pocket.

"Nice day after the storm," remarked Juan Valera as he chirruped to his horses.

"The most heavenly day I ever knew," responded the minister gravely.

"I can't say that," smiled Juan. "May day last was my most heavenly day, but another one is coming soon. I mean when June lays our child in my arms. You two don't know what a heavenly day is, for you haven't married June."

"What a cavalier speech," cried Maude gaily, as she looked warningly at her husband. "I don't wonder you soon turned June's head. Is that the Western way?"

"The true Wyoming way," said Mr. Black significantly.

Maude was soon clasped in the arms of her friend, the happy mistress of Casa Alegre, and in a minute had sobbed out the fact she and Jonathan were married. "We met in the diner," she explained breathlessly and were married this morning."

"You certainly have us beaten to a frazzle," said Juan. "June kept me waiting from October till May. But it was worth it."

After the midday dinner June and her guest had a long visit and then came the hour of parting, for Jonathan insisted that they repair at once to his cabin. "You will take things as they are, sweetheart, won't you for old Maria doesn't know what I'm bringing home."

"I would rather have it so, dear. I walked right into your life and I want to walk right into your home the same way."

The adieu were said, the "God-speed yours" pronounced upon the happy pair, and June turned in to her home saying with a sigh, "If they weren't two such perfect jewels I'd be terribly frightened at the risk they run in this hasty marriage, but as it is—I just can't be. But, oh, I've lost my long expected guest," and she buried her head on her husband's shoulder.

"There, there, June, don't shed a tear. You've gained a steady neighbor, and think what is coming to live with us soon, soon."

The two travelers on horseback soon came in sight of the cabin, silhouetted against the brilliant evening sky. "It will be no longer my lonely cabin," Jonathan said, as he reined in his horse beside hers. "but my Cabin of Content."

"And you will find someone within to welcome you when your horse comes trudging home, St. Jonathan," she answered bravely.

"Thank God. With you there this little humble cabin will be,—is paradise. A paradise on earth. Come in sweet mate of mine." Then they kissed and he drew her to his heart in a passionate embrace. "A saint can love an earth maiden, can't he?" she murmured.

"I'll show you," was his reply.

Who Wins the Auto Gets the Cash to Run It Too

An extraordinary and attractive feature of our New Grand Prize Offer is that whoever wins the \$635 Overland touring car will also receive a large sum in cash besides having the fully equipped auto delivered absolutely free of charge. The combination of seven sets of prizes together with cash commissions or premiums (as you choose) is such that, if you win the auto, you can't help winning at least one (in all probability several) of the large monthly cash prizes, too, which with your cash commissions will surely total a large sum. Besides the car we paid \$360 in monthly cash prizes to the winner of the auto in last winter's contest.

Read Prize Offer on page 33 and enter contest now for Automobile and December Cash Prizes.

CIVIL WAR BIBLE REACHES OWNER.—A well-worn Bible issued to troops in the Civil War and lost on the battlefield of Peachtree Creek, Georgia, on July 22, 1864, has been returned to its owner, Fred C. Will of Oconowoc, then first sergeant of Company B, by the Under, Geo. C. Stacey of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Regiment.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful one chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WHETHER I believe in telling children there is a Santa Claus or whether I do not, still remains a deep, dark mystery (I don't know as I've really decided anyway), but I do believe in a Christmas tree as do the majority of the readers. You say, "for the children," but, candidly, down deep, don't you enjoy it for yourself, too? But since it is for the children, let them help decorate it. The joy of helping will more than make up for any lack of surprise at seeing the completed tree. It's more fun to watch it grow, they will tell you.

Of course father or big brother will have to superintend the setting up of the tree as will mother, or some older person, have to direct the decorations and possibly help in the very hardest of it.

The practise of saving Christmas decorations from one year to another is a wise one, but the strings of pop corn and cranberries, as well as the bags of net, can be made by the little fingers. Then the stores offer so much in the way of decorations at such a small cost that a few can be added each year at a very trifling cost. Coarse salt melted and poured over the tree will give a good imitation of snow.

Sometimes tiny Chinese lanterns are considered safer for use on the tree than unprotected candles and it is well to prepare for a possible fire by having a tub of water handy and also a big rug or blanket, ready for instant use. However, don't alarm the children unnecessarily with these precautions, but only enough to insure moderate caution.

I like the old custom of placing Christmas candles in our windows. It is beautiful in its meaning that not only shall we make our own home bright but we shall shed light across the paths of others, for only thus do we get the real meaning of Christmas.—Ed.

TROY, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I wonder if you have room for a little, gray-eyed, brown-haired woman, only five feet tall and weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds, but with a heart full of love for all the readers of COMFORT and especially Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett and you, Mrs. Wilkinson.

I will tell you about this part of South Carolina, as I see very few letters from here. Our principal money crop is cotton, which is at a paying price now, though we raise corn, wheat and oats and, in fact, anything grows here except strictly tropical plants and fruits. The timber is mostly pine and oak. The climate is healthful, on the whole, in this part of the state and to my mind the people are all one could ask for as neighbors. I might safely say every fifth family owns a car, their own home, and have a piano and telephone, and rural mail routes go by nearly all the homes, too. My own home, to which I came as a bride twenty years ago, has large oaks on either side of the road, a flower yard in front, with a six-room cottage, having a porch around the front and sides which looks cool and inviting with its vines and box flowers. I am a lover of flowers and have some very pretty ones and there is hardly a time in the year when I do not have some in bloom. We all love music and my husband, until a year or two before he died, played the violin. His violin is nearly a hundred years old and has a very sweet tone.

I hope you all won't think me too personal, but I always like to read the letters that make me feel in touch with the writers and somehow a glimpse of their homes and what they like and do makes me feel that way.

I see some are against large families and I am too. I think it wrong to bring helpless children into the world, without their consent or knowledge, and then not fit them properly for the conflicts of life, which is quite impossible in many cases where this world's goods are none too plentiful. I have children and am doing my best by them. I have a little savings account in the bank for each of their very own, to add to every year. It is an incentive for them to save their money. If your boy or girl has only one dollar, put it in the bank for them in their name, and when the little new baby comes put in one dollar or five dollars, or whatever you can spare, for it and add to it as you can. Some day both you and they will be thankful.

Thanking each for the pleasure and help derived from their letters, I am, your South Carolina sister, Mrs. ADELE LOVELAKE.

Mrs. Lovelace. Your idea of starting a bank account for each of your children is to be commended, and it brings to my mind a method I was reading about only a short time ago—that of depositing as many dollars in the bank on the child's birthday as it is years old. One dollar for first year, two dollars when two years old and so on till the child is of age. If one can, the amounts might be reversed and twenty-one dollars deposited on the child's first birthday, twenty dollars the second year, making a deposit of but one dollar on his twenty-first birthday. This isn't always so convenient but the interest counts up quicker. I'm not expert enough in mathematics to give you the total sum offhand, but it is worth trying for and will give your son or daughter a good start in life. Of course the money may be invested from time to time and thus earn even more.—Ed.

WASHINGTON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Having been a subscriber to COMFORT for many years I would like to air my views, though probably they'll land in the waste-basket. Have read many heated arguments on both sides of the Suffrage question and also heard able speakers on both sides, and the fact still remains that we are living and must live so let us make conditions as tolerable as we can while we are here.

CHRISTMAS CAKES AND HOLIDAY GOODIES

By Ella Gordon

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GOOD things to eat holds a large place in our Christmas festivities and what to fill the home-made basket with that we send to friends and neighbors on that great day is always an open question. Perhaps one of the simplest and at the same time most attractive baskets is made from a quart strawberry box. First cover the outside with bright red crepe or plain tissue paper, letting the edges lap well onto the inside. Edge the top about an inch high with upright twigs of evergreen, carrying twine around to hold it in place. To cover twine and ends of evergreen, make a fold of the red paper, carry it around the basket and sew ends together and finish with a small red ribbon bow or a bunch of the evergreen. Line inside with white paper napkins, arranging neatly.

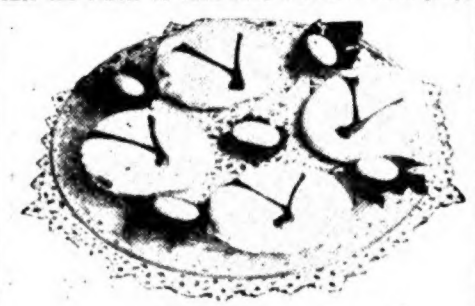
To fill, place in the center one apple filled with cider jelly and surround it with Christmas cakes and fill in the niches with stuffed dates, brown sugar fudge and across the top a few raisins on the stem. And then that the box may carry some message of good will, neatly copy a verse from some Christmas carol, fold and tuck it in among the goodies.

Christmas Cakes

This cake mixture offers a foundation for almost an endless variety of cakes and if directions are carefully followed success will surely be yours.

Warm the mixing bowl with hot water and wipe dry. Put in one cup of butter and work with a spoon till creamy and light. Add one and one-half cups of sugar and beat well into butter and then the beaten yolks of three eggs and the flavoring. Into three cups of twice sifted flour put one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one half of soda and measure out one half cup of milk. Add to the butter, eggs and sugar a little milk and stir, then a little flour and continue until the milk and flour are used, then add the whites of three well-beaten eggs and beat all together till smooth. Bake in a moderate oven fifty minutes.

Where the above cake mixture is to be made into Christmas cakes, put a part of the dough into a shallow pan about half an inch thick and bake. When cold, with a sharp knife cut into diamond shapes two inches square. Have prepared a bowl of frosting and dip in each piece of cake so it will be frosted all over. An easy arrangement for drying the cakes is to rest a wad of cotton or old-fashioned wire sieve on a shallow baking pan and through the holes stand toothpicks and rest the cakes on these till the frosting is firm. Put cakes on a three-tined fork when dipping into frosting. If further decoration is desired, while frosting is still soft, press into the center of each cake a cube of firm jelly.



WISH-BONE CAKES.

a raisin or a nut. Another decoration is to color a spoonful of the white frosting with beet juice and drop a little on the center of each cake. Very attractive for Christmas is to bake the cake in a long loaf and frost white. Make an ornamental frosting by beating the white of one egg very stiff, add two scant teaspoons of orange or lemon juice and a tablespoon of powdered sugar. Color with beet juice. Beat five minutes, add a little more sugar and beat again, and so on till frosting is firm enough to spread. Put frosting into a paper tunnel with a very small opening and trace the word *Christmas* across cake; or if the whole word is too great an undertaking, use *Xmas*.

If a richer cake is desired, add to the above dough mixture half a cup of dates cut fine and floured, and a saltspoonful each of mace, cinnamon and allspice.

Recipes

BOILED FROSTING.—Boil one cup of granulated sugar with one third cup of boiling water till it threads. Have ready the beaten white of one egg and in a fine stream pour over it the boiling syrup beating steadily, and while beating add one eighth of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, teaspoon of vanilla and a teaspoon of orange or lemon juice. Beat till firm but not too long as it hardens quickly.

WISH-BONE CAKES.—Cream together one half cup of butter with one cup of sugar and beat in two squares of grated chocolate or five teaspoons of cocoa, two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoon of milk and one cup and a half of flour mixed with two teaspoons of baking powder. Add flour enough to roll and cut into round cakes. Bake in quick oven about ten minutes. Frost white with boiled frosting and represent a wish-bone on each cake with chocolate frosting.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING.—Beat yolks of one egg and stir in one and three quarters cup of powdered sugar and three squares of melted chocolate and enough cream so it will spread. Flavor with vanilla.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—Three cups of soft grated bread, two cups of chopped suet, one cup of cleaned currants, two cups of seeded raisins and two thirds of a cup of citron shaved thin, one cup of sugar mixed with three even tablespoons of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of grated nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Mix together and add six well-beaten eggs and half a cup of either milk or brandy. Put into buttered mould, cover and steam four hours then remove from mould and bake half an hour in a moderately hot oven. Serve warm with hard sauce.

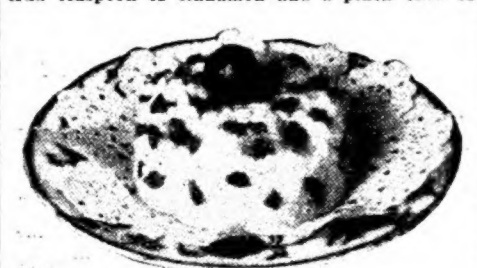
HARD SAUCE.—Cream one quarter of a cup of butter till very light and gradually work in two

thirds of a cup of powdered sugar and a little nutmeg and grated orange rind.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES.—Cream together one half cup of butter with one cup of sugar; add one well-beaten egg, quarter of a cup of milk and two even teaspoons of baking powder, sifted with a cup of flour, and then enough more flour to handle. If the dough is put where it will chill for two hours, it can be handled with less flour stirred in and the cookies will be much nicer. Frost with marshmallow frosting.

FROSTING.—Put one half pound of marshmallows to melt in a double boiler. Boil one cup of sugar with one third cup of boiling water till it threads when tested with a spoon. Pour in a fine stream onto the beaten white of one egg and add to this the marshmallows and a teaspoon of vanilla. Beat till it will spread on cookies. Decorate with narrow strips of citron and red cubes of jelly. Arrange on plate with twigs of evergreen between cookies.

CHRISTMAS GRAHAM PUDDING.—Beat together one cup of molasses, one half cup of milk, two well-beaten eggs and half a teaspoon of soda. Add teaspoon of cinnamon and a pinch each of



CHRISTMAS GRAHAM PUDDING.

nutmeg and ginger and one and one half cups of sifted graham flour, two tablespoons of melted butter and one cup of seeded raisins. Steam three hours and bake one hour in a closely covered pail or can, only filling two thirds full. Butter and flour can thoroughly.

CREAM SAUCE.—Beat the yolk of one egg and work in one cup of powdered sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla and then the beaten white of egg. When ready to serve, beat in one pint of partly whipped cream.

CIDER JELLY IN APPLES.—Soak a box of gelatin in one cup of cold water ten minutes and then dissolve in a double boiler. Into one and one half quarts of cider put one large cup of sugar and if the cider is quite new add the juice of two lemons. When the gelatin is hot and melted, add the cider and set away to harden. Cut the top from large red apples, scoop out the pulp till the walls are about half an inch thick and fill with the jelly and replace the top of apple. Serve very cold.

STUFFED DATES.—Select choice dates and pour boiling water over them and let stand one minute. Wipe and cut a slit in the side large enough to slip out the stone, and in its place press one quarter of a walnut or chopped peanuts. Press together and roll in powdered sugar.

BROWN SUGAR FUDGE.—Boil two cups of brown sugar, one cup of white sugar and one half cup of sour cream till it will form a ball in cold water, then add butter size of a walnut and one teaspoon of water and beat till it thickens a little. Pour into a buttered tin and when partly cold cut into squares. Chopped nuts may be added.

Rules for Cake Making

Have fire ready before beginning to make cake. Have each ingredient measured, earthen mixing bowl, egg beaters, spoons and tins ready before beginning to mix cake.

Be careful not to break yolk when separating from white as a very little of the yolk in the white will prevent the white from beating dry. A satisfactory way is to gently break the shell on the edge of a cup, then separate enough for the white to drain out, leaving the yolk in a half shell. Only fresh eggs will make good cake.

Coarse granulated sugar makes heavy cake. In making butter cake, alternate the milk and flour, stirring between each addition, then beat all together till smooth.

Cream of tartar, soda and baking powder should be added to flour and sifted again.

Spoon dry ingredients (such as flour, meal and sugar) into measure, as dipping with measure forces in more than a measure full.

Use pastry flour for cake making.

In making sponge cake, after the eggs, sugar and liquid have been put together, beat with an



CHRISTMAS COOKIES.

egg beater three minutes and the texture of cake will be greatly improved. Always add flour and then the beaten whites of eggs last to sponge cake.

Thin cakes require a hotter oven than when baked in leaves.

Butter cakes require a moderate oven and during the first half of baking should only rise and begin to brown. When nearly done the cake will begin to shrink from the pan and settle.

Never move cake before it begins to brown or is two thirds done, and then very gently, being careful that cold air does not strike it.

Molasses cake burns on the bottom very quickly, and to prevent this, use paper and a sprinkling of flour in bottom of tin.

Sudden changes in heat of oven will make cake heavy, so be sure the fire is under control and will last during the baking.



One Thing Worth Knowing

Pie is all right and heavy puddings are all right when the rest of the meal is not so heavy as to tax digestion. But at certain times—once a week at least in every home—a lighter dessert of

JELL-O

ought to be served.

On Sundays especially, when the housewife must get up the big dinners which the men folks want, it is becoming customary to make the dessert of Jell-O. It is so much easier and saves so much time—and is so good.

In every Jell-O package there is a little folder containing rules, suggestions and recipes for making up Jell-O in all possible forms.

There are seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, Peach. Each 10 cents at any grocer's or any general store.

The flavors are pure fruit flavors, and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight and moisture proof waxed paper Safety Bags enclosing the Jell-O inside the cartons.

The price has never changed. It is ten cents to-day just as it has been from the beginning.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



Washington has Suffrage and the women do not quarrel or argue on the streets but go quietly to the polls and vote, many in company of their husbands. Now you Antis, do you always stay at home? Don't you ever attend lodge, teas, clubs? Do you always sit when you have nothing else on hand? If so, I advise you, one and all, to send to the U. S. Bureau of Labor, Washington, D. C. and get statistics on the condition of working women and children. I think it will open your eyes and give you food for thought. Also you will realize that we suffragettes are not so wrong after all. Don't be selfish, but think of the women who are bread earners. Then if you do not wish to vote, why well and good. As far as the indecent element is concerned, you rub elbows with them nearly every day of your life, you can't help it for you go down town shopping as well as they and as for standing in line with them at the polls, I am willing to stand all day, and so will all other good women, in order to vote for the right, for there are more good women who will vote than bad ones. Did you ever think of that? I think that Uncle Sam did a very wise thing when he separated politics and religion so why try to mix them? Our religion is sacred and it has nothing to do with politics, and the Suffrage cause will suffer only by people becoming angry, for we can vote and yet be Christians.

There seems to be much disagreement about the war. We, husband and I, never quarrel about it though one is of English and the other of German descent, for we are Americans and loyal to the Stars and Stripes. Let Europe settle her own difficulties, but one must think with sorrow of the heart-breaking cruelty on all sides, and with compassion for the widows and orphans and of the useless and needless slaughter of human beings.

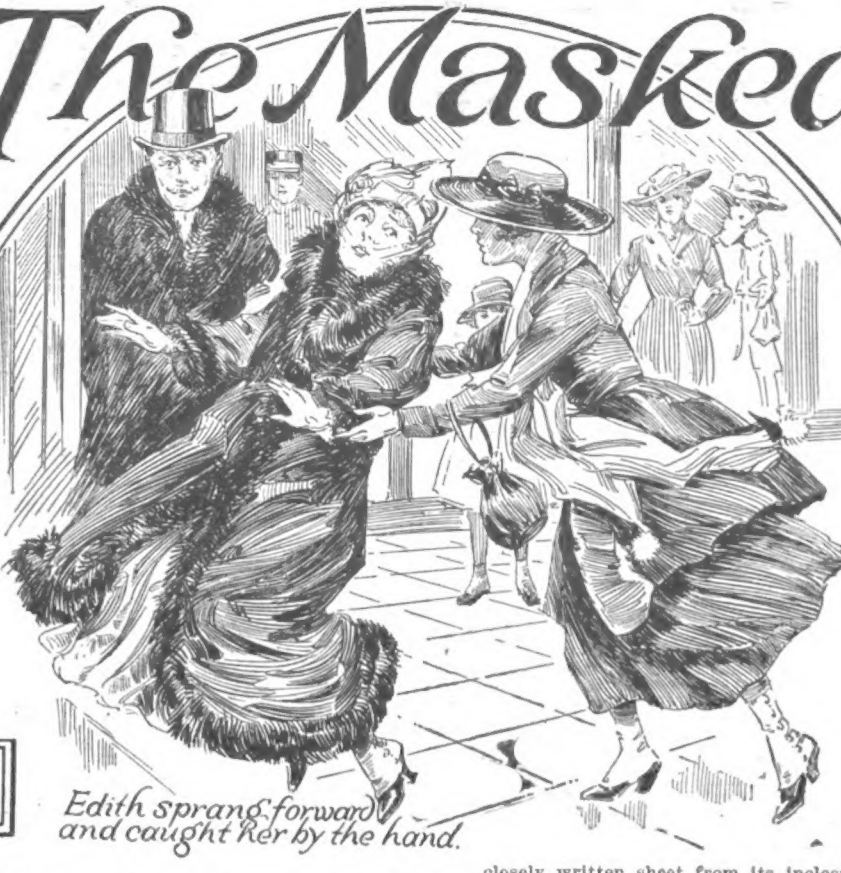
And now sisters, I had an able woman, well versed in law, tell me that Woman Suffrage and political equality were one and the same thing. I hold that under the existing law we cannot have political

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



The Masked Bridal

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



His glance sent a strange chill running through her veins—

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother pawns a valuable watch. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, to the broker, who, dropping it into the drawer declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the grocer who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. Mrs. Allandale unnered, faints away, and Edith protesting her innocence, is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation.

CHAPTER V.

A MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

TWO hours later, Royal Bryant was at the pawnbroker's shop, and had redeemed Edith's watch, much against the wish of the money-lender, who desired to retain it. And as the lawyer placed the watch in his pocket, he made a sign to an officer on the street, who had accompanied him to the spot.

Solon Retz was astounded when he found himself a prisoner, on the charge of passing counterfeit money. He was hurried to court, and the judge investigated the case at once. Mr. Bryant and Mr. Knowles gave their testimony, and it was conclusively demonstrated that the spurious coin must have come from the pawnbroker's drawer.

At Royal Bryant's suggestion the pawnbroker was ordered to be searched, when no less than three more bogus pieces were found concealed upon his person.

This was deemed sufficient proof of his guilt, without further testimony, and he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment, without Edith having been called to the witness stand to testify against him.

As the crest-fallen pawnbroker was led away, Royal Bryant went eagerly to Edith's side.

"You are free, Miss Allandale," he exclaimed, with a radiant face, "and I think we are to be congratulated upon having made such quick work of the case."

"It is all owing to your cleverness," Edith returned, lifting a pair of grateful eyes to his face. "How can I thank you?"

"You do not need to do that, for I feel that I alone have been to blame for all your trouble," he said, in a self-reproachful tone; then he added, with a roguish gleam in his fine eyes: "I shall never be guilty of paying my copyist in gold again. Now come, I have a carriage waiting for you and will send you directly home to your mother," the young man concluded, as he lifted her shawl from the chair where she had been sitting and wrapped it about her shoulders.

Edith followed him to the street, where a hack stood ready to take her home.

Mr. Bryant assisted her to enter it, when he laid a small package in her lap.

"It is your watch," he said, in a low tone. Then, extending his hand to her, he added: "I shall not ask you to return to the office for two or three days—you need rest after your recent anxiety and excitement, while I am to be away until Wednesday noon. Come to me on Thursday morning, if you feel able, when I shall have plenty of work for you."

He pressed the hand he was holding with an unconscious fondness which brought a rich color into the young girl's face, then, closing the carriage door, he gave the order to the coachman, smiled another adieu, as he lifted his hat to her, and the next moment Edith was driven away.

There was a glad light in her eyes, a tender smile on her red lips, and, in spite of her poverty and many cares, she was, for the moment, thrilled to her very soul by the consciousness that Royal Bryant loved her.

She sat thus, in happy reverie, until the carriage turned into the street where she lived; then, suddenly coming to herself, her attention was again attracted to the package in her lap.

"There is something besides mamma's watch here," she murmured, as she noticed the thickness of it.

Untying the string and removing the wrapper, she found a pretty purse with a silver clasp lying upon the case containing the watch.

With burning cheeks she opened it, and found within a crisp ten-dollar note and Royal Bryant's card bearing these words upon the back:

"I shall deem it a favor if you will accept the inclosed amount as a loan, until you find yourself in more comfortable circumstances financially. Yours, R. B."

Edith caught the purse to her lips with a thrill of joy.

"How kind! how delicate!" she murmured. "He knew that I was nearly penniless—that I had almost nothing with which to tide over the next few days, during his absence. He is a prince—he is a king among men, and I—"

A vivid flush dyed her cheeks as she suddenly checked the confession that had almost escaped her lips.

The carriage stopped at last before the door of her home—if the miserable tenement-house could be designated by such a name—and she sprang eagerly to the ground as the coachman opened the door for her to alight.

"The fare is all paid, miss," he said, respect-

fully, as she hesitated a moment; then she went bounding up the stairs to be met on the threshold of her room by Kate O'Brien—who had seen the carriage stop—with her finger on her lips and a look in her kind, honest eyes that made the girl's heart sink with a sudden shock.

"My mother!" she breathed, with paling lips. "Whist! mavourneen!" said the woman, pitifully; then added, in a lower tone: "She has been mortal ill, miss."

"And now?" panted Edith.

"She is asleep."

Edith waited to hear no more. She pushed by the woman, entered the room, and gliding swiftly but noiselessly to the bed, looked down upon the scarcely breathing figure lying there.

It was with difficulty that she repressed a shriek of agony at what she saw, for the shadow of death was unmistakably settling over the beloved face.

The invalid stirred slightly upon her pillow as Edith came to her side and bent over her.

"My darling," she murmured weakly, as her white lids fluttered open, and she bent a look full of love upon the fair face above her, "I—am going—"

"No, no, mamma!" whispered the heart-broken girl.

"Bring me the—Japanese box—quick!" the dying woman commanded, in a scarcely audible tone.

Without a word Edith darted to a closet, opened a trunk, and from its depths drew forth a beautiful casket inlaid with mother-of-pearl and otherwise exquisitely decorated.

"The—key," gasped the sick one, fumbling feebly among the folds of her night-robe.

Edith bent over her and unfastened a key from a golden chain which encircled her mother's neck.

"Open!" she whispered, glancing toward the casket.

The girl, wondering, but awed and silent, unlocked the box and threw back the cover, thus revealing several packages of letters and other papers neatly arranged within it.

Mrs. Allandale reached forth a weak and bloodless hand, as if to take something out of the box, when she suddenly choked, and in another instant the red life-current was flowing from her lips.

"Letters—burn—"

she gasped, with a last expiring effort, and then became suddenly insensible.

In an agony of terror, Edith dashed the box upon the nearest chair and began to chafe the cold hand that hung over the side of the bed, while Mrs. O'Brien came forward, a look of awe on her face.

The frail chest of the invalid heaved two or three times, there was a spasmodic twitching of the slender fingers lying on the young girl's hand, then all was still, and Edith Allandale was motherless.

CHAPTER VI.

A HERITAGE OF SHAME.

We will not linger over the sad details of the ceremonies attending Mrs. Allandale's burial. Suffice it to say that on Tuesday afternoon her remains were borne away to Greenwood, and laid to rest, in the family lot, beside those gone before, after which Edith returned to her desolate abode more wretched than it is possible to describe.

She had made up her mind, however, that she could not remain there any longer—that she must find a place for herself in a different locality and among a different class of people. This she knew she could do, since she had the promise of permanent work and now had only herself to care for.

The change, too, must be made upon the following day, as Mr. Bryant would expect her at his office on Thursday morning.

There was much to be done, many things to be packed for removal, while what she did not care to retain must be disposed of; and, eager to forget her grief and loneliness—for she knew she would be ill if she sat tamely down and allowed herself to think—she began at once, upon her return from the cemetery to get ready to leave the cheerless home where she had suffered so much.

She decided, first of all, to pack all wearing apparel; and, on going to her closet to begin her work, the first thing her eyes fell upon was the casket of letters, which her mother had requested her to bring to her just before she died.

The sight of this unnered her again, and, with a moan of pain, she sank upon her knees and bowed her head upon it.

But the fountain of her tears had been so exhausted that she could not weep; and, finally becoming somewhat composed, she took the beautiful box out into the room and sat down near a light to examine its contents.

Mamma evidently wanted these letters destroyed," she murmured, as she threw back the cover. "I will do as she wished, but I will first look them over, to be sure there is nothing of value among them."

She set about her task at once and found that they were mostly missives from intimate friends, with quite a number written by herself to her mother, while she was away at boarding school.

All these she burned after glancing casually at them. Nothing then remained in the box but a small package of six or eight time-yellowed epistles bound together with a blue ribbon.

"What peculiar writing!" Edith observed, as she separated one from the others and examined the superscription upon the envelop. "Why, it is postmarked Rome, Italy, away back in 18—"

and addressed to mamma in London! That must have been when she was on her wedding tour!" Her curiosity was aroused, and, drawing the

closely written sheet from its inclosure, she began to read it.

It was also dated from Rome, and the girl was soon deeply immersed in a story of intense and romantic interest.

She readily understood that the letter had been written by a dear friend of Mrs. Allandale's youth—one who had been both school and roommate, and who unreservedly confided all her secrets and experiences to her bosom companion. And yet, it was strange, Edith thought, that she had never heard her mother speak of this friend.

It seemed that there had been quite an interval in their correspondence, for the writer spoke of the surprise which her friend would experience upon receiving a letter from her from that locality, when she had probably believed her to be in her own home, living the quiet life of a dutiful daughter.

Then it spoke of an "ideal love" that "had come to beautify her life," of a noble and wealthy artist who had won her heart, but who, for some unaccountable reason, had not been acceptable to her parents, and they had sternly rejected his proposal for her hand.

Next came the *denouement*, which told that the girl had eloped with her lover and flown with him to Italy.

"I suppose it was not the right thing to do, darling," the missive ran; "but papa, you know, is a very austere, relentless man, and when he has once made up his mind, there is no hope of ever turning him; so I have taken my fate into my own hands—or, rather, I have given it into the keeping of my dear one, and we are so happy, Edith darling, and lead an ideal life in this quaint old city of the seven hills, at whose feet runs, like a thread of gold, the yellow Tiber. My husband is everything to me—so noble, so kind, so generous; it is so very strange that papa could not like him—that is the only drop of bitterness in my overflowing cup of happiness."

There was much more of the same tenor, from which it is not necessary to quote; and, after reading the letter through, Edith took up another, interested to know how the pretty love-story of her mother's friend would terminate.

The second one, written a month later, was more subdued, but not less tender, although the young girl thought she detected a vein of sadness running through it.

The next two or three mentioned the fact that the writer was left much alone, her "dear one" being obliged to be away a great deal of the time, upon sketching expeditions, etc.

After an interval of three months another letter spoke in the fondest manner of the "dear little stranger," that had come to bless and cheer her loneliness—"lonely, dear Edith, because my husband's art monopolizes his time, while he is often absent from home a week at a time in connection with it, and I do not know what I should do, in this strange country away from all my friends. If it were not for my precious baby girl whom I have named for you, as I promised, in memory of those happy days which we spent together at Vassar."

"Then mamma's friend had a daughter, who was also named Edith," mused our fair heroine, breaking in upon her perusal of the letter. "I wonder if she is living, and where? Those letters tell me nothing, give no last name by which to identify either the writer or her husband."

She turned back to the epistle, and read on: "She is such a comfort to me," it ran, "and gives me an object in life—something besides myself and my trou—these last three words were crossed out—"to think about. When will you come to Rome, dear Edith? Your last letter was dated from St. Petersburg. I am very anxious that you should see your little namesake, and make me that long-promised visit."

There was only one more letter in the package, and Edith's face was very grave and sympathetic as she drew it from its envelope.

"I am sure that her husband proved to be negligent and unkind to her," she murmured, "and that she repented her rashness in leaving her home and friends. Oh, I wonder why girls will be so foolish as to go directly contrary to the advice of those who love them best, and run away with men of whom they know comparatively nothing!"

With a sigh of regret for the unfortunate wife, of whom she had been reading, she unfolded the letter in her hands and began to read, little dreaming what strange things she was to learn from it.

"Oh, Edith darling," it began, "how can I tell you?—how can I write of the terrible calamity that has overtaken me? My heart is broken—my life is ruined, and all because I would not heed those who loved me, and who, I now realize, were my best and kindest counselors. I could bear it for myself, perhaps—I could feel that it was but a just judgment upon me for my obstinacy and unkind conduct, and so drag out my weary existence in submission to the inevitable; but when I think of my innocent babe—my lovely Edith—your namesake! oh! I would never have had her christened thus, I could not have insulted you so, had I known! I feel almost inclined to doubt the justice and love of God—if, indeed, there is a God."

The letter here looked as if the writer must have been overcome with her wretchedness, and wept tears of bitter despair, for it was badly blurred and defaced.

But Edith, her face now absolutely colorless, read eagerly on.

"I cannot bear it and live," the writer resumed, "and so—I am going to—die. Edith, my husband—no, my betrayer, I ought rather to say—has deserted me! He has gone to Florence with a beautiful Italian countess, who is also very rich, and is living with her there in her elegant palace, just outside the city. He has long been

attentive to her, but I never dreamed how far matters had gone until yesterday, when I came upon them, unawares, in Everard's studio, and heard him tell her how he loved her—that I was not his wife, only his—I cannot write the vile word that makes my flesh creep with horror. Then I learned of his base conduct to me, whom, as he expressed it, he 'had cleverly deceived, and coaxed to run away with him to while away his solitude during his sojourn in a strange country.' It is a wonder that I did not drop dead where I stood—slain by the dreadful truth; but the wicked lovers did not dream of being overheard, and so I listened to the whole of their vile plot and then stole away to try and decide upon a course of action. When Everard came home, I charged him with his perjury. Then—pity me, Edith—he boldly told me that he was weary of me; that he would pay me a handsome sum of money and I might take my child and go back to my parents! Oh! I cannot go into details, or tell you what I have suffered—no one will ever know that but God! Why, oh, why does He permit such evil to exist? He does not—there is no God! there is no God!"

There was a huge blot here, as if the pen had fallen from the fingers that had dared to deny the existence of Deity; then the missive was resumed in a different tone, as if a long interval of thought had intervened.

"Edith, I am calmer now, and I am going to ask a great favor of you. You are happily married, you have a noble husband and abundant means, and you know we once pledged ourselves to befriend each other, if either should ever find herself in trouble. Presuming upon that pledge, I am going to ask if you will take my darling, my poor innocent little wife, bring her up as your own, and never let her know anything about the stain that rests upon her birth? She is pure; she is not to blame for the sins of her parents, and I cannot bear the thought of her growing up to learn of her heritage of shame, as she would be sure to do if I should live and rear her as my child. Your last letter tells me that you will be in Rome in less than a fortnight. I cannot meet you—I can never again meet any one whom I have known; and so, Edith—I am going to die. I give my child to you—I believe you will not refuse my last request—and you will find her, with the woman who nursed me when she was born, at No. 2 Via del Vecchio. The woman has my instructions—she believes that I am only going away on a little trip with my husband; but you will show her this letter, and prove to her that you have authority to take the child away. When you go home, you will take her with you, as your own, and no one need ever know that she is not your own. Do not ever reveal the truth to her; let her grow up happy and care-free, like other girls who are of honorable birth; and if the dead can watch over and shield the living, you and your child will be so shielded and watched over by your lost but still loving,

BELLE."

"She was my mother! I am that child of shame," came hoarsely from Edith's bloodless lips as she finished reading that dreadful letter.

Then the paper slipped from her nerveless fingers, her head dropped unconsciously upon the table before her, and she knew nothing more until long afterward, when she awoke from her swoon to find her lamp gone out and the room growing cold, while her heart felt as if it had been paralyzed in her bosom.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

Edith, when consciousness returned, had not a doubt that the letters, which she had been reading, had been penned by the hand of her own mother; that she was that little baby who had been born in Rome—that child of shame whose father had so heartlessly deserted it; whose mother, her brain turned by her suffering and wrongs, had planned to take her own life, rather than live to taint her little one's future with the shadow of her own disgrace.

The knowledge of this seemed to blight, as with a lightning flash, every hope of her life.

She groped her way to the bed, for she was becoming benumbed with the cold, and threw herself upon it, utterly wretched, utterly hopeless. For hours she lay there in a sort of stupor, conscious only of one terrible fact—her shame—her ruined life!

"Oh, I had begun to hope that—"

she began, then abruptly ceased, a burning flush suffusing her face as her thoughts thus went out toward Royal Bryant, whose eyes had only the day before told her, as plainly as eyes could speak, that he loved her, while her heart had thrilled with secret joy over the revelation, and the knowledge that her own affection had been irrevocably given to him, even though they had known each other so short a time.

Even in the midst of her sorrow over her dead, the thought that she loved and was beloved had been like the strains of soothing music to her, and she had looked forward to her return to the young lawyer's office as to a place of refuge, where she would meet with kindness and sympathy that would comfort her immeasurably.

But these beautiful dreams had been ruthlessly shattered; she could never be anything to Royal Bryant—he could never be anything to her, after learning what she had learned that night.

Edith determined to leave New York at once. With this object in view, she disposed of most of her furniture to a broker, who gave her sixty dollars for it. She reserved articles she presented to her stanch friend, Kate O'Brien. These matters attended to, she wrote a letter to Mr. Bryant, mailed it, and a few hours later was on the train, en route to Boston.

On Thursday morning Mr. Bryant, returning to town from a business trip, cheerfully entered his office, expecting to behold there the radiant face of Edith. To his great disappointment, she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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The BEST COOKING FRUIT

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IT is no new idea that fruit eating is a promoter of good health, and that the apple should be considered in the light of a valued friend. Our family physicians have advocated it ever since we can remember.

As each case is individual, everyone should make a study of their own stomach in regard to fruit eating that the best results may be obtained. Fruit taken before other food in the morning often acts as a corrective of headaches, biliousness and constipation, the headaches often being but a symptom of indigestion which causes many ailments. An entire breakfast of fruit, either cooked or uncooked, has relieved many a sufferer. People with acid stomachs would do well to take fruit at the end of a meal, as the food dilutes the acid which is liable to cause a stomach ache if taken first into an acid



BAKED SAUSAGE WITH APPLE RINGS.

stomach. One teaspoonful of finely scraped slightly tart apple is excellent for babies after six months of age, if taken between meals, at least one hour after being fed with milk. Apples make the best kind of a school lunch for children, helping to overcome the ill effects of too much starch and sugar which children so delight in. Substituting apples for desserts a part of the time, while apples are so delicious will be found very beneficial to the system.

Dried apples may be made into delicious pies, turnovers and sauces if properly prepared. It is well to remember that only the water has been dried out of the apple; that the solids remain. To cook, very quickly wash in cold water, drain and add enough more water to hardly cover, and let soak not more than two hours, occasionally turning the apple over in the water. Now bring slowly to a boil and simmer till done and the water cooked down. If for pies, have the apple about two thirds done and finish cooking in the crust. The best kind of dried apple pie is made with an undercrust and the top with strips of crust instead of covering the whole pie. Apple pies should be cooked one hour whether made of fresh or dried apple. The oven should be hot when pies are first put in, and the heat decreased after ten minutes, and then cook very slowly. The crust will be tender and the apple a rich red and of a jellied consistency to say nothing of being more digestible.

Sweet apples are best when put whole into a deep earthen bowl, a very little sugar added and a cup of water, covered tightly and baked very slowly till soft and slightly shrunken. Always cook apples in earthen or agate ware as the action of the acid on tin or iron is unwholesome. Roast pork is more digestible if served with apple sauce.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Prepare tapioca according to the kind used. If the whole is used, to three quarters of a cup, add one quart of boiling water and cook till transparent in a double boiler. Core and pare six tart apples, put in a deep earthen baking dish, fill the cavities with sugar and pour the hot tapioca over them. Bake till apples are soft. Serve with sugar and cream.

APPLE TEA CAKE.—Rub together two cups of flour, one half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, half a teaspoon of salt and three tablespoons of butter. Beat light one egg, add little less than one cup of milk and stir into flour. Spread less than an inch thick on a shallow pan. Pare and core and cut tart apples into eighths and lay close together in rows on top of dough, pressing slightly into cake. Sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon may be added. Bake in hot oven till apple is thoroughly cooked and brown. Serve with butter. This cake makes a nice pudding when served with hot maple syrup or sauce flavored with fruit juice.

APPLES IN JELLY.—Core tart apples, fill cavities with sugar, put a little water in pan and

bake in a hot oven till very soft and dish onto a deep plate. Cover cores with cold water and boil while apples are baking. Strain and sweeten and add to baked apple juice and when boiling add a little gelatine that has been soaked in cold water. Pour over baked apples and set away to stiffen.

APPLE FLUFF.—Wash but do not peel or core four tart apples. Cut into small pieces and stew in a little water till the apple can be put through a fine wire strainer. Beat stiff the whites of four eggs and add gradually one cup of powdered sugar. Add the apple and beat till light. Serve at once with boiled custard.

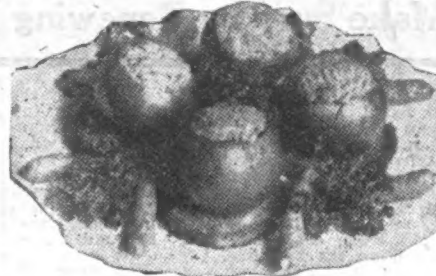
CUSTARD.—Bring two cups of milk to boil in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of three eggs and gradually add three tablespoons of sugar. Pour over the boiling milk, beat together and return to cooker and stir till custard thickens. Three or four minutes is sufficient if the milk has not cooled too much, as the custard thickens as it cools, and if cooked too long will curdle. Soft custard is best when made the day before using. Flavor just before serving.

PAN DOWDY.—In an earthen baking dish put tart apples that have been peeled, cored and quartered. Cover with sugar, a little molasses, a piece of butter, a pinch each of cinnamon and salt and a little lemon extract. Cover with pie crust quarter of an inch thick and put in a hot oven, reducing the heat and baking slowly one hour and a half.

APPLE RINGS.—Fry or bake sausage meat, break slightly with a fork and pile in center of platter. Select large tart apples and core, but do not peel. Slice half an inch thick and fry in sausage fat. While frying sprinkle with a little sugar and cinnamon. Lap one ring onto another around edge of platter. Serve hot with baked potatoes.

HOME MADE SAUSAGE WITH BAKED APPLE.—Sausages should be made at home to insure a wholesome dish as well as a much more palatable one. Of sweet fresh pork use one third fat and two thirds lean, and put through your meat grinder or chop fine. For seasoning use one teaspoonful of sifted sage a very scant half teaspoon of white pepper, and one even tablespoon of salt to each pound of sausage meat. The best method for shaping sausages is to stuff cotton bags, made fifteen inches long and four inches wide. Before filling dip bags in strong salt and water and dry. Press sausage meat into bags with a wooden pestle. To use, turn back the end of bag, cut into slices three quarters of an inch thick and fry or bake to a rich brown.

An attractive dish can be made by baking good-sized tart apples whole, and when done



BAKED APPLES STUFFED WITH HOME-MADE SAUSAGE.

scoop out about half the inside and fill with hot cooked sausage meat. Serve on round slices of toasted brown bread, garnish with sausages and parsley.

COMFOTE OF APPLES.—Make a syrup of two cups of water and one and one half cup of sugar. Simmer fifteen minutes and drop in ten tart apples that have been pared and cored. Cook slowly till soft way through and turn often in the syrup. (A richer syrup will be obtained by putting the apple peels and cores into a dish by themselves, cover with water and cook till apples are done and then strain and add liquid to syrup.) When done place apples on a plate and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. Arrange apples on platter and fill centers with preserve, or prunes and raisins cooked together to the consistency of marmalade. Boil down the syrup till it jellies and pour over the apples. Just before serving heap the top of apples with whipped cream.

APPLE-CUSTARD PIE.—Scrape two slightly tart apples, add scant cup of sugar, a pinch of cinnamon, two beaten eggs and one cup of fresh sweet milk. Bake in under crust.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

equality. Suffragettes, how about it? And do you think it just to the women voters not to have political equality?

MISSBACK.

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I know some of you will be surprised at a bride of just one month having time for letters and will want to know how it happens. Frank—not John—and I are each twenty-five years old, not a bit handsome and each knows that the other hasn't any angel wings sprouting, but we think we'll pull through all right. I have always been a "Martha" and Frank has always been hardworking and economical. We had to be for in our homes there were many children and very little time and money for anything but the work of providing for all. I'm not sorry that I've known Martha's cares for so many years, but I'm glad now. Besides, the world couldn't do without its Marthas—surely Mrs. McKnight admits this, even while contrasting her a wee bit scornfully with Mary. But when we married we decided that our new life must have time for something better than sordid cares so we arranged for it by keeping out of debt. We haven't one new piece of store furniture in our four-room house. Some is second-hand, varnished, and my kitchen cabinet, sideboard, corner cupboard, dining table and dresser were all made of dry-goods boxes, etc., by Frank himself and I painted, varnished and otherwise spruced them up. Cheap, but neat and really good to look at—and we don't have to think of a furniture bill unpaid. Meanwhile, our family is free from debt and we'll get the store furniture later, a piece at a time, when we can easily afford it. Besides that, I made every rug in the house, braided and crocheted them, little and big. And during the summer I put up and dried plums, peaches, apples, corn, beans, etc. People sometimes let their produce waste or neglect buying it while plenty and

cheap and then in winter pay high prices for the same stuff shipped in from California.

Thanks to our Martha training, we now have time and some means for interests outside of our home. Last evening we made a list of papers and magazines we want and Comfort headed the list. It is practical and helpful in so many ways and we both love Uncle Charlie and will now have time to get better acquainted with him. We enclose some other subscriptions with ours for the Home Fund and will try to send more later. We sympathize with the sisters in rallying to the defense of Saint Paul, but we wonder, would they, if Paul were now alive and an invalid, let him live in a tent, without thereon to lay his head and with no home of his own? For my part, I am in for rallying to our love-labor of buying a home for that afflicted, living "Good Man," our own dear Uncle Charlie!

Mrs. Wilkinson, I wish you could see my home-made dining-room this minute! It is a sunny room, there are flowers on the table, and a glass prism (Frank's work) in the window breaks the common light of day into the loveliest pieces of rainbow on walls and floor.

With best wishes to all, Your COMFORT SISTER.

Welcome "COMFORT Sister" and if my years would permit and I possessed the proper sylphlike figure for the task, I'd make a humble obeisance to you, little bride, with the wisdom of ages in your pretty head. How do I know you are pretty? Maybe "Frank" told me but whether he did or not I want to congratulate both you young people on having each other. There is no need for you to seek for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, for you seem to have found it.—Ed.

—Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: This good paper has been in my home for quite a number of years and needless to say it shall be for (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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Love and Spite

By Adelaide Stirling

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOUR OF VENGEANCE.

MRS. De Burgh lay alone in her gorgeous bedroom, her glittering black eyes full of complacency. With Richard's daughter safely imprisoned up-stairs it would go hard if he were not entrapped, and once Hugo's hand was on him, it would not be light-

The cripple smiled as she thought how the true owner of Castle De Burgh had been so long unsuspected in their very house; yet her smile was not quite easy.

"She's better stuff than Moira!"—her forehead wrinkling—"but, bah! she's all the more dangerous!"

And her uncanny smile came back as she thought how a very few days more in the tower room would make Richard's daughter give in to any terms.

Voices came low and muffled from Gilbert's room; but the invalid heard them without curiosity. She did not even wish to be near her "ventilator." Hugo had scoffed at it that very afternoon as a useless toy.

"That's only because I never told you of it," she had retorted. "To or no to, I know through it what went on in the house when you were away amusing yourself!"

"Hugo!" she said quickly. Strangely enough, as her thoughts ran on her "ventilator," it seemed to her that she heard some one open it. "Hugo!" Her voice returned to her from the empty rooms.

A bell-rope lay on the bed, and with a chill of superstitious fear the invalid moved her clawlike hand to press it.

This silence, this loneliness, were somehow terrifying. Matthews must come at once!

As she fumbled for the cord, something made her raise her eyes.

In very terror of death, she dropped the bell-rope that might have saved her; panic-stricken, helpless, she screamed, her voice hoarse and wild, as a woman's in torture.

For the hour of vengeance was on her! Undreaded, unsuspected, it had come. And Alicia de Burgh must face it alone, with no one to stand between her and the hand of Heaven.

Was it a ghost or a living man who stood looking at her from the doorway into the sitting-room? Pale, stern, aged by far more than the score of years that had passed since she looked upon his face, Richard de Burgh confronted her! The figure that had been so straight and tall was bowed a little; the eyes—Alicia shuddering, saw the same look of scorn that had been in those eyes the day that she, Alicia Loyd, had fallen at this man's feet and told him she loved him beyond all the world. They had been pitiless then, as he raised her and put her away from him. They were more pitiless now, since she had revenged herself on him by ruining his life.

Was it in vain that she had married his father, ousted Richard, tricked him into a living grave? It must be, since he had escaped from it in spite of her; for this was no ghost, but the man himself.

Cold drops of terror stood on her forehead; her lips tried vainly to form an articulate word. Richard de Burgh dropped the curtain he had been holding aside.

"It is I, Alicia!" The voice she had not heard for years, except in her dreams, was merciless.

With incredible quickness he was beside her and had put the bell-rope far from her enfeebled grasp.

"Hugo!" Her voice broke as she tried to call. "He has gone out! It is useless to call him." He drew a chair close to her. "Listen!" he said, "I came to this house tonight, partly to see you, partly for another reason! I met no one; I came straight to your sitting-room, but it was empty. As I stood, looking round it, I heard someone coming, and I went into the conservatory quick—

—as you did the night my father died."

Fascinated, she lay staring at him, and in dull silence let him go on.

"I watched from the dark conservatory—as you did! I saw Hugo come in and open a door in the wall. It showed nothing but another wall, yet I heard plainly, as if I were in the next room, my own name, in Gilbert's voice—Richard told me, this afternoon at Glen Farm," he said.

"You saw Gilbert?" Her scorn and hatred of her younger son leaped out even now. "He knew where you were? Oh! the senseless traitor!"

"Stop and hear me out!" sternly. "It is not for you to call any one traitor. What were you, when you fastened your crime on my head; when you killed the old man whose only sin was that his love wearied you?" His voice rose a little, and she shuddered.

Behind the hangings Jocelyn gripped Huntley's arm.

"You hear?" she whispered. He nodded, stupefied. He waited for a denial from Mrs. De Burgh, but she only gasped for breath, her head rolling from side to side on her satin pillow.

"Richard told me at Glen Farm," the man repeated. "That was what Hugo heard as well as I, for he turned away from that shallow recess and hurried out. You must have heard him, for you called his name. He was gone, though; no one heard you but I. And now you may call him as much as you like; but this time he is half way to Glen Farm, looking for me."

"How dare you come here?" she broke out fiercely. "Hugo may be gone, but do you think the servants will not come if I call? What will you do then, a lunatic, a condemned criminal, found threatening a helpless cripple?"

"I have not yet threatened you, Alicia," his hard voice quivered with a new terror. "But I do not mean to let you call. And do you think I have forgotten your ways? Your maid dare not come till you ring for her—and I don't think you will ring, with a glance at the bell-rope that was out of her reach. 'No one else, I think, will disturb you, since Hugo is out.'"

"He will be back," she retorted, but she stopped with sudden cunning. At any price she must keep Richard till Hugo did come back. He would be ruined then.

"He will be back—but not in time!" He rose, bent over her, and she could not even recoil in the fright that sickened her. Like a helpless log she lay in her gorgeous bed, among the possessions she had stinned that her sons might own. She closed her eyes that she might not see the face she had loved and then hated, till she sold her soul to pay for the scorn she had seen there.

"Are you going to kill me?" she whispered. "It was not I who murdered an old man," he returned slowly. "Yet tonight I could almost find it in my heart, for I owe you another debt than my own, Alicia. What have you done with my daughter?"

The sudden question relaxed the tension of her fright a little; she opened her eyes and met his with her old arrogance.

"What do I know of your daughter? I did not even know you owned to her!" with the insolent sneer Jocelyn had dreaded; but it died in deadly terror. Then she gave the shriek that Jocelyn heard shrieked, but like lightning an iron hand was over her mouth.

"Be quiet, and answer me!" he ordered. "Scream, and you will answer me still; if I kill you, I will have the truth out of you. My daughter Jocelyn came here by accident to be your companion; she found me out, and I here, before you dreamed of danger. Today Gilbert told me you and Hugo had turned her out, without

money, at night. Told me, too, that she had never been seen since. What have you done with her?"

Merciless, even as Alicia had been in her day, he leaned over her. "How do I know where she went?" icy cold beads started on her forehead. "She was a spy!"

"What were you for years but a spy on me?" he retorted. "If you lie to me now, you will make me forget you are a woman and a cripple. The girl is in the house, and I will have her."

"Have her, then! Go look for her!" the cripple screamed, knowing well that the key was with Hugo, the doors too heavy to force. "But you had better go to London and look there. The girl is like her mother, she will never starve."

But she had gone too far.

"You told that lie often enough; you shall never tell it again," the veins standing out on his forehead. "When I came here I meant to have mercy on you—now—where is the girl?" His voice rose till it seemed to thunder in her ears. She closed her eyes, not to see his that were filled with somber fire, cold, significant. Was he going to kill her? She felt his hand on her shoulder.

Neither saw the hangings parted, nor saw that of the two figures behind them only one entered. Jocelyn, sick lest he had indeed forgotten that his enemy was helpless, caught Richard de Burgh by the arm.

"Father!" a strange figure in her dusty gown, with her face wan with excitement and weariness, her blood-stained handkerchief still bound round her cut hand, she stood clutching him. "Oh, father, never mind her! She hasn't hurt me. I'm here."

Huntley, standing behind the curtain, turned away. He was looking on what was no business of his. No one had any right to stare at father and daughter now, as they stood clinging to one another, the man's face radiant, unbelieving, as he caught her to him.

"Where have you been? What have they done to you?" De Burgh cried, catching sight of her bandaged hand.

"Nothing! They didn't hurt me. I did that myself." She spoke quietly, but he could feel how wearily she leaned on him. "But you were right. I was here all the time."

"My little girl!" he said very pitifully. "My little girl!"

But she had turned a little away from him; she leaned on him still, but her great eyes were fixed on Alicia, where she watched them waiting her chance to shriek till she made the castle ring.

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"You knew!" with her blood-stained hand she pointed straight at the malignant cripple. "You lay here that night and pretended to be frightened; you sent me to follow your son to what might have been my grave."

"I knew nothing about you!" coolly, for the terror of death had gone from her. Richard would not kill her before the girl. She was brave, and she calculated now how long must pass till Hugo could be back. She must keep them talking till he came.

"I know nothing about you. You were dismissed, you chose to disappear at once. Now you come back and say you are the daughter of this man! It is all of a piece—Miss Brown," with stinging afterthought.

"You talk nonsense, Alicia. The girl is my daughter, and you know it," her stepson said sternly.

"As for that, I will prove it to you—with other things—in a minute. Tell me what you mean, Jocelyn, about your following Hugo?"

His face hardened as he heard. Though he said nothing, that sickening terror that was worse than death came back to Alicia's heart.

"Bah!" she thought, struggling against it, "he can't prove his marriage. If there were proofs I should have found them."

"Well," she said aloud raspingly, "your proofs—where are they?"

Richard de Burgh moved quietly to the sitting-room door. As he disappeared a sudden impulse of desperate pity for the woman in the gorgeous bed came over Jocelyn.

"Oh, tell!" she implored, with streaming eyes. "Confess you did it. Clear him, and we will say nothing to the outside world!"

Alicia laughed.

"You think I fool!" she said contemptuously, "do you little I fear you and your crazy father?"

Jocelyn covered her face with her hands. Oh! if only she could run from this room where the lights shone on the glittering trinkets, the widened, dreadful figure in the brocade-hung bed.

In weakness and despair, she stood with covered face, and did not see that her father led in a woman, whose old bonnet and purple shawl were strangely incongruous in the luxurious room.

"My proofs are here!"

Richard de Burgh stepped back, and the new-comer stood looking at Alicia for the first time in nineteen years.

"Martha!" she gasped. "Martha Hewitt!"

Jocelyn's hands dropped from her face; she ran to the old woman and would have kissed her, but Martha, with a strange, rough dignity, put her by.

"Not now, Miss Jocelyn! There's no time for you and me. 'Tis Mrs. De Burgh I've come to speak with."

Alicia's eyes were shut, her fingers clawed the coverlet. If Martha Hewitt dared to come and witness on Richard's side, the noose was round her own neck; the property lost to her sons and her blood forever.

"Eh! but you're changed." At Martha's voice Alicia ground her teeth. Oh! where was Hugo?—even Gilbert? Would neither come to save her? She kept her eyes closed that she might not see the woman whom once she had terrorized.

"Changed! but I'd have known you anywhere, though you're not the fine, upstanding lady you

were when you deceived me into letting Mr. Richard be taken. If I'd known that night what I know now, 'tis not he that would have spent these years in prison."

A faint cry of agony came from Alicia's white lips; sickened, Jocelyn turned away. But there was no pity in Martha Hewitt.

"Are you crying now, that your sin's coming home to you? But what about the black sin of holding my tongue that you put on me for these nineteen years? What about the mother that died in poverty and sorrow? The child you'd have left to starve, that would have starved but for me, a poor servant, and Miss Barry that took us both in for pity of the poor young thing she saw die? 'Twas the shock, the belief that he—pointing to Richard—"the husband she loved was a cruel murderer that killed her. Her death is on your head, Mrs. De Burgh! Heaven forgive me, on mine! For I had not sense to know the truth, and comfort her. There was small comfort for any of us but you in those days. You lay warm in your bed, while Mr. Richard was condemned by your lies; while his wife, his child, and me came near to starving."

"You never knew he had a wife," the strange, hollow voice was altered indeed from Alicia's. "You knew well enough," Martha retorted.

"The old man told you—that night in your sitting-room that Richard had a wife and child, and he would never leave the property away from them. That was what maddened you to—what you did! I heard all he said, in here, filling the hot-water cans. But I thought then he was still talking to Mr. Richard."

"So he was."

"He was talking to you!" Martha's face was full of the dignity of truth. "Mr. Richard had gone. Oh, Mrs. De Burgh, I know it all now! If I'd not been a simple fool of a servant woman, never used to thinking for herself, grown just to a machine for obeying your orders, I'd have known it then."

"I never knew he had a wife, wrinkled, earnest, terrible, she towered over the woman whose sins had brought her low."

"I ran in that night, I caught the old man by the wrist," the even, low voice thrilled its hearers with tragedy, the humble, old woman was grand as she spoke out for the righting of the wronged. "I know now who struck me on the wrist till I dropped him: I know how you slipped out through the curtain as Mr. Richard got to my side. And you, standing in the middle of the room, struck the light that showed him to me. And I mean to go and tell it, if need be, before the highest in the land. I'll hold my tongue no more and see the innocent punished for the guilty."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WOLF'S MOUTH.

As Martha's hard voice ceased, the room seemed full of a silence like death. Immovable as a corpse Alicia lay, her black eyes indomitable

"I know. Moore told me." He passed in front of Huntley, by Jocelyn without even seeing her, and straight into his mother's room.

"Hugo!" she cried as he entered. "Where is Hugo? Send him to me." With a shaking finger she pointed at Richard. "Let the servants," she panted, "seize that man!"

Gilbert did not seem to hear her. He went to the bedside and fell on his knees, taking her thin hands in his.

"Mother," he said, with a sob in his throat, "don't call Hugo! He can't come. There is no one to come to you now but me."

"You?" she stared at him. "What's the matter? Why do you hold my hands like this? I want Hugo—not you. Get up, I tell you. This is your stepbrother, the lunatic. He has been threatening me—frightening me; send for the servants and have him locked up."

"There's no need," wearily. "Mother, can't you try to understand? Hugo is—gone!"

Alicia de Burgh's scream rang through the house.

"Dead? My Hugo!" With her final strength she tore her hands from Gilbert's. "And you dare to come and tell me? You live, while he is dead! A miserable coward that could not even save him!"

"I couldn't save him; no one could." His voice was very gentle, his heart sick unto death. "Oh, mother, listen! He heard me say tonight that Richard was at Glen Farm, he went straight there to look for him; I spoke to him at the door as he was going, but he was too angry to answer me. He took two of the men from the stables, and when I saw he would go I followed him. I was afraid—I did not know Richard was here, stumbling."

"Go on—tell me quickly!" she cried, not a tear in her miserable eyes.

"I caught up with him at Glen Farm; he was quarrelling with Moore, who told him Richard was here. He had sent the two men out of ear-shot, but we were all in the cottage. As three men and I, standing outside the kitchen door, Hugo and Moore inside, Hugo knocked Moore down; the next instant Moore's dog sprang on him from behind Moore. Hugo had a revolver, and I heard him fire it—once. But the dog had him by the throat. When we got him off they were both dying. The men and I saw it all, but it was too quick. Moore told Hugo twice that the dog would fly at him if he saw his master struck, and Hugo laughed."

As he knelt on a level with her hands, she struck him in the face.

"How do you dare to come and tell me it was his fault?" she cried. "You, who let a dog kill him, that was so strong and full of life. Oh, my son, my son! And I have no other."

"Mother! But there was no pity in Alicia's heart for the cry of despair."

"I have a miserable cringing object that is secretly on the side of my enemies," she went on fiercely, "a man who stood by and let his brother be killed because he had no courage to fight for him. I tell you that it is not you that shall profit by his death, not you! I will have—she pointed her yellow, clawing forefinger at Richard de Burgh. "I will tell that man go from Castle De Burgh—who say you are my son, and dare to face me with your cowardly crying."

Gilbert rose, slowly and heavily, like a man grown old.

"There is no need to tell me—I know!" He was almost too sick to speak. "I know more than you do, more than Richard does. You may speak or not, Heaven knows I would gladly have died if I could have saved you this—last sticking what I do, I will never call one stone or knive in Castle De Burgh mine. They are, and always have been, Richard's!"

He held out his hand dumbly to Huntley.

"Give her the letter," he said very low. "But, mother, listen! Even if all this is true, I'll never turn from you. I'll save you to the last drop of my blood. We can go away, you and I. I'll work for you, take care of you—don't, for Heaven's sake, talk of hanging—"

"I want none of your pity, none of your care," she cut him short, with her old, sneering insolence. "All I want of you is to be gone out of my sight. What I did, I did for Hugo and you. Hugo is dead, and a coward is no son of mine. Give me the letter!"

But though her voice was full of its old arrogance, she was blind with sorrow when Huntley gave it to her.

"Read it aloud," she muttered harshly. "But, no! I don't care what is in it. What does it matter? Hugo is dead." She beckoned to Jocelyn. "Come here, girl! You have stuff in you, I like you. I'll tell you all. Neither Gilbert nor Moira shall profit because Hugo is dead. I hate them—I've always hated them."

She broke off, panting, clutching Jocelyn's unwilling hand.

Moira! No one had thought of her.

"Go to her," the girl whispered to Gilbert. "Comfort her." He would be better out of the way, and Huntley, who was a magistrate, must stay to take down what Alicia said.

"Don't tell us; we know," the girl said pitifully for the strange courage of the woman was dreadful to her. "Only say is Martha's story true?"

"True," Alicia said slowly. "Listen, girl! I loved your father; he would have none of me, and I married his father to pay him out, for one thing; to be near Richard, in the house with him, able to see him all day long, for another. But I tell you it was hell on earth to me, hell! He never spoke to me if he could help it; he used to go away for weeks, leaving me here with the old man; dull, miserable, with a hot ache where my heart should have been; despairing, for I saw he cared nothing for what I had done or could do."

"Then my boys were born, and I grew to hate him, for everything would be his—nothing theirs. Any yet when he was in the house I loved the very sound of his voice. Oh, you were cold and hard to me, Richard de Burgh," turning her miserable face to him; "you brought your fate on yourself. I used to sit and plan how I could get you disinherited; for years I walked the floor at night when the old fool I had married slept, and could think of no way. I was young, I was pretty; in ten years I grew old and worn with hatred and misery. Was that nothing? Did I not owe you something for those interminable years of pain? Then there were ten years more, when I only hated you, only wished I dared to murder you some night when you slept. At last I found out something—that you had been in love for years with a woman in London whose husband was alive. That maddened me. I don't know why; you never loved me, but the very thought that you were wrapped up in another woman was poison to my soul. But one dark evening I saw my way, suddenly like lightning it was clear to me. I told your father you loved a disreputable woman. He was angry, and sent for you. He thought I went away, but I only went into the conservatory. I heard him rail at you because you did not marry, and you swore you were married, had been married to the woman for two years, and had a child. He stormed at you for not telling him, and you gave no reason—you went out, and I—came in," her voice rose high with triumph. "But your father said he would forgive you, and I was desperate. Had I sinned for nothing? Had I lived in hell only to see my sons beggars?"

"I pushed the old man from the open window, I struck Martha on the wrist till she dropped the slight hold she had on him. I slipped through the curtain as you came in, and lit a match just in time for Martha to find you beside her; you, not me! Oh, I tell you my blood was wild in me! I could have fought a hundred Richard de Burghs. I got Martha to go that night, believing she must hide or witness against you; I talked to Miss Barry till to save you from hanging she swore you were crazy; I got you convicted and shut in the asylum, for I swore that while my son lived yours should never set foot in Castle De Burgh."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER III.

HOW THE DOLL WAS FOUND

AFTER hunting for the doll until she was tired, Pittysing sat down to rest, and wiped her sweaty little face on her short sleeve.

"Simmie-Sammie," she questioned, "IS it, or AIN'T it, any use to keep looking for things in a place, when you KNOW they're not IN that place?"

"It AIN'T," answered Simmie-Sammie promptly. He didn't have to stop to think about it. Anybody would know that.

"Then I'm going to play!" Pittysing declared. "It's no use to look anywhere else, for 'twas here I left 'em! And I'm all done. We'll go down the brook and finish the dam we started this morning to keep the trout from going down stream."

The children sometimes fished in the brook, but they never caught any fish. Perhaps it was because their mother never let them use fish hooks. You see, she was afraid they would stick the fish hooks into their hands—or possibly their eyes. And bent pins don't work very well for hooks, as you know if you have ever tried them.

But the children thought if they could build a little dam strong enough to stand, the fish would not be able to swim over it, and perhaps could be dipped up in a pail.

The little brook always washed away the dams, objecting, perhaps, to having its waters held back. The children never tired of rebuilding them, and had made, or started, as many as twenty, I should say.

"I wish," said Pittysing, "that some beavers would come here! Don't you remember the story papa told about them, how they gnaw down little trees with their long, sharp teeth, and use them for building dams? Oh, say! instead of using just rocks and dirt, we'll take sticks, too, like the beavers, and see if we can't build a dam that will stay!"

"But YOUR teeth wouldn't be long enough or sharp enough to gnaw down twigs!" objected Simmie-Sammie disgustedly. "An' you've lost one of the front ones, anyhow!"

"Oh, Simmie-Sammie! You're not much more than a baby yet, are you? Did I say I was going to GNAW to get some sticks? Pick 'em up, anywhere you see 'em lying round, and bring 'em to me."

While Simmie-Sammie brought sticks, Pittysing stood on a damp, moss-covered stone in the middle of the brook. Reaching toward the bank to take one from him, her foot slipped and down she sat, splash! in the shallow water. She was not hurt, and sprang out quickly, dripping wet. "Ugh-h-h!" she shivered. "I've got to run home quick, and get some dry clothes on!"

But when they got to the house, they couldn't find their mother, though they called, and ran from room to room.

"I don't know what clothes she'd want me to put on! Guess I better stay out in the sunshine and get these dry," Pittysing decided. "Let's play scooch-tag. Who'll be IT?"

"You!" answered Simmie-Sammie promptly. "We'll count for it. Stand in front of me." Then Pittysing chanted slowly, pointing first at Simmie-Sammie, then at herself,

'As I went up the apple-tree,
All the apples fell on me!
Bake a pudding—bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
No—I never told a lie,
But I baked an apple pie!

"You're out, Simmie-Sammie! That makes me IT!"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elf-like beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hillside, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles. Down by the mill brook in the meadow near the Dapperling village is the favorite playground of five-year-old Simmie-Sammie Smith and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, but, of course, they don't know anything about the Dapperlings. Nattie, the Smallest Dapperling of All, has watched these children at play and is not afraid of them. She would play with them if the Dapperling rules permitted, and she does meddle with their playthings slyly and unseen, much to their bewilderment. She takes Pittysing's doll and embroidery scissors, when she isn't looking, and carries them to the assembly hall to show to the other Dapperlings. Lulie Wye Dapperling makes the doll a wonderful new dress. Pittysing grieves for her doll and worries over the loss of her mother's scissors which she had borrowed without permission.



"I'VE FOUND HER! I'VE FOUND HER!" SHOUTED PITTYSING.

"That's what I told you in the first place," said Simmie-Sammie.

After they had tired of playing scooch-tag, they hunted for four-leaved clovers, which they couldn't find, in the field back of the house, then wandered down to the Mill Brook. Across the brook, grasshoppers were hopping gaily about in the sunshine. The children crossed over, and counted grasshoppers a while, twenty—

thirty—forty.

"My stars and body!" exclaimed Pittysing. "Who'd ever believe there'd be so many? We couldn't count 'em all in fifty-nine years! Come on! let's race to the top of the hill! One! put out your left foot. Two! swing your arms. Three! run!"

Simmie-Sammie always thought, before they started, that he could beat Pittysing racing.

After they had gone about ten steps, he always knew he couldn't. When Pittysing looked back over her shoulder, expecting he'd begin to cry pretty soon, there was Simmie-Sammie, ever so far back, down on his hands and knees.

"I ain't wacing!" he called, for he didn't want her to think she was beating him that time. "I'm watching this old pillar-catter! If he was long enough, and big enough, he'd make some good furs for your Sawah-Gwace-Josephine!"

Pittysing kept on running till she was almost at the top of the hill. There was a clump of thistles growing just ahead, and she started to run around them, but she stepped on a little round stone that rolled with her, and fell right into those prickly thistles! And she didn't stop there! She went onto a bed of moss, and right through a little trap door, into what seemed like a dark hole.

Oh, yes, of course you've guessed what it was! The Dapperlings' assembly hall, with all the lights out.

For that hill was the Dapperlings' hill, and every single Dapperling house had turned around, quick, as a wink, when the children came in sight.

Simmie-Sammie heard a scream, and looked up just in time to see Pittysing's red hair ribbon go down into the hole.

By the time he got to the top of the hill, Pittysing was scrambling out.

She was covered with dirt, which clung to her damp clothes, and her face and hands were scratched, but she wasn't crying. She was too excited! I guess YOU'D have been excited too! Simmie-Sammie was!

For in one hand she held—what do you think? Yes, that little smiling, blue-eyed, curly-haired doll!

"I've found her! I've found her!" shouted Pittysing. "Look at her dress! Oh, Simmie-Sammie! Simmie-Sammie! WHERE did she get it? Do you s'pose, oh, do you truly s'pose she's a fairy doll? I'm going straight home to show her to mamma! Come, quick, if you want ME to wait for you!"

"I tell you what it is," said Pittysing, as they hurried along. "If you want to find things, you must just look in the place where they are! If I hadn't done that, would I ever have found my doll?"

Pittysing's cheeks were very red, and she held her head high.

Simmie-Sammie stared at her, wondering how she ever came to be so smart! He was perfectly certain she was the smartest girl in the whole world. But he didn't tell her so! Oh, no! She was feeling big enough without that!

Of course there was trouble to follow, for the embroidery scissors hadn't been found, and when Pittysing's mother (they found her this time when they went to the house) went with her to the top of the hill beyond the brook, everything looked just as it always had, and there was no hole at all that she could have fallen through. And her mother put her to bed for telling wrong stories.

The Dapperlings had been at work, you see, mending their trap door and putting the moss and thistles in order.

Still, even the children's mother couldn't explain where the doll's dress came from.

But she was glad to get her embroidery scissors back next day. Pittysing found them on the barrel-top table. The Smallest Dapperling of All had taken those home with her when she took the doll, they were so bright and shining, and she carried them back. For she hadn't meant to keep them at all.

Chapter IV, in January COMFORT, will tell how our Dapperlings made a long journey to visit their friends at another Dapperling village and of their adventures at the picnic, and how Nattie found a very interesting present to give Pittysing. See that your subscription is renewed at once so not to miss this story and a nice Christmas story, and many other nice things in December COMFORT.

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January Comfort

will contain the opening chapters of "Nerine's Second Choice." This thrilling romance by Adelaide Stirling, quite as strong as "Love and Spite" though with a very different and less tragic plot, will run in COMFORT, as a serial.

Some Special Features for January

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This touching story of the troubled course of love between sweethearts who, like Romeo and Juliet, belonged to families between which rages the deadly strife of an eternal feud, is told by one who has lived among these proud mountain folk of Tennessee whose family honor is dearer than life.

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This fine story, full of startling situations, is a genuine thriller, telling of a chain of strange adventures and showing how the rich aristocrats are fleeced by the bold adroitness of the gentleman crook who is finally captured by a humble citizen. There is a good moral in it, too.

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As an inducement to renew your subscription promptly this month we offer the special, low rate of 30 cents for a 2-year renewal. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album.

If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 339, or any less number, it means that your subscription should be renewed at once. Send in your renewal today, if you don't want to miss January COMFORT. Use coupon on Page 13.

Crumbs of Comfort

Sensitive beings are not sensible beings.

When the Devil can't come himself, he sends a bottle of drink.

The great secret of success is not to get in the way of others.

Not to wish for what you have not is worth more than to have it.

Men can be to other men as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land.

When your expenses exceed your receipts you are sure to come to want.

Those who are without expectation can not fret if nothing comes to them.

A person may go to church all his life and not go to heaven when he dies.

All the work of the world is merely taking advantage of the energies already there.

If you do not exercise your best qualities they will wither and become useless.

Put the right ingredients into making happiness and it will always come out right.

There is a great deal in the world which is beautiful and delightful, but it will not last.

Everything in this world is arranged upon definite principles and never at random.

Two poor people can live in a house together when two kings can not live in a whole kingdom.

Spend the time you have spent in sighing for fruits, in fulfilling the conditions that produce them.

Theologies are human versions of divine truths, hence the varieties and the inconsistencies of them.

Don't give all the praise to the horse that wins the race, but give some to the man who keeps the stable.

The Creator has done as much for the world as should be expected of Him. It is for man to do the rest.

Think a minute before yielding to your temper how much more you suffer from anger than enjoy from it.

Every individual's life is a sermon. Some are long and some are not good, but they are sermons still the same.

If we try to influence others we shall soon see that success is in proportion to their belief in our belief in them.

It is the beautiful work of Christianity to adjust the burdens of life to those who bear them, and to adjust them to their burdens.

However old a married union is it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days and under the snow a few flowers still blossom.

The Way of a Woman

By Maud Mary Brown

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LESBIA VAUGHAN, in her byacinth-tinted gown, sitting where a shaft of sun brought into high relief her delicately chiseled face and the vivid lights in her deep-brown eyes, was very lovely.

She set her cup down with a decided click and began with nervous fingers to rearrange the tea service on the table before her.

"For my part, I hope Lydia will never enter Godfrey Towers's handsome carved doors again. But she will. She and the children will stay abroad till the scandal dies down and then she will come back and try to deceive us into thinking that her heart isn't mangled to a pulp. And that is the way of a woman."

"That is strange, Edith," Mrs. Thornton asked. "That is the idiotic way of a woman? It's more than strange. It is inconceivable."

"I wasn't meaning that, Lesbia. To me, the surprising thing is the willingness with which we abdicate our power over our husbands. We let them slip from indifference to guilt and when the inevitable cataclysm overtakes us, our impulse is to pick up our skirts and scurry out of the reach of unpleasantness."

Lesbia brought her hands, clutching, to the arms of her chair.

"You don't mean that you blame women for the depravity of their husbands? You can't mean that, Edith."

"In so many, many instances," Mrs. Thornton said quietly.

"But that's brutally unjust! There's sweet, gentle Lydia Towers. Would you blame her for Godfrey's cheap intrigue with one of his own stenographers? Would you?"

Mrs. Thornton leaned forward, her deep eyes burning into Lesbia's.

"Do you suppose," she asked, "that if the average man found in marriage all that it promised—sympathy, companionship, passion—the whole diapason of emotion, that wild horses could drag him away from his wife?"

"But," expostulated Lesbia, "we have our disillusionments, too. Marriage is a far cry from the romance we ignorantly anticipate. But we don't slip a moral cog because our cup of happiness isn't always slopping over."

Mrs. Thornton smiled. Her smile was the only thing about her friend that irritated Lesbia. It was one of so much experience and understanding that it made her own impetuosités seem to her childish and inconsequent.

"I didn't promise to serve as a trained nurse to Norman's morals when I married him."

"A man's emotional nature needs a little nursing now and then, and if his wife won't do it, she need not be surprised if he seeks first aid of some other woman. And she probably won't specialize on morals, either."

Lesbia sat, elbow on knee, chin resting in slender hand, looking into the fire that was grateful even with the April sun streaming in at the windows.

Her scorn of the moment before had been swept away. "You make me feel that being a wife is a stupendous undertaking."

"To realize that is the beginning of wisdom."

Mrs. Thornton rose and went over to the fire. She was a woman of fine though generous proportions—a woman molded for motherhood. That she was a widow and childless seemed an anomaly.

"We suffer and bear and rear," Lesbia began.

"That carries its own reward," Mrs. Thornton interrupted to say.

"Oh, Edith, why need the whole burden physical and moral rest on our shoulders?"

It was the cry of a distraught child.

"God knows."

Mrs. Thornton stood with one hand on the mantel looking into the fire.

"If we had ten hands we would still see unaccomplished tasks; the strength of ten would not forestall weariness, nor the wisdom of ten render us infallible. It's hard. But, Lesbia, isn't it splendid to be so useful?"

She turned, her face alight.

Lesbia shuddered. "No. It's only paralyzing. Edith, it's a merciful thing Norman's good. If he should do what Godfrey Towers has done I should take my children and go where we could never see his face again. And that's the way I should meet my trouble."

"Why, no you wouldn't," Mrs. Thornton said confidently. "You would do the right thing. If there was a fighting chance to get your happiness back, you would take it. If it meant giving him up to a more understanding woman, you would do that without a cringe. That's the way of a woman like you."

Lesbia shook her head. "You don't know me. I should be flint."

Mrs. Thornton went over and placed her hand on Lesbia's fair head in an unaccustomed caress.

"I must run along. Don't get up."

At the door she turned.

"I sometimes think that we women are like the peasant in the Russian legend."

"The wise men, you remember, passed her cottage and asked her to go with them to seek the Child, but her household duties were pressing and she waited to finish them before going. When she was ready, the heavens were darkened. And she never saw the Christ."

There was a little sob strangled in her throat.

"We are too intent on trivialities. We let the big thing, love, flicker and die out leaving us under darkened skies, alone."

There was in her face the look of one who has paid extortionate tuition in the school of life.

Alone, Lesbia wandered restlessly about, straightening a magazine on the handsome library table, laying wood on the living coals of the fire, rearranging the mass of yellow jonquils in their dull, green bowl.

She roamed into the big drawing-room and touched the keys of the piano with idle fingers, but their silvery tones did not tempt, so she went back to the library and curled herself up on the couch, a little, byacinth-tinted heap.

"Oh, life," she cried sharply. "You are much too relentless and complex for us."

Her lovely face from which the rounded contour had scarcely been worn or its freshness dimmed in the six years of her married life, grew suddenly strained.

"What if it had come to me?" she whispered.

"What if it should come to me?"

She sprang up with an excited little laugh.

"How idiotically morbid! Norman's the soul of honor. It isn't very loyal to think of such things. I'll go up to the nursery and recover my reason."

There, with her four-year-old son and his tiny sister, she found surcease for her quivering nerves.

"There," she said, going to her dressing-room after they had tucked into their diminutive beds, "I've done for one unaided ghost. Being a mother makes a woman very safe."

She suddenly remembered that Lydia Towers was a mother, too, and of the faithfulness.

The vague distress came back intensified by her brief respite.

She found herself listening for Norman's step while her maid did her hair.

"Why doesn't he come?" her nerves cried out.

A glance at her watch told her that she was dressing unusually early and she relaxed.

At last she heard him on the stair and a minute later in his room, whistling gayly as he moved about.

It was what Lesbia had listened for and heard for six years and its familiarity calmed her.

Of course everything was all right with her and Norman.

"Hello, in there," she called blithely.

"Hello, yourself, Peaches."

His favorite love-name thrilled her with its dear silliness.

"I'm coming in in a minute," he called.

When he stood before her he was overwhelmed afresh at the slim, fragrant loveliness of her in her bewildering array of white and gold.

"Will you look who's here," he said confidentially to the enraptured maid. And to Lesbia, "I approve of you, my dear, I do, upon my word. But I suspect all that gorgeousness means a stupid evening out. Does it?"

Lesbia touched the golden fillet in her hair with deft fingers.

"It's the Landon's dinner and dance," she reminded him, glowing under his ardent eyes.

"But cheer up, it's just about the last for the season."

The maid slipped out of the room and Norman, his hand clasping hers boyishly, drew Lesbia to a divan.

"I wanted the evening with you," he scolded good-naturedly. "They've got the roadster overhauled. It's as good as new. I wanted to plan a trip for just us two tonight."

"Norman, you know I'd love to go off with you alone. How we used to plan such trips. But we were as irresponsible as linnetts then, weren't we? Now there are the babies. I can't leave them. And the house has to be made ready to close, and the cottage needs a lot of new furnishings before it's opened. I can't seem to leave things to servants as I thought once I could. I'm going to be madly busy."

"Lesbia, tell me, would you really like to go off with me alone now?" His eyes were frankly searching.

She colored. "You foolish! Perhaps I don't enjoy gypsying as you do. I may be more inured to civilization and modern plumbing. But of course I would enjoy it if I could manage it. Why don't you get Harry Atherton to go?"

"The boy will soon be big enough," Norman said wistfully. "And won't the little beggar like the camping equipment? That's something to look forward to."

Lesbia turned sharply. "Do you suppose I would let Burgess go off with you, drinking out of wells and eating all sorts of unwholesome food? You're crazy!"

Norman stood up. "I hope I take Mrs. Thornton in tonight," he said with gloomy irrelevance.

Lesbia found her eyes roaming to her husband's face with curious constancy that night. Mrs. Thornton was at his left, and it was to her he turned oftener.

During a lull in the insistence of the chatter, Lesbia heard him describing to her his camping outfit for the roadster. He was obviously enjoying her genuine interest.

Lesbia was proud of Norman—of his marks of race—but infinitely more of the attention given to his opinion when he vouchsafed a grudging word to the general conversation.

"Norman," she said as they drove home, "did you see Godfrey Towers today?"

"He lunched at the club," Norman replied with a man's reluctance to touch a subject that will end in criticism of a friend.

"How can he have the audacity to show his face among people?"

Norman was extenuating. "I say, Lesbia, Towers's actions have been pretty raw. I'll admit, but we can't measure his temptation so let's keep our yardstick off his sins."

"Temptation!" Lesbia blazed like sudden flame. "And with a wife like Lydia."

"Lydia's an all-right girl, no doubt about it. But perhaps she hasn't realized, quite, that even if she is married, she's in competition with every other woman in sight. It's possible that Norman's emotional nature was under-nourished by Lydia."

They were in the hall of their home. Under the glare of the light, Lesbia's face showed white with a resurgence of the afternoon's tumult.

"Men seem to have buried their moral natures to make way for the emotions. It's all wrong. Norman. It's like an insidious poison corroding the very souls of men."

"Better go to bed, dear, and not try to solve the whole social problem at one sitting."

She went, but she was too shocked to evoke forgetfulness.

Was Norman right? Must a wife strive against other women in order to possess her husband's fidelity? It was revolting. It frightened her. But what if it were true?

Followed a busy fortnight during which Lesbia's haunting fears were crowded into the background, for an occupied woman has little time for abstractions. But when her mind and her hands were idle, they marched to the front, captained, full-panoplied and in stately order.

May, her birth-month, came at last in all its fresh, soft glory.

"When is Sylvia going to show up?" Norman asked one morning. He had noticed a letter in her sister's handwriting in Lesbia's hands.

Her eyes were showery as she looked up.

"Norman, it's too bad! That erratic Joan Caruthers has set her wedding for the twenty-sixth and Sylvia's her maid of honor. It will be the first birthday we haven't celebrated together."

Norman gave a commiserating whistle. The twins' birthday had always been a day of jubilee for the Burgess family and Lesbia was making eager plans for this one.

"Can't she possibly get here?" he wanted to know.

Lesbia shook her head. "Joan has decided to be married at her lodge in the Catskills forty miles beyond the end of the earth."

She consulted her letter. "Really, it's ten miles from Shandaken, and from there, after nine, there's no train to Kingston till after eight in the evening. It's the positive limit!"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I suppose Sylvia can't cut it. Since you can't carry out all your plans, let's take the roadster and go off on a jollification by ourselves."

It was the wrong moment to suggest a substitute pleasure. If, indeed, to go would be a pleasure to Lesbia.

"Dear," she fretted. "I wish you would be reasonable. I can't get up and leave my children like that. The baby carried a temperature yesterday and I'm up to my ears in plans for the summer. Get some man to go with you if you must go."

Norman folded his paper with precision. "It seems," he said, rising, "as though I pay enough for service in this house so you could shake a free foot now and then if you really wanted to."

That day Lesbia's mocking ghosts stayed close by her side.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth, Norman was unusually radiant. To Lesbia, her morrow's disappointment very keen, it was almost an offense.

"I'm off for the road at noon," he said with the abruptness of an exploding bomb.

"You aren't going to be away tomorrow?"

"Rather not! I'll be home for the dinner. Order a corker with all the frills. Today the road calls me and I'm off."

A momentary sense of loneliness enveloped Lesbia and she said impulsively: "I'm almost persuaded to go with you."

Not until hours later did she remember the dismayed confusion with which Norman met her suggestion.

At the time, repenting her words as soon as spoken, she felt only relief that he did not second her impulse.

"But I can't," she added hastily.

Norman kissed her at parting with bewildering cheerfulness.

"I don't know where I shall be tonight," he said. "I'm heading up-river. Don't change any more plans than you must because of Sylvia's absence. That would only emphasize your disappointment. So long, little woman."

Late that afternoon, Lesbia's plans for her big dinner being perfected in every elaborate detail, she telephoned to Mrs. Thornton.

She wanted to see her friend if she were at liberty, to hear her voice in any event.

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The label on the can will show whether the baking powder you now use, or any brand, new or old, that may be offered contains alum or phosphate instead of cream of tartar.

Mrs. Thornton was out of town, a maid informed Lesbia, nor would she be back until the next day.

Lesbia sent to the garage for the big car, but countermanded the order before it was brought around. Then, deciding upon a walk, she took a few rapid turns in the park before she tried to content herself with an absorbing book. Her restlessness was difficult to exercise.

The anniversary morning awoke beaming and ardent, like a beautiful child after a refreshing sleep.

Stanley Burgess, Lesbia's younger brother, called up from his club to fellowship her in his own unceremonious manner, flowers came, and notes, and altogether her day began with auspicious happiness.

After all, yesterday with its lurking shadows was gone. Today was come. Norman would be home in time for dinner with their closest friends, Sylvia would be there in the late evening, and altogether, the prospect was far from cheerless.

It was approaching the hour of five that afternoon when Stanley put in a call for his sister's house.

The butler, unable to translate into sense the young man's message, switched him on to Lesbia's line.

At his sister's voice his own became strained.

"Why—why, Lesbia, I thought you were off motoring with Norman this afternoon."

"Silly! With a big dinner on my hands?"

"Where's he?"

"Norman? Didn't I tell you? He ran off in the roadster yesterday. He'll be here for dinner, though. Why?"

Followed a foreboding silence that made Lesbia's heart pound.

"Stanley," she called sharply. "What is it?"

"Now hold your horses, Lesbia. It's probably nothing at all, but the papers say he's been in a little smash up this side of Newburgh. He's in a hospital there. It isn't serious, they think."

Lesbia's grasp of the receiver whitened her knuckles.

"Hold the wire but don't talk, please, I want to think." Then, "Stanley?"

She waited for his "yes."

"It isn't far to Newburgh? I've been there dozens of times with Norman but I can't think."

"Short of sixty miles."

Then Lesbia's voice rang steady. She suddenly became clear-headed and practical.

"Listen, Stanley. Are you there? Very well. I'll leave my list with Benton. He'll call off the dinner. In half an hour I'll pick you up at the club and we'll go to Newburgh in the big car. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. And, Lesbia, don't look at the papers. They're inaccurate. While I'm waiting, I'll telephone up."

She rang off.

Had Stanley Burgess been wise enough to have kept the mention of papers out of the conversation, it is probable that Lesbia would never have given them a thought, but now, while giving the butler detailed instructions, the desire to see them obsessed her. Surely, if Norman were seriously injured, or if he were—she did not finish that thought—she ought to know.

"I will telephone from Newburgh," she was saying to Benton. "And, Benton, please—have the evening papers sent to my room at once."

She dressed rapidly and without her maid. She wanted to be alone. When the papers were brought, she shrank from them, but her will lashed her hands till they obeyed its command.

"Norman Vaughan and wife injured in automobile crash," she read.

What a stupid blunder!

But as her eyes swept down the page the mistake did not clear.

There had been a woman. There was no doubt of that. A car, following, had carried the news back to the hotel from which both had started only a few minutes before. There, on the register, the driver had read, "Norman Vaughan and wife, New York."

At the writing, it was impossible to anticipate results, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Vaughan was thought to have been fatally injured.

So much Lesbia gathered from her frenzied perusal, and the other papers confirmed the news. She felt numb and disembodied, as though she had just read her own death notice.

She was glad that she was alone that her strange face and stony eyes might not be peered at with curiosity.

Promptly at five-thirty she was at the curb in front of the club. Stanley came out, his own face white, the words with which he had cursed Norman Vaughan scarcely cold on his lips.

Dismissing the chauffeur and placing Lesbia in front, he took his place at the wheel.

"I telephoned. It's not serious. Still unconscious."

He knew by Lesbia's face that she had seen the papers and he cursed his mental clumsiness in having mentioned them.

In silence they insinuated their way across to the ferry, and although she was still silent as they howled through the ugly Jersey towns that skirt the city, Lesbia's thoughts clamored noisily.

She found time to be thankful for many things—that her parents had not lived to witness her confusion—that Sylvia could not see her till the first, crushing violence of the storm had swept on—that her babies were too young to know.

She had given her unspoiled youth to this man

—her soul and her body—and this was what he had done with both. She had borne his children and through his own dishonor he had rendered them fatherless. It would almost have been better if he had been— She stopped there. She was thinking too fast.

She knew now that some prophetic sub-consciousness had tried to warn her of impending danger. Those haunting fears, had she known it, were prescient.

What was she going to do? God knew. But at least she must go away with the children. She already panted like one spent with speed.

Only at odd minutes did she give a thought to the woman who was lying in the hospital as Norman's wife. Who was she?

TO BE CONCLUDED IN JANUARY.

Who the woman is that the heart-broken wife finds to be the companion of her husband, how she treats her and how she greets her husband is a surprising revelation of "the way of a woman", as told in the conclusion of this story to appear in January COMFORT, and points a moral that is well worth pondering. Renew your subscription today so to take no chance of missing it.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

quite a number of years now.

I will take up the subject of dancing. As one who has danced and attended dances, my opinion is that it is a wholesome amusement for young folks. I do not believe in the booklet a theological student once gave me, called "From the Ballroom to Hell." Evil can be made out of any kind of amusement no matter how wholesome it may be in itself. Even a church social may be productive of harm if it is not conducted properly. Isn't dancing better for young people than a party where kissing games are played? I have known a deacon's daughter, who was not permitted to attend dances, go to a public skating rink where she skated with anyone who asked her. Her schoolmates attended invitation dances where every young man who was introduced to a girl had to be vouchsafed for, and no undesirable characters were admitted. Many persons who are opposed to dancing base their objections on the public dance hall in cities. My father, who knew of the evils of these places, was much opposed to us children dancing but when he became aware of the nature of the dancing in our amusement, he said he could see no harm in our amusement. Now in my own neighborhood there are some young folks who are opposed to dancing but they go wild over "play parties" where as many as can possibly crowd into a room play kissing games, and they seem to enjoy it, but they don't have "good" "goodly" girls and boys who wouldn't be caught near a dance hall, let alone at a dance. Now, dear sisters, which do you think best? The play party or a dance where only a few couples are on the floor at once, so that it is not a bit crowded, and good music to keep step up. What is your opinion?

Best wishes to all, MISS B.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I cannot keep still any longer so would like to ask a question of Mrs. Dilly and all the other "Anti's."

Election day was on Tuesday and before going out to vote, I did all my housework, a large ironing, baked bread and got a good meal at noon. Then I went to the polls and voted the way I thought was right and returned in time to prepare a nourishing supper for my family. I cannot see any harm done to me or any of my family and the question I want to ask is—didn't I have as much right (or more) to vote as my neighbor, an old man of eighty years who can neither read nor write but who goes on election day and votes just as anyone tells him to, carrying a huge sample ballot along from which he copies? I say, yes! Any intelligent woman has a right to vote if she sees fit. I do not vote every election that comes along as some do not interest me and I do not vote on street improvements or bonds as I am not a property owner in this part of California. But I say three cheers for California as by living here I can cast a vote for my favorite man for governor, senator and president this fall. Besides making homelife and pickles I can help make a President.

To Mrs. A. W. King, congratulations on your "spunk" in baby's welfare. I am with you in that respect. I have two children, the oldest is a girl four years old and I fed her and brought her up in the "good" (i.e. old-fashioned way), and how sorry I am today. She was fussy and whined nearly all the time, so when baby boy was expected, a little over a year ago, I started in to study motherhood. I sent to the Government for a book and devoured its contents. Every magazine I picked up I turned its pages to see what I could learn about babies. Then when baby arrived I started in to practise what I had been studying. My mother was horrified, my sister-in-law sneered, father laughed and even my husband smiled. Now my boy is one year old, a lovely, big, good-natured kiddo and husband no longer smiles, at least not the same sarcastic smile, mother praises and even sister-in-law looks interested. If I have twenty more, they will all be raised at my boy was and how long for another baby to raise the "better way," whereas, before my boy came I dreaded another if it were so cross and peevish as the oldest was. Baby is fed regularly by the clock and between times I have no difficulty in doing all my work, baking, washing, ironing, and crocheting.

Anyone can get a book on infant care by writing to United States Dept. of Labor, Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., and asking for "Infant Care," by Mrs. May West. One can also get a book on "Pro-natal Care," at same place which is a fine help before baby comes.

Love to COMFORT sisters, CALIFORNIA VOTER.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



ONE of the most artistic and comfortable styles of this season is the coat dress, a style adapted to all figures slim or mature and suitable for serge, gabardine, velvet, satin, or taffeta.

Combinations of material will be as popular as during the spring and summer season, so one may have a bodice of crepe or satin, with a skirt of serge or plaid suiting.

In dresses for girls and children there are many smart models. Some in Empire effect, with quaint pocket trimmings, others with plaits from the shoulders and added jacket effects.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

1859—Hat. 1868—Dress. Girls' Sailor Blouse Dress, with or without yoke facing, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This design is good for linen, plaid and other novelty suitings, for serge, gabardine, galatea, glingham and percale.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. The cap illustrated with this dress is made from pattern 1859. Cut in three sizes; children's (three to eight years), girls' (10 to 14 years) and misses' (16 to 20 years), and requires seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for the girls' size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1901—A Set of Utility Bags. Shoe bag, laundry bag and traveling case. For these serviceable models one could use cretonne, rubberized or plain sateen, ticking, drill, denim, crash or twill. The bags could be embroidered and finished with scalloped flaps or bound with ribbon tape.

The three bags are furnished in this pattern and are cut in one size only. The shoe bag requires one yard, the laundry bag one and seven eighths yard, the traveling case one and five eighths yard of 22-inch, or wider, material.

1584—A Desirable and Comfortable Garment. This attractive style is nice for elderdown, flannel, flannelette, silk, satin or blanket cloth. It is ideal for traveling, as a sleeping garment, comfortable and easy to develop. The hood may be omitted.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three quarters yard for the hood and three and three eighths yard for the robe of 27-inch material for an eight-year size.

1902—Doll's Set of Baby Clothes. Santa Claus may bring to mother's girl. Just the thing to please little mothers. There are dolls and dolls, but no doll so dear to the heart of a doll's mother, as one dressed in baby clothes. The designs here shown will be found easy to make, as they are cut on simple one-piece lines.

Cut in three sizes; for dolls, 16, 18 and 20 inches in length. It will require two and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for the dress, one and seven eighths yard of 24-inch material for the wrapper and two and one eighth yards of 24-inch material for the coat, for an 18-inch doll.

1605—A Comfortable, practical undergarment. Girls' combination waist and drawers. For this serviceable model one could use cambric, long cloth, nainsook, lawn, crepe flannelette, silk or domest flannel.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1894—A Dainty Set of Aprons. These styles are nice for lawn, batiste, linen or crepe.

Cut in one size only. It will require seven eighths yard of 36-inch material for No. 1 and one and one quarter yard for No. 2.

1854—An Attractive Apron Model. This practical design is cut with a three-piece circular skirt, and a bib gathered to the belt in back and front, and made with shoulder seams and round neck edge.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1860—Girl's Dress, with yoke and sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is nice for wool, cloth or wash fabrics.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1855—Girls' Dress, with bloomers. Galatea, glingham, seersucker, repp, linen, corduroy, poplin, gabardine, checked and plaid suiting and serge are nice for this design. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress, or of flannel, linen, sateen, serge or cambric.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires one and one eighth yard of 36-inch material for the bloomers, and three and one quarter yards for the dress for a four-year size.

1600—Child's Envelope Night Dress in high, round or square neck edge, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style will prove a comfort to both mother and child, for with the envelope lap or extension the gown will be kept in place and not "crowd up" as is often the case with the loose models. One could use this design for a "creeping" frock for young children.

Cut in five sizes; six months, one year, two, four and six years. Size two will require two and one half yards of 36-inch material.

1604—Ladies' Empire Night Gown. As here portrayed, batiste, embroidered banding and "Vai" lace are combined. The design is also nice for cambric, nainsook, crepe, crepe de chine, lawn and silk.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1708—A very desirable and popular apron. For percale, glingham, drill, sateen, lawn, or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. It is cut with sufficient fullness for comfort and ease in wearing and has deep arm opening.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1661—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Tub silk striped in blue and white with collar and cuffs of crepe embroidered in blue is here portrayed. The waist and skirt portions have slot tucks in front. Gingham, linen, lawn, crepe, drill, seersucker, chambray, percale, poplin, serge and taffeta could also be used for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1866—Ladies' Dress, with removable chemise. This design will be nice for taffeta, serge, poplin, broadcloth, faille and gabardine. The waist is lengthened over the back to join the skirt, with plaited extensions at the seams. A smart yoke belt trims the hips.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1850—Ladies' Yoke Apron. This design is practical and desirable. The yoke is cut with the sleeve in one. Ample pockets trim the apron front.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1863—An Attractive and Popular One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Checked plaid, striped and mixed suiting are nice for this style. The fullness is confined by a belt at the waistline. The fronts are cut to form a panel over the center.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1878—A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl, with or without shield. Striped galatea is here shown. Shepherd check, novelty suiting or plaid woolen,

serge, gabardine and velour, corduroy and velvet are equally attractive.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1861—Dress for Misses and Young Women, with or without shoulder trimming. The dress is finished in one-piece style, and has the fullness held at the waistline, under the belt. The fullness over the shoulders may be shirred, smocked or plaited.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

1849—Ladies' Waist, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Georgette crepe, batiste, crepe de chine, tub silk, taffeta, madras, linen, gabardine, poplin and repp, all of these are desirable materials for this model. The fronts may be finished with or without the frill.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires three and one



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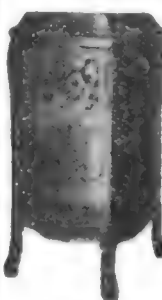
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quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1872—A Becoming, Youthful Model for misses and small women. This style is especially suitable for soft fabrics such as voile, gabardine, nun's veiling and satin. It is also nice for taffeta, velour, crepe and crepe de chine. The style is simple but attractive.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size.

1521—A Trim and Popular Suit for Mother's Boy. This model is good for serge, cheviot, broadcloth, flannel, glingham and linen, corduroy and velvet. The blouse is cut in coat style. The trousers are made with side closing.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires to and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1850—Boy's Suit. Khaki cloth, galatea, serge, cheviot, velvet, mixed suiting and corduroy would be nice for the trousers. For the blouse, linen, madras, percale, soisette and crepe would be very appropriate.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the blouse, and one yard of 44-inch material for the trousers for the eight-year size.

1726—A Simple Stylish Skirt. This is a splendid model for serge, gabardine, corduroy, taffeta, jersey cloth or linen. The model is cut on good lines and with graceful, becoming fullness.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1873—Waist. 1877—Skirt. A Fashionable Gown. Taffeta and pompadour silk are here combined. The waist is made with overblouse portions, which may be omitted.

Waist pattern 1873 cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

Skirt pattern 1877 cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require eight and one eighth yards of 36-inch material to make this costume for a medium size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1804—A Simple School or Home Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, galatea, glingham, chambray, linen, lawn, nainsook, cheviot mixed and plaid suiting are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

1870—Ladies' Coat. Plush and velvet fabrics, velour, zibeline, corduroy, cheviot, tweed, novelty suitings and broadcloth are all appropriate for this style. The fronts are lapped in double-breasted style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 54-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1871—Ladies' Skirt, with or without pocket trimming. This attractive design is a two-piece model cut with raised waistline, and having gathered fullness at the back.

Cut in six sizes; 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires four and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

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When Baby Catches Cold

By A. M. Hughes, M. D.

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It is serious enough when a grown-up person "catches cold," more serious than most people know, but when baby catches a cold it is serious indeed. First, because you cannot administer to a tiny baby the remedies that an adult can take; second, the baby has not yet acquired a constitution rugged enough to ward off the evil effects of a cold so but what some lasting effect may result. And the one great mistake most mothers make is to keep baby indoors too much.

I have in mind a man whose mother kept him swaddled in thick dannel pads over his lungs and between his shoulders, and kept silk handkerchiefs around his neck under his collar from early autumn until late spring. Furthermore, whenever he went out of doors he had to wear an immense woolen muffler or scarf. The result was that he developed such a weak and tender throat that he finally got chronic bronchitis.

He had a son and from the beginning that baby was allowed to sleep out on the porch throughout the day in the carriage, with his face exposed, regardless of the weather and much to grandmother's woe. In fact, grandmother declared over and over that this treatment would kill the child. Later, this young man found himself unable to handle up his throat when out of doors. He would not even turn up the collar of his overcoat in the bitterest weather. And where his father with the wrapped-up throat had from five to fifteen different attacks of sore throat every winter, this boy never had a sore throat at all!

Too much confinement of the baby in a warm room is more responsible for baby's colds than anything else. In fact your baby's health depends quite as much on an abundance of fresh air as upon warm clothing and good food. Of course when there is a nasty wet, cold, sheet storm, or a torrent of cold rain, or a thick fog that will cover your garments with dampness, it is not advisable to take baby out. But never mind the cold dry snowstorm, nor the bitter winter winds so long as baby's body is warmly dressed. Keep his little nose out where he can breathe and give him an outing every day. Let him go to sleep in his carriage out on the veranda or by an open window with all room doors closed to prevent a draft. See to it that he gets fresh air and plenty of it, and then when cold germs come flying around, as we now know they do, your baby will be so rugged and healthy that he will withstand them.

It is quite true that a weak baby and a strong baby may be placed in a room side by side where there are cold germs, and the weak baby will contract the cold while the strong youngster will feel no ill effects. And so, first of all, seek a preventive, for nothing was truer than the saying that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

I have found, and I am sure every other physician will agree with me, that the babies that have colds all winter long are usually those that are kept most closely confined to the house. Nothing is a better protection against colds than plenty of fresh air. The living-rooms should be well aired every morning and then provided with some means of ventilation, so that fresh air is entering every moment.

There is a tendency to omit the bath during the cold weather, but this should not be allowed. Every morning, the baby should have a warm bath. Of course care must be taken that he does not chill at the time. If the baby is poorly nourished, the bath may be followed by an oil rub. Then the baby should be wrapped warmly and a warm drink given. After this he usually will sleep for several hours. When he has awakened he may be fed again and taken out for his daily constitutional. Of course, on a cold day, he should never be taken out of doors for at least an hour after his bath.

Another cause of colds in babies is the clogging of the nasal passages. The mother or nurse should carefully clean the nostrils at least every morning and evening. If there seems to be a tendency to a clogging of the air passages, the nose should be well oiled. The old-fashioned goose grease has as many virtues as any modern oil.

With babies, a frequent cause of illness is constipation. The baby's bowels must be watched carefully to see that they move freely every day. If there is a tendency to constipation, a little olive oil or cream given twice a day will usually overcome this. Occasionally it will be necessary to use an enema or injection of warm water. It is never wise to get in the habit of giving the baby a laxative every day or even every week. This habit will become so well established that even after the child is grown, pills or other laxatives will be his constant crutch. Castor oil should rarely be given, as the after-effects are to make the child still more constipated. Constipation can almost always be overcome by a regulation of the diet, by giving olive oil or cream to the small baby, and to the older one, prunes and other laxative fruits, also coarse bread, such as graham bread.

Perhaps no two words carry dread to so many mothers as croup and pneumonia. Croup, while usually the less serious of the two, is perhaps the most alarming to the young mother, for it generally makes its unwelcome visit about midnight. When a mother is awakened from a sound sleep to find a child, who has gone to bed apparently in the best of health, struggling for breath, she naturally is alarmed. Yet, if she can keep her presence of mind, the attack usually can be relieved in a short time and the child will drop to sleep to awaken in the morning feeling as well as ever.

However, a child, who has had one attack of croup is liable to have repeated attacks for several successive nights, so it is wise to fortify against them. No matter how frequently one sees cases of croup, it never fails to awaken a feeling of terror. The oppression and distress for a time are very serious, the face is usually congested, sometimes almost cyanotic, the breathing is noisy, hard and labored, while the sound of the hard, metallic cough makes an impression never to be forgotten. The child seems to be making almost superhuman struggle for breath.

and disagreeable and making both parties miserable. It is little less than a crime to bring up children in such an atmosphere. I certainly do not believe in one party remarrying while the other is alive. Our vows are made to God, "Until death us do part, and if afterwards we can agree we are not justified in breaking our vows. If people used a little more common sense before and opened their eyes to see what they were about to do, there would be fewer unhappy marriages and consequently not so many divorces.

One more subject before I close. This subject of birth control. When we have it we will be a nation to be envied. We will not have so many almshouses,

This struggle is caused by a spasm of the larynx which does not allow enough air to enter the lungs. If a physician is present he usually relaxes the spasm by a few whiffs of chloroform, but the same results may be accomplished almost as readily by a mild emetic. This relaxes the muscles and also empties the overloaded stomach, for it is a fact that an overloaded stomach usually precedes an attack of croup. A child that is subject to croup should eat a very light and easily digested evening meal.

It is spasmodic croup that I have described, and the difference between that and the more dangerous membranous croup will be explained further on. Every home should be provided with emergency remedies, especially for croup if there is a child in the family.

The best emergency remedy for spasmodic croup—the remedy that is safest and most frequently used—is syrup of Ipecac. When the spasms begin, give a teaspoonful every ten minutes until the child vomits. This is the average dose for a child of two years. For a child of one year dilute the teaspoonful slightly with water. For a child of three or four years, give two teaspoonfuls. If the first two doses of a spoonful do not result in vomiting, do not wait too long, but administer this the moment the child shows a tendency of having spasms, that is, finds it difficult to breathe. An ice cold cloth applied for a few moments to the throat, is also a relief in most cases.

You can buy a croup kettle, for administering the fumes or vapor from hot water and turpentine, but an ordinary tea kettle will do, or any bowl or dish in an emergency. However, the kettle will produce the most vapor. Keep a small bottle of turpentine beside the Ipecac only for this purpose, do not have to rush out to shed or barn where the turpentine is kept with the paints. Three or four drops in the kettle of hot water is enough. Hold the back of your hand over the steam to see that it is not hot enough to burn, then make the child inhale these fumes.

Spasmodic croup is a reflex spasm of the larynx, associated with a mild and not dangerous inflammation of the throat and responds to the above treatment. A slight fever may accompany this.

Membranous croup is a serious condition, the proper name being "laryngeal diphtheria." It is caused by the same germ that causes diphtheria of the tonsils or other parts of the air passages. Treatment: Send at once for nearest physician and while waiting try the remedies used for spasmodic croup, especially the turpentine vapors. In these days physicians should, in serious cases of membranous croup, administer anti-toxin at once.

The difference in symptoms between spasmodic and membranous croup are as follows: If the attack begins in the day, with high fever, unusual shortness of breath, nausea and vomiting, and the cough and hoarseness of croup, it is the membranous variety. If the attack begins at night and still does not clear up at day, and does not respond to the emergency treatment, it is still membranous croup.

Spasmodic croup generally begins at night, and it will respond to the emergency treatment of Ipecac as an emetic, turpentine vapors and an ice cold cloth applied to the throat.

Breathing the hot, dry air from a stove or furnace predisposes to croup. A pan of water should be so placed as to keep the air of the room moist.

No special after-treatment is necessary for ordinary cases of croup. Every effort should be made to prevent the attacks by regulating the food and insisting upon plenty of fresh air at all times.

Pneumonia usually follows exposure of some sort, but lack of fresh air and nourishing food predispose to it, or make the child more liable to contract the disease. A child whose body is in good condition is much better able to resist the exposure than is one who is debilitated from insufficient food or oxygen starvation.

With babies, there is a short, catchy cry that is characteristic of acute pneumonia or bronchitis. Although there are several forms of pneumonia, the form called broncho-pneumonia is most common with babies and small children. The chief symptoms are quick, difficult respirations and a rapid pulse. The child may breathe as often as sixty a minute. The skin feels hot and dry, indicating a feverish condition. The child usually is very restless. Coughing may or may not be present. Sometimes the onset of the disease is marked by vomiting and, rarely, by convulsions. Intestinal complications are common, there often being four or five green stools a day. The urine is usually scant and highly colored.

The disease varies in severity. Some cases would get well with no treatment, while some babies die within twelve hours. As a rule, the baby has a better chance for life if treatment is begun in the early stages. It is here the mother's work is needed. There are many things she can do before the arrival of the doctor. In fact if those who live far from a doctor waited until he arrived before taking any action the baby would have a poor chance for its life. One of the chief requirements is good ventilation. It is better to have the room cold than to have poor air in the room. The baby should be kept warm by clothing and by hot water bottles placed near it. He may have hot drinks to help induce perspiration. His position should be changed frequently. The old-fashioned onion poultice applied to the chest in the early stages doubtless has saved the lives of many babies. Good results may be obtained by rubbing the chest and neck with turpentine and oil. Moist inhalations are as beneficial in pneumonia as they are in croup. The child should inhale the steam for ten to fifteen minutes four or five times a day. The bowels should be kept free. Although the baby will have no appetite and can be coaxed to take only a small amount of nourishment, he will be thirsty and should have as much water as he will drink. If there are signs of collapse, a hot mustard bath may be given. However, the chief aim of the mother should be to keep the baby warm enough to induce perspiration while at the same time he has plenty of fresh air to breathe.

Insane asylums, homes for incurables and penitentiaries, etc. How many poor souls are born who would be better off if they never saw this world. This idea of quoting the Lord sent them is all "Boosh," Mrs. K. In the September issue, wrote a good letter on the subject.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all,

Mrs. W. M. REYNOLDS.

BRANDYWINE, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and my first letter is to the Sisters' Corner, which I enjoy very much. I particularly enjoyed Mrs. C. E. West's letter of

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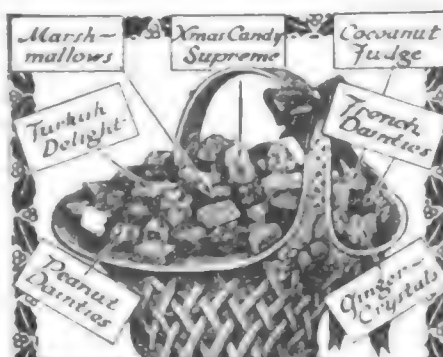
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December, 1916.



DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 cups granulated cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 cup granulated sugar and 1/4 teaspoonful cream of tartar; mix together; add 1/2 cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn into pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cooled add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

THIS year make candy for home Use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for Jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1/2 cup granulated sugar and 1/4 cup cold water. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part 1/2 teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add 1/2 teaspoonful extract of clove, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

FREE

Our RECIPE BOOK will be sent for your grocer's name.

Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
 425 Knox Ave.
 Johnston, N. Y.

Coalinga, Cal., for I have a son there who knows her. I have been married twenty-four years and am the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls, and I have always lived in West Virginia. I am now living in the little town of Brandywine, which has about two hundred inhabitants, situated on the South Fork river emptying into the Potomac at Moorefield, W. Va.

We have in our little town a Christian church of which I am a member and we also have the largest Sunday School in the county. Do you know what made our church Sunday School the largest? We had a Red and Blue Contest starting in July 1916 and ending in September, which increased the attendance sixty per cent. If any of the COMFORT sisters are interested in Sunday school work, and of course they are, try a Red and Blue Contest.

Wishing the COMFORT Sisters and all success and hoping to hear from you by letter or through COMFORT, With best wishes, I am, Mrs. J. L. SIMPSON.

Mrs. Simpson. Congratulations on your Sunday school. I don't want to be a pessimist but I knew of a similar contest that pretty nearly resulted in a church war. Both sides lost sight of the real object they were working for and the spirit of rivalry was so keen that even the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

SPANISH CREAM.—One half envelope Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, three cups milk, whites of three eggs, yolks of three eggs, one half cup sugar (scant), one quarter teaspoon salt and one teaspoon vanilla. Soak gelatin in one-half cup milk. Scald remaining milk and pour slowly on the yolks of eggs, well beaten. Add sugar and salt and return to double boiler. Cook until mixture thickens somewhat. Remove from stove and add gelatine and whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Flavor, and turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream. More gelatine will be required if large molds are used.

NUT FRAPPE.—One half envelope Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, one quarter cup cold water, one half cup sugar, one cup cooked pineapple and strawberries, one cup cream, three quarters cup of milk, white of one egg and one cup chopped nuts. Soak gelatin in the cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to cream, milk and sugar and stir in beaten white of egg. When cold add the pineapple and strawberries which have been chopped in small pieces, also the chopped nuts. Serve in ice cold in sherbet glasses.

DATE PUDDING.—One cup suet, one cup raisins, one cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, one cup walnuts, one cup dates, two and one half cups flour, one teaspoon soda; steam three hours.

BAKED SPARERIBS.—Put spareribs in cold water and let cook for almost an hour. Into a baking dish put a layer of raw sliced potatoes, then a layer of spareribs, then a layer of raw sliced onions, and finish dish with another layer of onions and the top layer of potatoes. Add enough hot water to half fill dish and bake one hour, covered the first half hour.

HAM CAKES.—Take pieces of boiled ham or smoked shoulder and chop fine. Roll potatoes and mash or use cold potatoes and chop. Take two thirds of potatoes to one third meat. Add one or two eggs (beaten), enough to make it the right consistency to shape into round, flat cakes. If too moist add a little flour. Fry in hot fat after dredging with flour. Should be seasoned to suit taste with salt and pepper. Fish cakes made in the same way are very nice. This is a good way to use up pieces of meat or fish.

PLANKED STEAK.—For the sister who asked for planked steak. This will need a plank adapted to the size of the oven, at least one inch thick. It must be of hard wood, such as oak, hickory or ash. Wipe a part of the surface of the plank, steam, cut one and three quarters inches thick, remove fat and broil seven minutes. Put a border of mashed, seasoned potatoes around the edge, using a pastry tube. Remove the steak to plank and bake in hot oven until steak is done and potatoes brown. Spread steak with butter, salt pepper and fine chopped parsley.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

CHICAGO, 3046 Polk St., Ill.

DEAR SISTERS: I have been interested in Woman Suffrage for some time and now, as since it has been discussed in the Sisters' Corner. So far there have been some great letters—Emma Stockinger's, Mrs. Diller's and Mrs. McKnight's, for instance. My opinion is that states that have given women the vote are just so much more advanced and enlightened than those that have not. Their men have finally awakened from their ungodly state (as Mrs. McKnight says) and are beginning to realize that it is not fair for them to have all the say. We are just as human as they and our lives are just as much affected by laws as theirs, more, so, in fact. We have to obey said laws, live under conditions invoked by these laws and raise our children under them. Now, why should I like to know, in it that we should not have something to say when it comes to making these all-important laws? I do not see how anyone can bring such foolish arguments as neglecting home and children. The way some talk, one would think it took days to cast a vote, whereas it is a matter of only a few minutes. I know for I have voted and hope to do so many times more. I will tell the sisters just how I voted so those who think it takes one away from their household duties will see just how much time was consumed. I stepped in the polling place on my way to the grocery to do my marketing, was asked my name, age, address, how long resident of same, and a few more questions than I was given a ballot, went in one of the booths, made my X's before the names of whatever candidates I chose. Of course I knew just the ones I was going to vote for, as I had previously made my choice, and as it required only a minute or so, you see it took only about five minutes for me to vote. I count in time well spent. I admire one of these broad-minded, well-read, modern women more so than these "modest virgins" or whatever they are called—"shrinking." I believe, it never does to shrink in this world. One wants to expand and that is what men and women are doing who are in favor of suffrage.


I notice one sister says, "Do suffragists know when they vote the women of the red light district will also vote?" Of course we do, but good women are so much in the majority there is no need to worry about the others. I don't think the poor creatures have enough ambition left to vote. When we have a little more to say about laws there surely will not be so many of these poor, unfortunate women.

About the advantages of city and country life, in my opinion Mrs. Hanna was right when she said, a child in the city had more educational advantages for there is hardly anything that is not taught in the schools, free of charge and then there are the night schools. But when it comes to making a living for a large family I say the country every time.

Life insurance has been mentioned by some of the sisters. I also believe in it. It doesn't require such an effort to keep up some insurance, the rates aren't very high and what a help it is for the mother and children when the provider is called away. It is really a very important matter when one stops to think it over.

Another question brought up by one of the sisters is the divorce question. My opinion is in this country they go too far with divorce, the divorce laws being altogether too easy. On the other hand, I do not believe in two people living together when they just cannot get along. What is the use of everlastingly wrangling

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HOP up onto my lap and snuggle down close and I'll give you all a good Christmas hug. I'm going to talk about the war. "Oh, please Uncle Charlie, don't," I hear thousands of you say. "It is such an unpleasant subject, talk of something that has a little more Christmas favor, such as you used to do in the good old days before war broke out." Well, dearies, let me tell you something; though this is the third war Christmas we have had, and we may have two or three more before we are through, this world conflict, terrible as it is, has a wonderful side to it, a side so inspiring and sublime that I am simply carried away when I think of the good as well as the bad that has come out of it already and the glorious good that will come out of it in the future.

To me this war is something more than what the socialists think it is, the mere struggle for markets, an attempt of one group of the powers to extend its boundaries at the expense of the other group. I hate to associate the god of Love with anything that is horrible, cruel, bloody and brutal, and yet behind it all I cannot help but think that there is a divine influence at work. The majority of you have not sensed this influence and can see in this war nothing but its horrors, and you hate it for various reasons. It has made living more expensive. If it has not killed your relatives it has killed off some of the relatives of your friends. People will discuss it when they ought to be talking about baseball, Charlie Chaplin or the weather. War has poked its ugly nose into the movie pictures: it puts its bloody hand on the screen and you would so much rather see a picture of a white slaver carrying off a pretty country-side victim to the vice dens in the city. Then too you have heard about Zeppelins killing people in their beds, and it has just dawned on those sleepy, sluggish brains of yours that maybe the flames of that terrible conflict may leap across the ocean and you may wake up some fine morning and find a bomb has blown your head off, smashed your home to pieces and left not enough of you or your friends to make an excuse for a decent funeral.

But there is a different side to this war, a side to which few have given a thought. It is the sublime, I may say, the divine side. If you were in Europe now you would see that side. War is teaching the people of Europe the ennobling lesson of devotion, service and self sacrifice, the fundamentals of all worth-while religion. Millions of people who never did an unselfish act in their lives, drunken, sordid, selfish, miserable little human "beans" revolving like the gold fish in an eternal humdrum circle, without an idea, an ideal or a bit of imagination, a fragment of emotion or enthusiasm, have suddenly become heroes and demigods. The miserable little cowering of the streets of London, the white slaver and Apache of the underworld of Paris, the dull-witted, vodka-drinking moujik of Russia, the hot-headed, stiletto-thrusting Sicilian; in fact the whole breed of men, age and not only the men, but the women of Europe have been dragged from their narrow, selfish little ruts, and have gone forth to work or die for the causes they represent, with the courage of heroes, and the devotion of martyrs, and have laid down their lives as cheerfully as hitherto they laid down the bits of coin that brought them their daily wine or beer. All the old barriers of caste and exclusiveness have broken down in the presence of a common danger and a common ideal.

Those millions of people in Europe hitherto had never found themselves. Now by doing things for one another, working for one another, giving up for one another and living lives of real devotion and self sacrifice, they have become giants where they were but pigmies, men and women where they were but cash registers, money grubbers and two-legged animals. Their lives now are lives of real devotion. There is a light in their eyes that bespeaks a spirit awakened, a soul new born, and in spite of the gaps in the family circle these people are happier than they have ever been before in their lives, because at last they are really and truly alive. A new uplifting force has come into their lives and the splendor of it has transfigured them and lifted them to heights which they have never before reached. The soul and the spirit are at work. Sacrifice, devotion, service, these have made them akin to the divine. They have a religion at last that is worth while, the only religion that will save humanity, the only religion that will save the only religion acceptable to Christ.

Millions in the old world who had forgotten God and denied His existence are now crowding the churches with the same delight that they once crowded the theaters. Lavedan the great French Journalist, one of the bitterest foes of religion, gives his experience as follows: "I once laughed at faith and thought myself wise. But as I saw France bleeding and weeping, my laughter could not give me joy. I stood by the way and saw the soldiers as they went lightly to face death. I asked, what is it that makes you so? I counted the sacrifices of our people and saw how they accepted them with praying hearts. Who can hope when everything is failing save he who hath faith in God. What would become of France if her children did not believe, or her women did not pray? A vast people of the dead cover the field! How hard it is to be an atheist upon this national burying ground. I can't do it. I can't be one! I have deceived myself, and deceived you who have read my books and sung my songs. I was mad! It has all been an awful dream. Oh, France! France! return to your faith and to your best days. To depart from God is to be lost. I know not whether I shall be alive tomorrow but I must tell my friends, Lavedan does not care to die an atheist. It is not hell that makes me afraid, but this one thought grips me: God lives, and thou art so far from Him! Oh, my soul, rejoice that thou art permitted to see the hour in which, kneeling, thou hast learned to say I believe in God, I believe."

It is in times of storm and stress that men and nations feel their helplessness. They are not strong enough to stand alone. They feel the need of that support which can only come from a power that is more than human.

As I told you when this great war started, Christianity has not broken down, for Christianity has never been tried. Had there been any vast bodies of real Christians, instead of machine made, lip Christians, which the churches turn out by the millions as manufacturers turn out

buttons, there would have been no war. If the church in Europe had applied the same energies towards promoting social justice as it has to booming heavenly bliss, there would have been no war. Why has the church, which could in the proper hands and inspired by a real Christian spirit, have ushered in peace and made war impossible, fallen down on its job? Listen to this and you will know. The Rev. Loomis O. Black, one of the most popular clergymen of Troy, N. Y., retired from the ministry August first, to devote his time to social work. His congregation offered to double his salary, but the golden bait had no attraction for him. He declares he never again will occupy a pulpit as a pastor. He says: "I have been brought to take this step by the fact that the church has no definite policy, nor does it desire to have any on any of the problems before the country today. The church has absolutely no desire to wield any influence to help the common people to get fair play. It is not back of any organization of men to get their rights. The moneyed classes control the attitude of the church toward any problem. The church has no desire to have its ministers deal with any subject that is the least questionable. For instance, a preacher must not preach about socialism; he must not tackle the liquor question; he must not speak of brotherhood. He must withdraw himself from active affairs which should claim the attention of a clergyman as well as any other man. Above all if he has ideas on social problems he must not voice them. The church is more interested in righting men's little faults and inconsistencies than in dealing with the great crimes that undermine society. The church will find fault with a vaudeville performance or a baseball game on Sunday, but it will say nothing against conditions, which year after year degrade and starve millions. The church while it is sympathetic in dealing out charity is doing absolutely nothing to remove the causes that produce these unfortunate conditions."

So much for the spiritual aspect of the great war, now for the material side. What you are most interested in is in knowing what effect this great war is going to have on Europe, politically, racially, socially, financially, etc. I will touch upon these points in another issue. Let me say however right now that there will be a new Europe after this war. The people have seen a great light and it will be impossible for the nations or the governments to go back from the state control of the many industries and public utilities, which the emergency of war made imperative. The people of Europe, and especially the people of Britain, have accomplished stupendous wonders, miracles in fact, through state organization. Marvelous efficiency has replaced the old haphazard, happy-go-lucky way of doing things. Individualism in Great Britain, as in America, has run riot, and though the freedom of the individual to do as he pleases is the very essence of liberty and democracy, it falls down and falls utterly in the presence of a great national emergency.

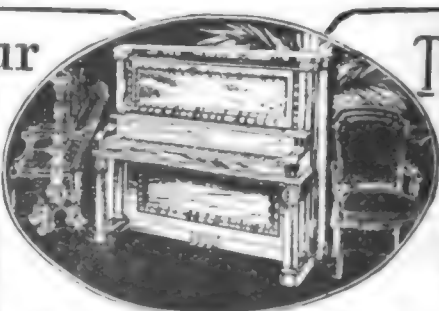
The war is teaching the nations of the world that only as men organize can democracy be maintained. Some day the whole world will be organized with every man upon this revolving sphere doing his part in the world's work. We are striving to reach this ideal and it will be reached in time. When the cancer begins to eat out the vitals of the human body, the surgeon applies the knife. Greed, lust, selfishness, self interest and immorality were eating out the hearts of nations. Great wealth and hideous poverty existed side by side in every land on earth. The world was sick though we did not realize it, and the knife has been applied to the cancer that was devouring it, and the putrid blood of selfishness is fast draining away from the reeking sore in which it festered and a new and healthy growth is now taking its place. The war is full of horror but it is also full of promise. In two years, woman the despised, the chattel, the slave, the breeding machine, has been forced from the seclusion of her home and has taken man's place in the industrial field, lifted his stricken body from the trenches, ministered to his needs and supplied him with the implements of war. Here war has worked a miracle that peace could not have done in a century. Woman today stands shoulder to shoulder with man. He appreciates her now at her true value, and hand in hand they will face together the problems of a new life in a new world, glorified by their mutual sacrifice, service and devotion.

After the war you will see a different world and though it may be a stricken world and drenched with blood, not one drop of that blood will have been spilled in vain. The Russian moujik who has fought on the fields of France and battled shoulder to shoulder with the democratic Briton, will spread abroad in the land of the Czar the lessons he has learned through contact with free peoples. Out of evil cometh good, and though this war has sown seeds of hate that will last for decades it has sown too, other seeds, seeds that will bring forth a harvest of democracy that will sweep thrones and dynasties from the face of the earth, blot out old wounds and animosities and weld warring nations into one brotherly whole. All things work together for righteousness, and though the pathway of progress is a pathway of thorns, at the end of it lies a golden goal which suffering humanity will eventually reach, the goal of peace and brotherhood. Every Christmas brings us nearer that goal, and though the skies are black with the clouds of war, remember it is always darkest before the dawn, and beyond those clouds which soon will clear, angel voices are once more hymning God's inspiring message: "Peace on Earth Good Will to Men."

This is my last message to you for this year. How quickly the time flies. Already nearly a fifth of the twentieth century is gone. What bright hopes we had for this century. How I envied the bright boys who were going to grow up in it, and more than one that I envied its mouldering in the dust on the battlefields of Europe. You see it doesn't pay to envy anyone—don't do it. Once more let me extend my gratitude to all those who have stood back of me in my stand for preparedness. Every vile name that malice, venom and hate could imagine has been hurled at me this year. To my amazement I found that I was a hireling of the munition makers, a traitor to the working class, a liar, scoundrel and heaven knows what else; and all because I wanted my home and the land I live in and those who are near and dear to me (including yourselves), protected from enemies without

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and enemies within. All I am striving for is to give those who are dreaming great dreams, an environment in which they can realize their dreams to the full, and this cannot be done in a world that is in the grip of anarchy and running red with blood, by idle talk, wild theories and pitting platitudes. We are still in the acorn stage of development, the big oak tree of brotherhood that will spring from that acorn, has hardly begun to sprout. Force still dominates. Might is still right. It is because I love you and love this great country that I want you protected, so that you can live up to your ideals and realize your dreams. To those who have assailed me let me say: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Send me all the loving thoughts you can on Christmas Day. Write me Christmas letters if you have the time and the inclination, for I feel closer to you at that time than any other day in the year. I cannot feast with you in person, but I can in spirit, and as in years past I will drink the health of everyone of you at one o'clock on Dec. 25th in a glass of boiled milk, and I will pray God to give you happiness for that day at least, and I trust this weary old body of mine may be spared to function for a few more years, so that I may help to guide you through those critical years of world reconstruction that lie ahead of us. God love you and bless you all.

A new correspondence list has recently been printed. League members only can secure it by sending a stamped addressed envelope.

The Christmas season will soon be here and if you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

BURNSVILLE, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: For fourteen years I have been an interested reader of the best paper ever published, COMFORT. I was six years old when COMFORT first came to our home. I am now twenty-four and have been married six years, so one of the best "Joins" on earth. We have two jewels of children, a girl aged five, and a boy sixteen months old.

Uncle Charlie, I read every word you write with the greatest of interest and your understanding cannot be equalled. I do wish all the people on earth could see conditions as you do and have your views about war, the ballot and everything else for the betterment of mankind. I think like you about Lincoln, he was the greatest and best man except Jesus, ever on earth. And now Uncle Charlie, I as well as millions of others think you are our "second Lincoln" and may our Father in Heaven give you many more years of life here on earth to continue your good work. Uncle, what are the black and white plagues? I know I am ignorant and ignorant is the worst thing on earth, but I do not know and wish to know.

Uncle, my John and I think you are a hero, a good sport and a gentleman. How I do wish you were our President! What a good one you would make. Uncle, the twenty eighth of Feb. about ten o'clock, it was snowing, sleeting, raining, thundering, lightning and the wind blowing at the same time. Did you ever hear of the like? Some of the people around here said it was a sign that the end of the world was not far off. But my I do not believe in signs. I don't think it had anything to do with the end of time, do you? Lots of the old people said they never heard of such weather before in their lives.

Do you believe the good Lord sends these awful cyclones to destroy certain people and things or is it just the way of nature? Just happens to strike certain places I suppose. My husband believes God sends such calamities to make the people quit so much wickedness. Uncle, please tell me how you understand it.

With love and best wishes to you and your "goats" as every COMFORT reader, I am your friend, ANNIE N. SKELTON.

The black plague is caused by sexual immorality, and its effect on both the guilty and the innocent, the rich and the poor throughout society is simply murderous; for its evil effects are carried from one generation to another, leaving behind a trail of ruined lives and broken hearts in its deadly pathway. One out of every seven cases of insanity in this state is caused by syphilis, otherwise known as black plague. In the state of New York, paralysis due to the black plague slays as many people as typhoid fever, and more than scarlet fever. One man in every nine between the ages of forty and sixty years of age dies of paresis, commonly referred to as softening of the brain. The black plague is responsible for one fourth of the feeble-minded children in institutions. Because immorality cannot be stopped is no reason why we should permit this horrible disease to continue its horrible ravages and bring misery and death to tens of thousands of humans, many of them innocent victims of the violence of others. In New Zealand, the most progressive country in the world, they are taking drastic measures to stamp out the black plague. They are going to do it, no matter who is hurt or who suffers. Science by testing the blood, which the black plague poisons, can quickly detect the presence of this disease in the human system. The agitation in so many states for a clean bill of health from a competent physician to all those contemplating matrimony, is a measure largely directed at the black plague. If the blood of the nation can be kept pure and wholesome and especially free from venereal or black plague infection, half the diseases from which humanity now suffers, will vanish, and we shall all be well on the way to that goal desired by all, when we shall have healthy bodies and healthy minds. The ravages of the black plague in England have been so great that a royal commission was recently appointed to thoroughly investigate the subject. The report which is an appalling document has just been handed in, and when the great war is out of the way, Great Britain will take steps, just as we shall do in a few years from now, to wrestle with this monstrous evil. As long as society adheres to its

present wicked, double standard of morals, ostracizing the female sinner and lionizing the male debaucher, the black plague will continue to flourish. The conscience of the nation thank heaven, is being slowly aroused. Disease and ignorance are twin brothers, and women are refusing longer to remain ignorant of matters that vitally concern their health and their happiness. The ballot will give women a voice in public affairs, will give them power to protect their own vital interests. Once we have a thinking nation and universal suffrage will stimulate the brain cells and start women thinking, we shall be well on the road to getting a moral nation, and a moral nation will mean a healthy nation, and when we get a healthy, moral nation, there will be a single standard of morals instead of a double one and the black plague will be largely a thing of the past. If the governments of the earth were as careful about protecting health as they are property and trade, the world would soon be a paradise. The man who commits murder as a rule slays but one, the man who transmits disease, slays scores, and projects endless suffering into the future. Disease breeds ignorance and ignorance breeds disease. Let us get rid of both. The white plague is consumption, called tuberculosis by the doctors. Everybody knows what that is, as it is so common. It was formerly considered incurable, but is curable if given the right treatment in time as mentioned in COMFORT's November editorial. No dear friend, I don't believe that God sends cyclones to destroy anybody for if God did that He would not be God but a wholesale murderer. Nature has its periods of calm and storm, and in this respect is like ourselves, very human. Man eventually will control the tempest just as he now controls the automobile that he guides through the city streets. Nature is a stern old mother. If she coddles you one minute she is liable to spank you the next, but no matter how hard she hits, man's indomitable spirit is only strengthened by the chastening and rises superior to every calamity. That shows the God in him. If we had everything our own way and had things too easy, with our present mental and spiritual development, which is not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Money in Early Broilers

A DISTINCT branch of the poultry business, and one that is extremely profitable for those who can run it successfully, is raising young chicks in the winter for early broilers. To commence on a large scale requires a large capital, but there are hundreds of women who have accommodations on their premises that would enable them to start in a small way, and by investing the profits from the first year they could obtain a really good equipment for the business.

The up-to-date broiler plant consists of an incubator cellar, a nursery, or brooder house, as it is usually called, and a broiler house. Both the latter are divided into small pens, about two feet wide and five feet long. In the nursery house the top ends of the pens are enclosed like boxes to the depth of about a foot and a half, and have hot water pipes running through them to furnish heat for the chicks to brood under. The brooder house is divided in the same way, but the hot water pipes only run around the walls of the house, as the birds don't need the immediate heat to brood under, after they leave the nursery, when they are five or six weeks old.

But, until you can afford the proper equipment, one or two incubators can be run in the cellar of the house or an unused room where there is no other heat. Individual brooders can be used instead of the nursery and brooder house if you have any light outbuilding to stand them in. In fact, I like the individual brooders better for the nursery period than the pipe-house system, because it is only necessary to heat as many as are needed, and with the pipe system the entire house has to be heated, even if you are only going to use one system.

Most of the different makes of brooders on the market are made with two compartments: A chamber with a round hover, which is heated with a lamp, and an outer compartment for exercise and feeding. The average price is nine dollars, and the machines are supposed to hold one hundred chickens, but seventy-five are quite enough, and even that number should be decreased to fifty the second week and twenty-five the fourth week—that is, if the chicks are to be confined entirely to the brooder. But if it stands in a warm room, where a small outer enclosure can be made on the floor of the house for a playpen, fifty chicks can be carried through to the squab broiler age in one brooder.

Wyandotte chickens when hatched will weigh two ounces. If all goes well, they should gain two ounces during the first ten days; four ounces for the third week; another two ounces in the fourth week, and at the end of the eighth week they should weigh two pounds.

The entire life of a chicken intended for a broiler is so artificial that few if any of the rules for raising ordinary chicks can be applied to them. The great aim is to develop them as quickly as possible, for to get the best price, a broiler must grow quickly and be plump.

Like all newly hatched birds, they must have nothing to eat for the first thirty-six hours. After that, commercial chick feed (which is a mixture of all sorts of small seeds and cracked grains) should be their sole diet for ten days.

When there are small quantities of chicks to feed, and cash is of more value than time, it will be cheaper to mix the feed at home. Take one quart each of finely cracked corn, bran and hulled oats; mix with the same quantity of golden millet, Kafir corn and very sharp, fine gravel, crushed charcoal and finely chopped clover hay. Mix thoroughly, then pass through a fine sieve, to insure there being no large pieces of corn or oats for the babies to choke themselves with. For the three days they are confined to the hover department, put a small pan filled with the mixture in each corner, and instead of water, fill a small drinking fountain with milk which has been scalded and allowed to cool. Leave it with them for ten or fifteen minutes, at morning, noon, and again at about 3 p. m. It must not be allowed to remain all the time, because the heat from the hover will turn it sour.

After they are allowed access to the outer compartment, mixed grain can be scattered on the cut hay (or whatever is used to cover the floor) so that the chicks will have to scratch, which compels them to take enough exercise for healthy growth. The plan is to feed little and often. The milk can be allowed to stand in the outer compartment, but the fountain must be thoroughly cleansed and scalded every day.

After the tenth day, the door of the outer compartment can be opened and the chicks given further liberty, if there is a stove in the building to warm the atmosphere; but if there is not, don't let them out of the brooder until they are four weeks old. In either case their diet must be slightly changed after the tenth day. Steam some of the chopped clover hay—about a quart—and add one pint of coarse cornmeal, one pint of ground oats and half a small cupful of chopped liver which has been boiled for five minutes (raw liver is too strong for young birds, and it should not be boiled for more than five minutes). Feed once a day at noon. Put the mash into two or three dishes, so they can all get a chance to eat at once. Remove any that is left at the end of ten minutes. If it is not possible to get fresh liver, use one teaspoonful of beef meal or any of the commercial meat preparations which are ground fine. Continue to scatter the dry grains three times a day.

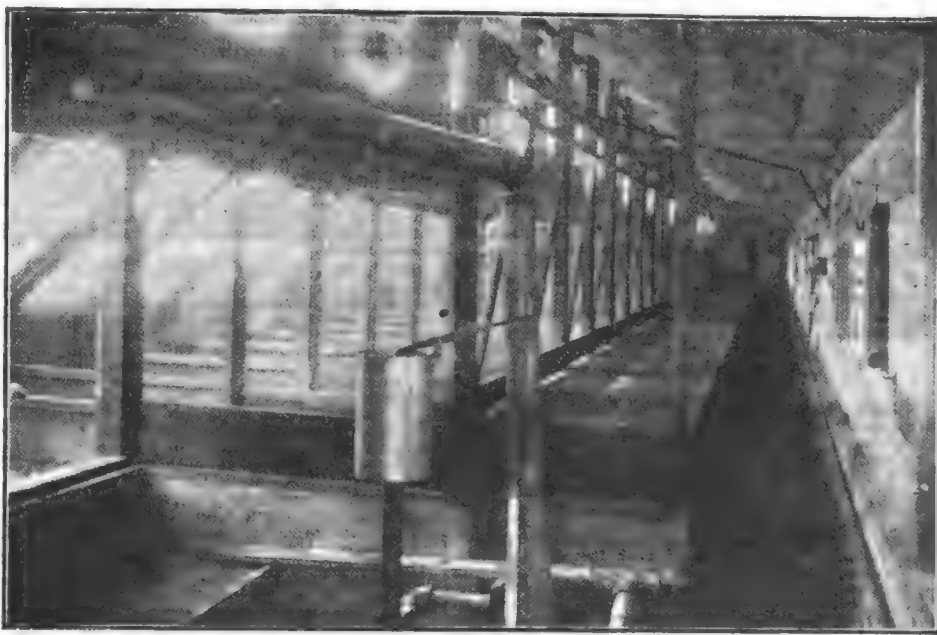
When they are four weeks old, give mash twice a day about 9 a. m. and 2 p. m., increasing the allowance of meat slightly; and if you have plenty of skim-milk, make cottage cheese and give it to

them as an extra once or twice a week. From the fourth week keep a pan containing grit and charcoal always before them. After they are six weeks old increase the quantity of corn-meal in the mash, and correspondingly decrease the ground oats until all corn-meal and no oats are being used. Also, stop steaming the clover and mix it dry with the other ingredients; then moisten mash in scalded milk in which sweet has been boiled (one pound of chopped sweet to four quarts of milk.) Boil for fifteen minutes. Feed it three times a day—9 a. m., 12 m. and 3 p. m. The last two weeks before killing omit all dry grain; feed nothing but mash, made as before, only as soft as possible without being sloppy. Feed four times a day all they will eat in ten minutes, but on no account leave food before them longer than that, or they will become satiated. Birds pushed along should be in fine condition for market when from ten to twelve weeks old.

Our broilers are never given water to drink, but always scalded milk. Scalded milk invariably checks any tendency toward bowel trouble, and is also a strong factor in making the flesh tender and juicy.

Correspondence

J. A. W.—As you found the broken egg in the bird, and the hen's breast was bruised, it is safe to conclude that the hen's death was caused through injury. It is just possible that a cock or fox may take the hens when on wide range. Sometimes a young dog is answerable for such injuries, and frequently a new horse or cow may kick hens that may run around their feet. Try and discover how the birds got hurt, and take means to save others from suffering in a like way. Such cases can be cured if treated at once. A bird with any obstruction or inflammation of the egg passage usually has a drooping appearance. Wings and tail sag slightly, and if you pick up a suspicious looking bird and examine the vent, it will be found hot and in constant motion. Young pullets and overfed hens are apt to get in this condition when they first commence to lay, and of course any kick or injury that breaks the unshelled egg in the intestines is sure to cause inflammation of the egg duct. The best treatment is to insert a small syringe or a



INTERIOR OF BROODING HOUSE, LUCAS POULTRY PLANT, ILLINOIS.

stiff feather saturated with olive oil into the vent. If a feather is used, turn gently before removing. Keep the bird in a small coop, and watch the results, repeating the treatment every hour. If it is a case of being egg bound, it will help the egg to pass down and out; and if it is a ruptured egg, there will be some trace of the egg to be seen somewhere around the vent within a short time after using the oil. A broken egg creates acute inflammation of the vent, and if not removed, acts as a poison to the whole system. After four or five hours' treatment with the plain oil in cases of a broken egg, a small syringe must be filled with a weak solution of carbolic acid (or some other good disinfectant) and warm oil. Insert it into the vent, which must be thoroughly sprayed. Give two 20-grain doses of sulphate of magnesia to cleanse the intestines. Every care should be taken to remove every trace of the broken egg, and to thoroughly cleanse the passage; but if it is neglected, vent-gleet is very likely to develop and spread through the entire flock.

W. H.—Follow the instructions for winter feeding which have appeared in recent numbers of COMFORT.

F. K.—No; I don't think condensed milk would be a satisfactory food for young turkeys. If on free range, they will pick up enough insects and weeds for the first two or three weeks. If confined to yards, feed sour milk and curd cheese or custard, and very little grain until five weeks old.

F. E. D.—I have not experienced such trouble as you describe with capons. Air puff (or to give it its correct name, *emphysema*), is caused by some injury to the lungs or lung tissues. Perhaps you bound the birds too tightly while you were operating on them. If not too severely hurt, time will effect a cure. After caponizing, birds should be kept quiet in small quarters and fed lightly on stale bread which has been soaked in milk and squeezed dry, or very small quantities of finely ground oats and corn made into a mash.

F. R. W.—If the turkeys are to run at large, ten hens to one gobbler. If, however, you keep a gobbler confined to a good-sized yard, and turn in one hen a day you can keep from fifteen to twenty hen turkeys.

S. W. W.—Unless a brick henhouse was very well constructed and ventilated, there is danger of the being damp, and of imperceptible drafts developing in a short time. Personally, I consider lumber, covered with good roofing paper, the most satisfactory henhouse one can have.

J. E. W.—Pullets that are about to lay, and old hens that are just through moulting, frequently go on to the nest and come off without laying, for a few days before settling down to produce eggs.

R. M. G.—If you observe strict cleanliness in the house you can keep twenty-five hens successfully through the winter on a floor space of ten by sixteen feet. The American Standard of Perfection gives full descriptions of every breed and variety of fowl.

M. C. B.—The coloring of Partridge Wyandottes is as follows: Male bird; head and back, dark red; neck and saddle, red with distinct black stripes down each feather, tapering to a point near the end of the feather. Breast, greenish black; body and buff, black or slightly tinged with red. Tail, glossy, greenish black. Beak, dark horn, shading to yellow at tip. Shank and feet, yellow. Face, wattles, earlobes and comb, all bright red. Weight, eight and one half pounds. Hen, five and one half pounds; cockerels, seven and one half pounds; pullets, five and one half pounds. The plumage of the Barred Plymouth Rocks is bluish gray, with narrow parallel lines of bluish black. Face, comb, wattles, earlobes, all bright red, and weigh one pound more than Wyandottes. There are also buff and white varieties of Plymouth Rocks. I cannot recommend breeders or give prices of stock and eggs in this column.

R. L. H.—From the fact that you say there is a very disagreeable odor on the bird's breath, it is safe to say that they are suffering from very malignant roup. Roup is a contagious disease, so the whole place must be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Better kill and burn the carcasses of every bird that is badly affected. Wash feed pans and water dishes in strong soda and boiling water. If the house has an earthen floor, scrub off about an inch of the surface, burn, and fill in with fresh material. Give the whole house—walls, ceiling, perches and nest boxes—a thorough sluicing with whitewash which has been mixed with scalded milk, and two ounces of carbolic acid and half a cup of salt added to each pailful. Use raw mixture quite hot, and don't spare it. Swish lots of it into all corners, cracks and crevices, and if it is possible, keep the birds out of the house for twenty-four hours, and scatter quicklime over the floor; or of course being careful to cover it all up before the birds are let into the house again.

Put a teaspoonful of kerosene oil into every quart of drinking water for the general flock as a preventive. Don't alight the work, for now is the most important time of the year. If your stock gets sick and out of condition, the results will show when it comes to the hatching season. Look over the poultry-house and see if there is not some knothole or crack in the neighborhood of the perches which needs covering up. It is usually some such unsuspected draft which causes common cold that is apt to develop into roup and become epidemic. Birds that show signs of cold, running eyes, cough or sneezing, should be at once confined to a quarantine coop. Place in a warm sheltered outhouse far from the usual poultry quarters, and treat as follows: Fill a syringe with a solution of permanganate of potassium, or any good disinfectant, and thoroughly spray the bird's throat, mouth, nostrils and eyes. If you have no syringe, bathe with the mixture, then use the tip of a stiff wing feather in the throat and nostrils.

B. F. C.—The first hen had what is known as keratitis, which usually develops from a catarrhal inflammation of the mucus membrane about the eyes. The first symptoms are the eyelids growing together, and bubbles of pus, visible when the eye is open. Later, a small white ulcer may be seen on the pupil. As soon as any of these symptoms are noticed, put ten drops of tincture of pulsatilla in each pint of drinking water. Bathe the eyes with a weak solution of peroxide, and then anoint the lids with an ointment made of ten grains of finely powdered iodoform in one ounce of vaseline. Cleanse the nostrils and roof of mouth with warm water, then mix equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid, and subnitrate of bismuth, and blow a little of the mixture through a straw into the nostrils and the cleft in the roof of the mouth. Keep the sufferers in a small coop while treating, and feed lightly on strengthening food. Poorly ventilated houses or exposure to storms are usually the cause of eye troubles, but frequently they develop in conjunction with an attack of roup.

A. F.—Unless the weather was very wet or very hot when the second lot of chickens were hatched, it seems as if the fault must rest with the parent stock, as you say they received the same feed and general care as the first batch did. Chickens hatched from eggs laid by hens that were out of condition, or running with too few male birds, are apt to be wanting in constitutional strength, and gradually



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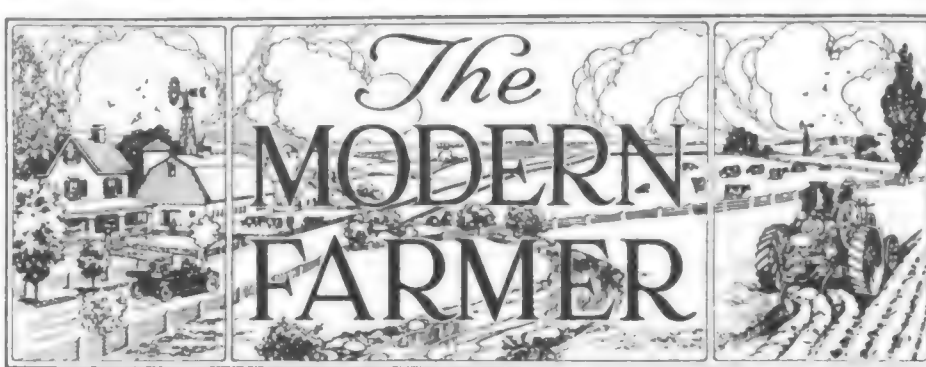
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Finishing Pigs for Market

IT is well to remember that the youngest pork is the cheapest pork and that the fattest hogs are the most expensive. This is only another way of stating two facts that should be constantly kept in mind by the feeder of hogs, viz.:

1. The older the hog the more feed it takes to make a pound of gain.
2. The longer the feeding period the more feed it takes to make a pound of gain.

The above facts have been repeatedly proven by experiment stations and by expert feeders; hence the farmer should depend on young hogs for his market pork. These should be finished as rapidly as possible and as soon as they will command a good price rushed to the market.

PORK MADE IN COLD WEATHER COSTLY.—It seldom pays to prolong the feeding period far into the winter. Pork made at this time is costly for three reasons,—the two stated above, and the third one that hogs cannot lay on fat rapidly in cold weather. This is because it takes so much feed to keep the animals warm.

It is usually the wisest plan to fatten hogs as rapidly as possible and then dispose of them before winter sets in. Pork made in this way is the cheapest pork and hence returns the largest profits.

Pickled Pork

With the coming of cold weather also comes the butchering of pigs and the preservation of the meat. The usual way is to stack the sides up on a shelf, salting each piece heavily with dry salt. This is the poorest possible way to keep pork for the reason that it cannot be uniformly salted. It taints, rusts and molds. A much better way is to pack it in a pickle. The simplest pickle for this purpose is made by dissolving salt in water,—two pounds of salt for each gallon of water. The meat is cut in small pieces, two or three pounds in a piece, and packed in a crock or jar that has been thoroughly scalded, as firmly as it can be packed. The brine or pickle is then poured over it and the whole is kept covered. No meat must show above the brine. If during the winter the meat should show the least traces of being "off flavor" the brine should be removed, the meat washed in clean, cold water and a new brine prepared and poured over as before.

SWEET PICKLE FOR PORK.—If it is desired to smoke the bacon or hams, a good sweet pickle for this purpose is made as follows:

Two pounds of brown sugar, eight pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpeter for each 100 pounds of meat.

Dissolve the sugar, salt and saltpeter in two or three gallons of boiling water and cool to room temperature. Pack the meat in a scalded jar as before and when the "pickle" is thoroughly cool pour over the meat exactly as in the use of brine. Add enough boiled and cooled water to cover. Never put pickle on hot.

SUGAR CURED HAMS AND BACON.—After five or six weeks hams and shoulders will be sufficiently cured to smoke. Bacon will cure in three or four weeks. Remove from pickle, drain and smoke with coals or hickory wood. If it is desired to keep this meat for several months, smoke for four or five days or even longer. If at any time before meat is ready to smoke there are any indications of spoiling, drain off pickle and boil it over again, skimming off any scum that may come to the surface. Meantime rinse meat with cold water, scald jar thoroughly and replace. After pickle is thoroughly cooled pour over meat as before.

SWEET CORNED BEEF.—The same pickle can be used for beef, only the amount of salt should be reduced to six or seven pounds instead of eight. The beef, from which most of the bone should be removed, should be packed in scalded jars just the same as the pork, and the prepared and cooled pickle poured over it. If the pickle is removed and boiled over occasionally, the meat rinsed and the jar scalded and cooled before re-packing, and the cooled pickle poured over it as at first, beef can be kept sweet and wholesome all winter in this pickle.

DRIED BEEF.—After beef has been in the above pickle three or four weeks it will make the finest kind of dried beef. Simply remove from pickle, hang up and drain, smoke for two days over coals or hickory wood and hang up near the stove to dry. When so cured beef will keep indefinitely.

Exercise in Snow Time

When passing through Canada one is surprised to see no animals in the yards or paddocks. In that country it does not seem to be the general practice to make every animal take outdoor exercise every day in winter and with us many stockmen do not like to turn their animals out when the snow is deep. It has been found that every time dairy cows are turned outdoors for exercise in cold weather that there is a shrink in milk which in some instances amounts to several pounds. That is the reason the cows are not turned out and it is not uncommon, in some districts, for dairy cows to be kept indoors the year round. That practice, in our opinion, is absolutely wrong. It is true that a small shrink in milk takes place when cows leave a hot stable and stay out in the yard for half an hour or so, and especially so if they are allowed to drink ice water from a tank; but there is little if any shrink in the long run if cow stables are kept down in temperature to not over 50 degrees and if the cows are out every day the year round. If the record of the two herds is kept the none exercised ones may make the most milk and butterfat in the year, but the gain will be far less than some people expect and it may be altogether offset by detriment to the health. Outdoor exercise is absolutely necessary to good health and for the sake of the unborn calf. Gradually but surely the health of a herd will be undermined by indoor life and lack of exercise. In such a herd tuberculosis will be liable to run riot if it finds entrance and that is true of other contagious diseases. Such diseases are very largely the penalty of pampering and the man who nurtures and maintains strong constitution and resistant powers in his cows will be the most successful dairyman and have comparatively little trouble from disease.

By all means see that every animal has some outdoor exercise every day in snowtime and plenty of fresh air in the stable. Slight shrink in milk will be more than made up for by good health and, in the long run, cow compared with cow, the exercised ones will prove most profitable and have a shed or well ventilated stable to run to when the weather is inclement. They should be kept dry and if then well exercised and so fed that their bowels are active they will do well in winter and come to the lambing season in good condition. Horses and hogs also need plenty of exercise in winter time.

Pea Vines as Feed

The canning sections of Wisconsin, which state, by the way, produces one third of the canned peas of the nation, may be seen great flocks of sheep in the immediate neighborhood of cities and villages. These sheep have been produced on the Western ranges and brought into the state to be finished for market on canning factory refuse. This refuse is usually in the form of pea silage.

HOW PEA SILAGE IS MADE.—When the peas are ready to can they are cut with the mowers, loaded onto hayracks and hauled directly to the canning factories. There they are run through a machine which shells the peas and separates them from the vines. This machine is called the "viner." The green pea vines are stacked up in round stacks and tramped down solidly. These stacks settle and become so compact that it is impossible to separate the vines again except by the use of the hay knife, but the vines retain all their greenness and succulent character. This pea silage makes excellent feed for sheep and other classes of live stock.

FEEDING VALUE OF PEA SILAGE.—One ton of pea silage is worth from two to three tons of corn silage since it contains about three times the protein and twice the carbohydrates and fat. If corn silage is figured at \$4.00 per ton, pea silage is easily worth \$10.00 for the same purpose. It is this high feeding value of pea silage that makes sheep feeding especially profitable in canning factory regions.

County Fair Exhibits

The "Fair" season is over and the exhibits that we have seen are still fresh in our minds. The student of better agriculture is impressed with the unused opportunity to teach better farming at these fairs. A few instances will serve to illustrate this point.

Quality—Not Size—Important

The average exhibitor, and many of the judges too, for that matter, pay too much attention to size—too little to quality. The biggest melons, the longest ears of corn, the largest apples, the heaviest hogs, too often carry off the blue ribbons. This sets up wrong standards and hurts rather than helps agriculture.

The big melon may be coarse and unpalatable or a poor shipper. Even though it is of good quality it is ordinarily a poor seller because of its size. The average customer does not care to pay the price. The largest potatoes are seldom in demand on the market and usually very low in quality. Besides they are often hollow. The longest ears of corn seldom have a high proportion of shelled corn to cob; hence are unprofitable for the farmer to raise. The biggest apples, like the largest potatoes, do not sell well and in most cases are of poor quality. The heaviest hogs are usually coarse, poor breeders, do not bring the best prices and in the end cost more per hundred weight to produce. For these reasons less importance should be attached to size and more attention should be paid to quality.

Uniformity Desirable

In a well-selected sample all the units are of the same size. Every housewife knows that big and little potatoes do not bake evenly in the oven or boil at the same rate in the pot. This is true with every kind of fruit or vegetable which is cooked for the table; hence uniformity of size stands next to quality. This is likewise true of all exhibits composed of several individuals. We like to see a uniform litter of pigs, or a bunch of lambs all of the same size. Both experience and scientific investigation have proven these to be the most profitable.

There are ordinarily too many premiums offered on the county fair lists,—that is, premiums are given on too many varieties. Many of these varieties cannot be profitably grown in the county where the fair is located and for this reason they should not be encouraged. County fair officers should pay more attention to the make-up of the premium lists. They should learn if possible the most profitable breeds and varieties produced in their counties and pay the highest premiums on these.

New and untried varieties should be recognized but those that have proven themselves unprofitable should be dropped off the premium lists.

These simple rules may help to improve the usefulness of county fair exhibits:

1. Select the best in quality, not the largest in size.
2. In collective exhibits aim to get all units of the same size and shape. The medium size is usually preferred.
3. Exhibit only those breeds and varieties that may be grown with profit.

Keeping Milk and Cream for Home Use

Many people who buy small quantities of milk from the milkman complain when it does not keep and put the blame on the farmer who produced it. This is entirely unfair until the purchaser himself is sure that it is not his own fault.

There are three chief reasons for the souring of milk, viz.: Careless handling, the use of unsterile milk vessels and high temperatures. Any one of these may cause milk to spoil after it leaves the hands of the milkman.

WHAT THE PATRON SHOULD DO.—When the milk is delivered the patron should see that it is placed in a thoroughly scalded vessel. It will not do to use a simple clean vessel washed in the ordinary way. It must be scalded with boil-

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ing hot water, then allowed to cool before the milk is placed in it.

After this the milk must be kept cool. No one should expect to keep milk sweet longer than twelve hours without an ice box, except in the winter time when it may be kept in a window box. Even then it may develop a bitter instead of a sour taste. To keep milk sweet it should be handled with great care. It must always be poured from the scalded vessel into which it was placed on receipt from the milkman. It may not be dipped with a cup or a spoon except these have been scalded with the same care as was used for the original vessel.

HOW TO SWEETEN SOUR MILK.—Milk that is just turning sour, that is, that has just begun to smell or taste sour, may be sweetened by using a pinch of baking soda or saleratus, as it is often called. A very small pinch should be placed on the tip of a spoon and stirred into the milk. More soda should be added in this same way, a pinch at a time, until the milk loses its sour taste. If used immediately this will answer every purpose of perfectly sweet milk.

HOW TO KEEP MILK A LONG TIME.—Milk may be kept for several days by pasteurization. This simply means heating the milk to one hundred and fifty degrees F., holding it there for ten minutes and then cooling it as quickly as possible. The easy way to do this is to place the milk in a small vessel and set this into another vessel containing water. Place this over a fire and bring the water in the outer vessel to near boiling, stirring the milk in the inner vessel occasionally. When a scum begins to form over the milk or steam begins to rise from it, remove both from the fire, leave the milk in the hot water for five minutes longer, remove and cool quickly by placing in a vessel of cold water. Either milk or cream may be so treated and will keep for several days after such treatment, with ordinary care.

Milk or cream that has begun to turn sour may be sweetened by the use of soda and then pasteurized as described above. After being sweetened and pasteurized it may also be kept for several days and will answer every purpose for which sweet milk or cream is used.

CONDENSED MILK.—Condensed milk is nothing more nor less than evaporated milk. It has been heated and a portion of the water it contains driven off. It is then placed in cans and sealed up, in which form it will keep for an indefinite period. When opened for use water should be added to restore that driven off by evaporation. Condensed milk will answer every purpose for which whole milk is used and is finding widespread popularity.

Don't Forget the Farm Machinery

Winter is at hand. Where is the faithful old binder, or the corn plow? Out in the field? Well, it shouldn't be there. It can't stand the cold, the winds, the rain, the snow and the frost and do a good job next year. It is a well-worn saying among machinery dealers that "More farm machinery rusts out than wears out." Winter weather is hardest of all on farm machinery. No farmer can any more afford to let his machinery stand out unattended than he can his stock.

Before storing, all machinery should be cleaned and all metal parts oiled to prevent rust and insure good running next year.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Get them out and pass them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

LIMING ALFALFA LAND.—I notice that you advise using lime on land devoted to alfalfa; but I did not know about this when I seeded a small field to alfalfa in August. Would it be all right to put the lime on now? Also would it be well to manure the land this winter?

N. H., Ohio.

A.—It is best to put the ground limestone rock on the new plowed land and then work it thoroughly into the surface soil, just before seeding. Two tons to the acre may be used, if the soil is acid, as shown by testing with litmus paper and one ton of lime, to the acre may be used on general principles, if it can be had cheap enough to warrant the outlay. Even a thousand pounds of ground limestone will do some good, and if the land has long been used for corn or other grain production a ton of ground phosphate rock would help mightily. As you have not used these fertilizers it would be all right to top dress the field with well-rotted mixed horse and cow manure, to which add ground phosphate rock at the rate of at least 70 pounds to the load and apply with manure spreader when the land is frozen sufficiently to prevent wheel cutting and hoof treading. Just before thawing out in spring top dress with ground limestone rock and if you have not already put on some sweet clover soil to inoculate the soil for alfalfa do so in spring, sowing at least 500 pounds by hand, on each acre.

ON WARBLE GRUBS.—Does the fly that causes grubs in the backs of cattle deposit her eggs in the skin of the infested places? Some say yes, but I saw an article the other day claiming that the eggs are laid on the heels and swallowed by the cattle. How may the grubs be prevented?

M. A., Pa.

A.—The old idea was that the ox warble fly deposited her eggs in the skin of the loins; but it has been shown that the fly has no egg depositor to make this possible, nor has she the power of penetrating the skin in any way. The modern belief, of investigating scientists, is that the fly lays her eggs upon the hair for the heels and legs; that these eggs are licked off and swallowed; that the hatched larvae (minutely) burrow through the wall of the gutlet (esophagus), get into the connective tissue and burrow and work their way under the skin until they arrive at the loins or along the backbone at one point or another. Here they mature, puncture the skin for breathing purposes and finally emerge through the opening, drop to the ground, burrow there and finally issue as flies to carry on the pestiferous work of their kind. We have seen sausage casings, made from the gutlet, that showed numerous warble grubs in the embryo stage of development. To prevent warble trouble use fly repellants on cattle in summer and wash the backs of the cattle with strong salt water in early winter; then apply oil freely to forming warbles. Adult warbles should be squeezed out and destroyed.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Milady's Eyebrow

"W" HY," says Mary Elizabeth to me, in a nice little likable letter—"why do I always look as if I were scowling, when I'm not at all? And there isn't even a wrinkle in my forehead, yet I always look as if I were 'knitting my brows.' What is the matter, do you know?"

That gives me something quite worth while to talk about to my girls this month, for it happens that I do know just what is Mary Elizabeth's trouble. If Mary Elizabeth will look in her mirror—and if you will, Kate—and if you will, Edna—you will find that the frown is all in your eyebrows.

"In your eyebrows?" Yes, for I am absolutely sure that your eyebrows meet over your nose. Nothing else in the world (except real wrinkly creases in the forehead) can make one look as if scowling, when one's heart and mind are in the most cheerful of moods.

Eyebrows, you see, aren't such unimportant features as we sometimes think. And as for Mary Elizabeth, and Kate, and Edna—and all the rest of my girls who find on looking in the glass that their eyebrows have walked halfway to meet each other on the bridge of the nose—reach for the tweezers at once! I don't recommend tweezers for removing superfluous hair, ex-



USE AN EYEBROW BRUSH TO REMOVE POWDER, BRUSHING THE BROWS THE WRONG WAY.

cept over the nose, and, occasionally where there is one isolated hair growing elsewhere on the face. But for meeting eyebrows, the tweezers are probably the best remedy.

Clip them tight at the very root of each hair, and give a quick firm jerk, so root and all will come out instead of the hair breaking off even with the skin.

Clear the bridge thoroughly while you are about it, then use a bit of cotton and mop the skin at that point with ammonia or alcohol, being sure to squeeze the cotton fairly dry and to keep the eyes tightly closed, for you mustn't let even the tiniest bit of the liquid get in the eyes. After the ammonia bath has entirely dried, lay a hot wet cloth over the eyes and brows, and when cool replace with another, continuing for five minutes. Then rub in a little cold cream very gently indeed.

Will the hairs come back? Yes, they will. And your only remedy will be to use the tweezers again—and even again, as needed.

Girls, while we are talking about eyebrows, do let me caution you about the use of powder. Even girls otherwise careful about their toilet, seem to think nothing at all of powdering the face hastily in and out of season, at home and abroad, the eyebrows coming in for a fair share, and, in spite of a careless rubbing, looking always a little powdery and unclear.

When you powder your face, use an eyebrow brush and get every bit of the powder out of the brows. To do this, do not brush the brows the way the hairs lay, but against the hairs—toward the nose. Brush hard and vigorously, toward the nose and up and down. By this method you will get every bit of powder out, and produce two terribly towlows brows!

But they are not a permanent feature, so do not be dismayed, for, once the powder is out, wield your eyebrow brush again, and brush gently and carefully away from the nose, making every hair lay just where it should, and shaping the brow to the best of your ability. Brush until the brow is satiny-smooth.

If your eyebrows are dry and scanty, use a little warm olive oil or melted vaseline at night. Dip a new meillage brush or a small paint brush in the spoon in which you have melted the oil or vaseline over heat or a flame—and brush the brows gently. Be careful to shape them as you brush.

Will you remember—and utilize—these two bits of eyebrow wisdom, girls? Good! Then I shall hear some encouraging news, not only from Mary Elizabeth, but from many of the rest of you, before next month rolls around.

Answers to Correspondents

Betty C.—You use soap too often. Use it on the face only at night, and then do not rub it on the face, but make a lather with the water, and apply with a complexion brush. Another thing, you probably do not get it thoroughly rinsed off after using. Rinse in many waters, hot, warm, and finally cold. In the morning wash merely with tepid water. Wipe off with a little cold cream during the day, or, better still, use a three-inch square bag of cheese-cloth half filled with rolled oats. Dip this quickly in and out of the water and use as a washcloth. It cleanses perfectly and does not irritate the skin. Pat the face dry—do not rub it, after using the beauty bag. The salicylic acid treatment for moles will leave a little red spot to begin with, but not nearly so noticeable as the moles. Why not try the acid on just one mole, and when it has been removed and you have let a couple of weeks elapse, decide whether you want to try it on the others?

Miss P. K.—If you have pimples on your forehead, cut down on sweets for a time, be careful to drink quantities of water, see that the bowels move freely daily, and eat plenty of fresh fruits. Powder is not injurious to the face, if it is of good quality. It is best to rub a little cold cream into the face before applying powder. Yes, powder could form blackheads, if you did not carefully scrub your skin with a complexion brush and hot soapy water every night. So can anything else which gets into the pores and is allowed to stay there. The way to avoid blackheads is to keep the pores clean. If you are only sixteen, I would not worry about my "large bust," because your figure will equalize itself soon. You do not tell me its size, either, so I do not know whether it is out of proportion to the rest of your figure. As to the too large hips and legs, the way to get rid of them is to use them—exercise them. Here is a good exercise:

For Large Hips

Lying flat on the back, lift the right leg at right angles with the body. Then bend the knee, and push out with the leg, as if the foot were on the pedal of a bicycle and you were pushing it down; at the same

time draw up the left leg with the knee bent and pushed toward the chest. Push away from you with right, push toward chest with left, push away from you with left, push toward chest with right; keep the leg from the knee down perfectly straight and parallel with the floor. The motion is exactly as if you were pedalling a bicycle in the air.

Mrs. G. B. H.—Where proprietary remedies are sold by the manufacturers, the advertisement always gives the address. Where no address is given, the article is supplied by the manufacturer direct to the druggists, so if no address was given in the advertisement to which you refer, ask your druggist to get the preparation for you. In the meantime, if your freckles are not the deep-seated kind, try this formula:

For the Despised Freckle

Mix a paste by adding lemon juice to a tablespoonful of dry mustard, and finally mix in a teaspoonful of oil of almonds. When you are ready for bed, put a little dab of the paste on each offending freckle. As soon as the skin begins to warm up, wash off the paste and rub with a little cold cream. Do this every night for several days, until the skin begins to peel off. The only way freckles are ever removed is by removing the skin. Be careful not to get the paste in or near the eyes, and do not leave it on the skin too long, or it will blister just as a mustard plaster does. Wash off thoroughly before rubbing in the cold cream.

Busy Bee.—The first thing you must do for the health of your hair is to stop using the roll of combs as a rat. I am glad you have discarded the roll rat you were wearing—it, of course, is responsible for most of your hair ills. Perhaps, also, you have been in the habit of roughing the hair to make it stand out. This, of course, injures the hair inevitably. Stop rubbing the hair with vaseline weekly, shampoo it once in three weeks instead of four weeks, and use a simple shampoo by shaving half a bar of white soap (the large bars) into a quart of boiling water and thoroughly dissolving over a flame. Let cool, and after wetting the hair pour some of the liquid on it and rub into a lather. Wash several times, then rinse many times until every particle of soap is out beyond peradventure. Do not massage vaseline into your scalp after a shampoo, but, instead, anoint the scalp with olive oil the night before a shampoo. Tie the head up in a towel and go to bed. You can use a medicine dropper to run through the hair until all the scalp has been covered with oil, but the hair itself not oiled. In the morning, take off the towel and give the hair a thorough shampoo. Every night brush the hair gently for one hundred strokes. Also remember that your hair cannot be healthy if your body health is below par. Eat plenty of nourishing food, see to the eliminative functions daily. By following these directions, I believe in a month or six weeks you will notice a great improvement in your hair. When I say "nourishing food," I do not mean, for you, many sweets or fats. You are already overweight—for your height, five feet and five and one half inches, you should weigh about one hundred and forty pounds. You should eat lean meats, plenty of fruits, green vegetables, but avoid potatoes, rice, cereals, milk, cream, much butter, much sugar, all sweets.

E. E. N.—You are quite right. The exercise, to keep the bust reduced, must be kept up. When you found it was reducing you, you should not have stopped. There is nothing to "rub on" which produces any really satisfactory results, or ones any more permanent. The trouble is, no doubt, that you are inclined to stoutness, and are eating things which help to make you so. If this is true, read my answer to "Busy Bee"—the last few sentences only. Exercise is your only sure remedy—go back to it and keep it up daily.

A Lover of COMFORT.—I am sorry you had to wait so long for your answer. I have to take letters in their turn. I was glad to hear from you, and had no trouble at all in reading your letter. As to your bust, read my answer to "A Young Mother." My suggestion for you, however, is to take the milk diet for six weeks or two months; from your description you need it for many reasons. You will improve in every way, appearance, health, weight, figure.

A Young Mother.—Building up the general health will do the most to make your breasts firm again. Probably you did not keep them well enough supported at the time the baby was small. Wear a brassiere that holds the bust firm. Exercise, also, unless you are still nursing. If you are, postpone any arm or shoulder exercises until after you wean the baby.

Exercise to Make Bust Firm

Standing with heels together, elevate the chest and then raise the arms until they extend in front of the body on a level with the shoulder, elbows perfectly rigid. Now, with palms facing each other, throw both arms back as far and as vigorously as you can, being careful not to let them drop below the level of the shoulder. Do not bend elbows. Throw forward again until they meet in front; throw back as if trying to make them meet in back. Practise for fifteen or twenty times, twice a day.

Blue Eyes.—If your complexion is really too red, and your hands also are red, possibly some of your clothing is worn too snug—your sleeves, your collars, your corsets or shoes. See that everything is easy in fit. Quite likely, however, if your friends think your complexion is too red, it really is nothing to worry about. Be careful of the things you eat, as the stomach, if at all out of order, sometimes causes not only a red nose but a red face. Yes, there is something which will make the corners of your mouth turn up, and its name is—Little Miss Blue Eyes herself! The cor-



DIPPING A MUCILAGE BRUSH IN MELTED VASELINE TO APPLY TO EYEBROWS.

ners of the mouth turn up or down depending entirely on the habitual expression of their owner, and whether she is happy and gay at all times, or sad and "worrying." Keep a smile on your face and in your heart, and the corners of your mouth will take care of themselves. To help the good work along, you may massage with the finger-tips, from the point of the chin up around the corners of the mouth, letting the fingers meet just above the center of the lip. Repeat thirty or more times at a sitting. Never massage down, after the up movement, but take off the fingers altogether and start at the point of the chin again. Dip fingers in cold cream before massaging.

Miss Emma W.—See answer to "Blue Eyes" and "A Comfort Reader." If your hands are "always cold" and your nose red, then your circulation is out of order. You need more exercise. Read some of the exercises I have given in these columns from time to time, and see that you get half an hour's exercise

Will my complexion EVER be good again



Don't be discouraged Resinol Soap will improve your skin

Many and many a girl has a clear, healthy complexion today because some friend came to her with that sound advice, based on her own experience.

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If the skin or scalp is in bad shape, through neglect or improper treatment, a little Resinol Ointment should at first be used with the Resinol Soap, to hasten the return to normal conditions.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers in toilet goods everywhere. For a sample of each, free, write to Dept. 4-B Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

daily. See answer to "Black-eyed Girl of S. C." for suggestions as to diet. For the eczema, you should consult a physician for that is not a beauty ill but one which requires medical advice, careful dieting, and other precautions. You should take it in time.

A COMFORT Reader.—See answer to "Blue Eyes." Probably your trouble is your stomach, digestion, or not sufficiently regular action of the eliminative organs. Look after them.

Black-eyed Girl of S. C.—To keep your head perfectly clean, shampoo your hair once in two weeks, unless it is dry, in which case shampoo once in three weeks. See answer to "Busy Bee." As to your dark complexion, drink lots of water—eight to ten glasses a day—eat plenty of apples, oranges and other fresh fruit as you can get it. You know the old saying "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Also eat green vegetables, and not many fried foods or too many pies and cakes. Take a body bath daily, and rub the skin well with a coarse towel after bathing. All this will help your complexion, and I warrant it will be several shades lighter in a very few weeks.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

children of one side were hardly on speaking terms with the children of the opposite side. Sisters, don't let this happen in your church.—Ed.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Since I was a small girl of ten years I have read COMFORT and think it is the best of all my magazines.

I would like the advice of the readers in regard to one of my daughters. But first let me give you an idea of who and what I am. When a girl of nineteen I married a man with four children, the oldest being ten and the youngest two years old. I have a boy and girl of my own now, aged three and seven years, and I can truthfully say we are one of the happiest families to be found anywhere. I adore the children and they think the world of me and I have one of the very best husbands and I would not change places with any other woman.

My youngest stepdaughter is not very truthful and her father has whipped her and I try to talk to her and encourage her to tell the truth, but really, at times I do not think she knows she is telling a lie. She is a girl of eleven years and I dread to have her grow up untruthful. Can any of the many sisters give me advice as to what course to pursue with her. I shall surely appreciate it very much and thank all who will aid me in any way.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters, I'll say good by.

SISTER EDITH.

Sister Edythe. Perhaps you are overconscientious in your stepmotherly duty toward your step child and look at the fib problem too seriously. Just because your daughter is guilty of an untruth doesn't necessarily mean that she is utterly lost, for the chances are good that she will stop of her own accord—though you might aid her by removing the cause, provided you can discover what it is. Sometimes children lie through fear but that is usually when there is some misunderstanding between the mother and child. The mother has been unduly severe in her punishment or for some reason has lost the child's confidence. In this case it may be the result of an imagination that is working overtime, stimulated perhaps by the books she reads or the plays she invents. Children rely on their imagination for a large part of their amusement and grownups forget when they did the same thing and reprove a child for making make-believe things too liberally with actual reality instead of teaching them that they must confine their make-believe ideas to their play. The habit of truthful speaking and living should be held before a child as one of the most desirable virtues but we must consider the nature of the falsehood before judging too harshly. Anyway, I don't believe whipping will do much good. What has been the experience of other sisters?—Ed.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I wish to say a few words to Mrs. Ida Bell Aldridge in regard to her boy. I am the mother of four dear

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Christmas Gifts

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

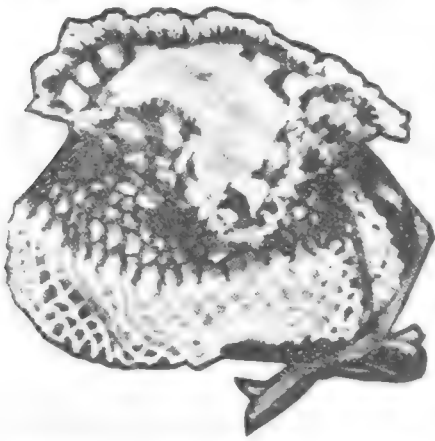
THIS holiday season is fast approaching and COMFORT readers I know are planning to make it a time of happiness and cheer for those who are nearest and dearest.

Luckily this does not require a fat purse. Just a simple gift or a kindly act prompted by a loving heart and the sincere desire to give happiness is all that is necessary.

Now that the time is short however, those who still have considerable to do begin to look around and wonder what can be made up quickly and inexpensively and still not look shabby or hurried when finished. For all such, who have considerable to accomplish and little leisure, the little useful and attractive novelties on this page have been especially collected.

Bath Outfit

The artistic decoration of towels of all sorts has become a kind of fetish lately, which now includes even the Turkish bath towels. These come with beautiful borders in all colors the ends being finished with an embroidered scallop or an edging of crochet or tatting.



CROCHETED TOILET BAG, RUBBER LINED.
FIG. 1.

A bath set may consist of a bath towel, bag and face cloth which may be handmade and also a crocheted bag, lined with white rubber for face cloth and soap, if one desires.

For gifts these sets are most practical and may be made individual by the simple addition of the proper initial worked on each piece in French knots in color.

Knitted Face Cloth

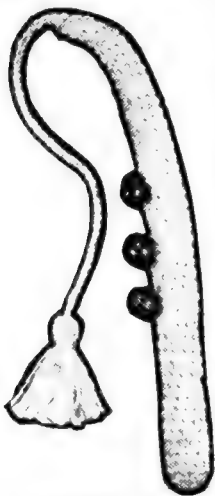
For this use a soft mercerized cotton and steel needles No. 12.

Make any size desired. Three rows plain knitting, three rows purl, and repeat until work is square.

Finish with a long crocheted shell in color to match the towel. Turkish face cloths can be finished with crocheted edge in color and an initial.

Baby's Bath Outfit

This is a gift which will surely please baby's mother. It consists of a square, towel edged with crochet, for a lap pad. This has the words Baby's Bath across the top in colored French knots and also two buttonholed eyelets in each corner through which one fastens a square of white rubber to the under side, with ribbon. This makes it a very simple matter to separate the two when necessary to wash. An initial face cloth, towel and bag complete the outfit.



CROCHETED WHIP.

Crocheted Whip

This is a very easily made toy suitable for a baby who is beginning to be able to amuse himself.

A ball of coarse white mercerized cotton or ordinary darning cotton or cord can be used as material. Begin by making a chain of four stitches, join, into this ring make seven single crochet; next round add 5 stitches by making 2 s. c. in every other st., then make 1 s. c. in each stitch until the whip is about seven inches long. Stuff tightly with cotton as the work proceeds, packing it down well with the end of the crochet hook. Make about three inches longer, omitting a stitch here and there so as to gradually graduate it to a point, then chain about four inches and finish off with a full tassel. The bells can be added or not, as one thinks best, but if added should be sewn on very securely so that they cannot be easily pulled off.

Baby's Badge

This little novelty surely fills a long-felt want for it prevents in a delicate way the kisses which are better omitted. All that is necessary to make this attractive little novelty is a bit of white kid from a discarded glove, or a piece of silk or celluloid can be substituted. Cover a wooden button mold with the kid or silk and then word with gold, "Don't Kiss Me," adding a spray of forget-me-nots if one is a bit artistic. Finish the edge with a narrow satin ribbon, felled through the center and four



BABY'S BADGE.

tiny bows as shown. Complete by sewing to the back a small safety pin.

Crocheted Toilet Bag

Materials, yellow and white silkateen, No. 12 steel hook, one and one half yards, No. 2 ribbon, 9 inches white rubber.

Start with ch. 7, join in ring, 15 d. c. in ring. 2nd row.—2 d. c. in each d. c., join each row with a sl. st., ch. 4.

3rd and 4th rows.—1 d. c. in each d. c. with ch. 1 between.

Next 2 rows the same but make ch. 2 between doubles.

7th row.—Ch. 3 between doubles.

8th row.—1 d. c. on each d. c., with 2 doubles worked under the ch. between.

9th row.—1 d. c. on each d. c.

10th row.—2 d. c. between each double.

11th row.—1 d. c. on each d. c.

Break thread. With white ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 4th st., repeat, 7 more rows of chains, making 1 s. c. under each ch. in previous row.

White yellow, 1 d. c. under white ch., ch. 5, 1 d. c. under next ch., join at end row to first ch., ch. 8, 1 d. c. and repeat all around making 4 rows yellow in all.

For running ribbons, 1 d. tr. under ch., ch. 5, 1 d. tr. under third, ch. or 1 tr. under every ch. Join and break thread, with white, 3 d. c. under ch., ch. 3, 3 d. c., repeat, next row of yellow, making 3 d. c. between each group of double, ch. 3, next row 4 d. c. of white, ch. 3. Last row, 4 d. c. of yellow, ch. 3. Edge with picot of white, 1 s. c. under ch., ch. 5, 1 s. c. between each d. c. with ch. 5 between each.

The bag is lined with white rubber and may contain a cake of nice soap and an initialed wash cloth. Finish with ribbon drawstrings.



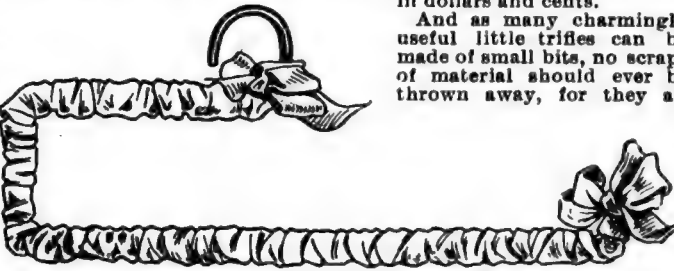
BABY BATH OUTFIT CONSISTING OF LAP PAD, LAUNDRY BAG, TOWEL AND WASH CLOTH.

Home-Made Muff Holder

With so many things which can be easily made, it is simply the idea which is needed. Then from leftovers or for just the bare cost of material, plus a little time, many attractive little gifts can be bestowed, for the purchase price of a single article.

This muff holder is another article which comes in the class of quickly-made novelties, as no fine stitches are necessary.

Secure a long piece of wire and bend as shown, making it the right size for the muff for which it is intended. A piece of ribbon three times the length of the wire and about one and one half inches wide will be necessary. Join the selvages, then slip over the wire which should be wound with a strip of scented sheet wadding beforehand. Finish one end with a ribbon bow. Wind the other end which forms the hook, closely with ribbon and also finish with a small bow at the base of the hook.



SHIRRED RIBBON MUFF HOLDER.

A Corset Bag

Such a bag as this also comes in the list of useful presents.

For material one can use any pretty piece of ribbon or silk or a bag made up of white mercerized poplin, decorated with a spray of French knot flowerets, as shown in our illustration, is both practical and pretty.

Line with a color in satin, make up the bag which should measure, all finished about eight by twenty-four inches. Buttonhole completely around, on all edges with coarse embroidery silk and add drawing ribbons.



CORSET BAG.

Sachets

These little bits of sweetness are always popular and desirable gifts. One of the newest ideas for a covering is of woven ribbon.

These can be made in this way of any size.

For the foundation cut four squares of sheet wadding, sprinkle with sachet powder and run the edges together. Two colors of inch-wide satin ribbon is very pretty woven together. To do this fasten one end of one piece of ribbon to the corner of a sachet indicated by the bows in our illustration, carry to the opposite or third corner, pass the ribbon under this and



WOVEN RIBBON SACHET.

up on the other side and back to corner No. 1. Now under this corner, up and across next to the first ribbon, under corner No. 3, and back. Continue to wind back and forth around these two corners until the sachet is covered. Then with the other color wind in opposite direction, but weave under and over as shown.

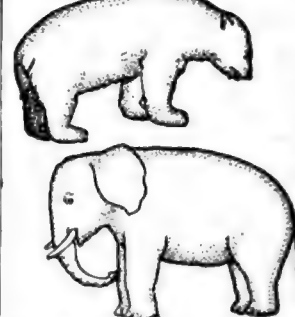
It is very simply done as one will find out with a little experimenting. Finish one corner with a bow of the two ribbons. Lavender and baby blue, salmon and green, yellow and white pink and blue or two shades of one color all make very pretty combinations.

Knitting Bag for Grandmother

A nice present for any woman who is fond of

A Stocking Doll

For a child old enough to require playthings, one can easily fashion a cute little doll, as shown in our illustration.



AN EIDERDOWN BEAR AND A GRAY PLUSH ELEPHANT.

inches and rounded off as shown to form the feet and legs.

The center piece which forms the cap is three inches along the fold of the sock and four and one half inches in width, while the fourth piece shown is three by four inches and cut from the heel of the sock to form the arms.

Make up all parts and stuff with cotton. Use oil paints for the face and shape this somewhat by indicating

ears on the sides, this takes up the extra fullness which would otherwise make the head too large. Seam together the curved part of the cap, then sew to top of the head and cover the jointing with a row of feather stitching. This also is added to the body as shown and marks the wrists. A tassel on point of the cap, and a narrow ruffle of ribbon around the neck completes the home made dolly which appears quite fully dressed without the extra work of making clothes.



A STOCKING DOLL.

Edging for Turkish Towels

SEE BATH OUTFIT.

This or any other simple crocheted pattern can be used. A soft mercerized cotton will be best to use for this work and No. 13 steel crochet hook.

One row single crochet into towel, one row treble crochet into every third stitch with chain between each treble.

Third row.—3 singles in first space, chain 3, skip second space, 3 singles in each of the next 3 spaces, ch. 3, skip 1 space, singles over next 3 spaces and repeat.

Turn at end of row and make a shell in the first st., or under the first ch. 3 if it comes near the end of the towel. Shells 1 double treble under ch. 3, ch. 3, and form p., ch. 1, 1 d. tr., p., ch. 1, repeat making 5 d. trebles in each shell, ch. 7, 1 s. c. under same ch. with trebles, 1 shell under next chain 3.

SHAPE OF PIECES CUT FROM SOCK.

A Handy Holder

This little "Polly" slipped into an envelope with a card bearing the old rhyme

"Polly put the kettle on,
Let's all take tea"

would make a most useful and odd little gift for either mother or grandmother. Bits of velvet can be used say orange or yellow for the head, blue or black for the body with green rings. Or the whole can be cut from one piece and outlined with gay colored silks.

Black beads are good for the eyes. Make thick with sheet wadding and then line neatly and if one has it handy a piece of asbestos makes a splendid interlining.



HANDLE OF VELVET BITS.

Unanswered Mail

This is a simple little gift which could be made up with an outlay of only a few cents for silk elastic. All else that is required are two ovals of pasteboard about three by five inches and any pretty bit of silk, satin, cretonne or ribbon which one may happen to have for covering. Do the work neatly turning in all edges and over-casting closely together, sewing the ends of the elastic band in as one works. Paste to the outside of the oval a white card marked Unanswered Letters and an old canceled postage stamp.



BAND FOR UNANSWERED LETTERS.

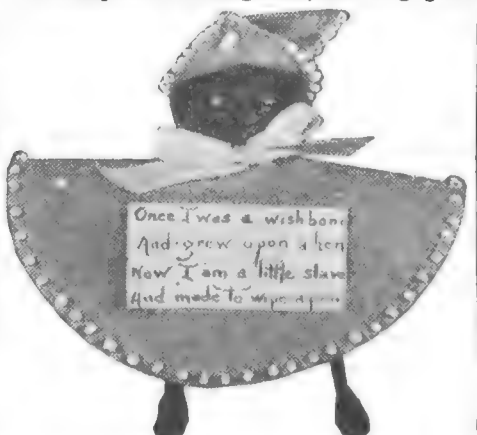
or even putty can be used for the head. Mold this so the nose will be rather prominent indicate a mouth and use beads for the eyes.

Several circles of white flannel and one of red or colored flannel will then be needed. The edge of the latter and the little cap can be outlined with beads and the card on the front bearing this sentiment gives the finishing touch.

"Once I was a wishbone
And grew upon a hen
Now I am a little slave
And made to wipe a pen."

Wipers in the shape of animals also make unique little gifts.

A snowy polar bear can be cut from a piece of eiderdown flannel or white kid, with eyes, nose and mouth either outlined with silk or drawn in with pen and ink. While a realistic elephant can be made of various sorts of grey material, flannel, velvet, plush, silk or felt would all be suitable. If made of a material however which would be liable to fray the edges should be neatly buttonholed. To the back of each should be added the flannel leaves for real use.



PENWIPER A CHILD CAN MAKE.

THE BRAND OF SHAME

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART II.

THE cool night air had little effect on the furnace heat of Drake's thoughts. An unheeded step sounded behind him and a voice sang out: "Hi there, Drake," but he did not attend.

"What the devil's the hurry?" Page Beardsley fell into step beside Drake. "I'm just walking home after leaving Edith and her friends. I say, slow down, can't you?"

"I'm in a hurry, Beardsley. I am looking for a vacant cab; I am going South tonight."

"Pretty sudden, what?" Then, after a few seconds of thought, "I say, Drake, take me along with you."

"What for?" enquired Drake disinterestedly.

"I am going to work. Edith has contempt for the idle rich. I've decided to get busy. I'd like to begin with you. I'd work like a dog, Drake."

"I've considerably less than an hour to get some messages written and to catch the next train South. Come down later if your resolution holds."

"Here are my diggings now. Give me ten minutes to change out of this silly costume, man. A hall boy will get us a taxi-cab and we shall have plenty of time. You can write your messages while I'm changing."

Like one in a trance, Drake permitted himself to be guided into the younger man's rooms. He sat brooding while Page changed and tossed a few indiscriminate articles into a Gladstone.

"We're ready, old top," he cried after having scrawled a note to his man; "and I hear the motor churning below. Come."

On the ride to the station, Beardsley furtively watched Drake's face. That he had passed through some biting experience, he knew; that it was connected with Julia and her too-daring costume, and Pierce and his too-open flirtation, he guessed. He felt that the gods had shown discretion in sending him across Drake's path. He felt a warm, rushing desire to be a friend to the sad-faced man.

At the station Page penned a brief and impudent note to Edith. "Am on the road to manhood with Drake. There's a reason. Are we engaged now, dear?" It read. He observed the superscription on one of Drake's envelopes as they gave them to a messenger. It was to Julia's father.

Drake, silent and thoughtful, refused to retire when they finally reached their stateroom and Beardsley sat up too, his thoughts upon Edith Bentley and a career—new thoughts, the latter, for Page Beardsley.

When Julia's consciousness returned she moaned piteously from the pain in her shoulder, opening her eyes, she stared about the room. It all came back to her—her husband's madness, his brutality. She shuddered but the anger which followed brought back her strength in a sweeping tide and she rose unsteadily.

It was scarcely midnight. She dragged herself to her room and tore off her costume, kicking it into a corner. She ripped the jewels off her arms and ankles, plucked them from her hair and tossed them all in a glittering heap on her lace-covered bed. Then she looked at her smarting shoulder, the hot tears racing down her white cheeks. Fortunately the burn was not deep; she applied a soothing unguent before dressing in her plainest garments. Then, flinging a few things into a bag, without a backward look she left her house. If Drake had crossed her path then she would have attempted murder with her bare hands.

Two blocks south she found a cab, and entering hastily, she ordered haste.

"Where to, mem?" the driver wished to know, and she replied without hesitation.

The next morning Edith and her father were at breakfast when their messages arrived. Edith read hers with a little stricture at the throat. Page had gone! The suddenness of it made her inexpressibly lonely. Had he consulted her, she would have counselled against going so far away. Surely there was work for willing hands right in New York. In spite of her depression she felt a thrill of pride at the thought that he had cared enough to go.

Glimancing up at her father, she saw that his face had gone white. "What is it?" she demanded sharply.

"There is trouble between Jefferson and Julia, my dear. He unexpectedly started for Texas last night leaving her here."

Edith recalled now that Page's message had stated that he was with Drake.

"He writes me that he has been a brute—has violated all the canons of decency and that he will do nothing to prevent her from obtaining legal freedom. He has placed a large sum of money in trust for her. But read it yourself, dear."

"I have been afraid of this ever since I was South," Edith said, laying the note aside. "Kingsley Pierce is involved, you will find. They have flirted outrageously. She appeared at the Lawrence's fete last night in a startling costume. I fancy Jeff was wild. I am going to call her up."

She left the room only to reappear directly. "Father," she began gently, "Julia isn't there. The servants found the apartment deserted this morning. I am going there at once."

Her father's shoulders sagged heavily as he rose. Scandal in connection with a daughter of his was unbearable. "I think I will go around to Kingsley's quarters," he said wearily.

Edith found the Drake servants disorganized and curious.

"My sister and her husband have been called South," she told the butler evenly. "A message came from Mr. Drake as I left the house. You will put the apartment in order after which you may go. You will be paid a month's wages in lieu of notice. Please see to everything."

Then she went to Julia's room, marking the confusion and the signs of haste. Vindictively she threw the Egyptian costume into a closet and banged the door. She gathered up the jewels and tossed them into her bag, looking, meanwhile, for a note. She found nothing.

She and her father reached home together. "Pierce isn't in his rooms," Mr. Bentley began at once. "The woman who takes care of them says that he did not sleep there and that he evidently did some hasty packing. He is not at his club. What did you learn, daughter?"

"Nothing definite, dear. However, I am afraid we may as well face the fact that they have gone together."

"Curse her!"

"I suspect that Julia needs something besides our curses father," Edith said softly.

Drake having left town the same night, there was no public comment on the simultaneous disappearance of Julia and Pierce. It was taken for granted that she had gone South with her husband. The Bentleys went about the business of life as usual but their hearts were heavy for the passing days brought no message from Julia. Summer advanced with a rush in Texas. The oil fields were scenes of continuous activity; the ditches were nearly ready for the water that would reclaim a large area of Drake's arid land; his cattle were in the pink of condition and his wealth was multiplying daily. But to it all he gave scant heed.

Body and brain, he had thrown himself into his work in an effort to ease the blistering memories. Beardsley had become his confidant, capable, dependable, steady. Of him Drake had become very fond and into his hands he placed many interests.

They sat in the court one breathless night, smoking countless cigarettes. The younger man was speaking of Edith. It was seldom that he permitted himself that indulgence for he sensed

the pain that the other must feel at a tale of romance, but tonight the passion of spring was in his young veins.

"She is a wonderful girl!" Drake stamped out a cigarette with his heel. "You are a lucky man, Page. I don't recall having said so, but I am deuced glad you've won her. I have thought about you both often. In fact, I have a business plan for you when you marry. You mean to keep on working, Beardsley?"

"Keep on! Why, man, there's nothing like work to reconstruct a worthless life. Keep on! Rather! I couldn't stop now. Its exhilaration has got into my system. To choke something big out of life! Drake, that is life."

In one of his rare moments of tenderness, Drake reached over and placed a hand on the other's khaki-covered knee and they sat thus far into the night.

Summer advanced reluctantly in Vermont. In a plain room in a shabby house in the factory village across the river from Burlington, Julia Drake stretched her body between coarse sheets, dreading to make the effort to rise.

However, she could spend few minutes idling in bed, for the factory's day shift began at seven and she made it a point never to be late at her work. She was a spooler, commanding the modest sum of nine dollars a week.

Her thoughts took wide circuit. One she spared for the money she had managed to save. Once it would have seemed amusingly little, but having earned it, it assumed proportions of dignity. She was hoarding it, miser-like, till she should have enough to pay for a divorce. She would not ask her father for that kind of aid.

She wished that she might have a bit of fresh

fruit with the roll and coffee of which her breakfast consisted.

Finally she thought concretely of her husband, but something was wanting. She searched her mind till she came to the lack. No longer did she feel the stabbing anger which had shaken her formerly. Just when it had vanished, she could not, in her surprise, state. She sat up, languor vanquished.

Swinging her feet out of bed, she lowered her cheap night robe to look at the faint scar that still showed on her white shoulder. The sight of it roused no fury. She sat and stared at herself in her blurred mirror.

She was bewildered. The goal toward which she had striven had receded and she did not care. Life held no purpose now.

She dressed and automatically prepared her breakfast, then putting her room in order, she went to the factory.

Before night she was conscious of an urge that would not suffer control. After eating a frugal supper she went early to bed in an attempt to drown it in sleep. It was of no use, and at last she rose, dressed, and went out to send a telegram—the first word she had sent her father since the night of her disappearance.

The next evening she was at the station when Mr. Bentley and Edith stepped off the train at Burlington. They gazed at her, mute, as she stood before them, shabby, honestly erect, a steady light in her wide, dark eyes.

After a brief scrutiny the sisters, unimpressed of the little crowd, flew together and a mist obscured their father's aging eyes.

"I will summon a cab," he offered hastily.

"Oh, no, you won't," Julia looked up to say. "You are my guests, please remember, and I

don't ride in cabs. Here is our car. Hurry!"

She piloted them across the river, pointing out the factory where she worked on the way.

"Julia!" Mr. Bentley's eyes were hard as he looked about his daughter's bare room; "did he bring you to this?"

"Jeff isn't to blame—"

"I am speaking of Kingsley Pierce," he interposed sharply.

"Kingsley Pierce?" Julia turned to him in wonderment. "By the way, where is Kingsley Pierce? I haven't seen him since the night that Jeff ordered him out of our house."

The two were silent. "What in the world is the matter?" demanded Julia curiously.

"Pierce left New York the night that you did and we have not seen or heard from him since."

It was a full minute before Julia caught the significance of the statement. Her eyes dilated then. "And you thought—"

Her face fell into her hands. "Did Jeff think that, too?"

"You should have let us know where you were," Edith said contritely.

"I meant to go to King when I left the house that night, but when it came to giving the cab-driver his address, I simply couldn't do it. The only other place I could think of in my haste was the Grand Central. The Montreal express was about to start and I boarded it and came to Burlington. I had almost no money after I had paid for my ticket and I had to go to work. I couldn't find a thing to do. I tried the shops, the offices, even the hotels. I would have tried anything. When no one would take an untrained girl, I began to realize my economic worthlessness, the shoddiness of my equipment for life. After a few days I found a job in the factory. I blessed the war that was keeping it open night and day to fill orders. I began at five dollars a week. I am getting nine now and the foreman says that I am the best spooler on the floor."

There was distinct pride in her voice.

"I was trying to save money to divorce Jeff, but just yesterday I found that I no longer wish to. Possibly he despises me. That I must find out for myself. Father, there's a train South at ten; will you start for Texas with me tonight?"

Edith's heart pounded at the thought of going to Page but she said: "You need clothes—"

"My clothes will do very well," Julia returned simply.

It was a hot evening in June, Drake had come to the house worn out after a busy day. He was haggard and one noticed that the white at his temples was creeping higher.

Even Beardsley was tired. "The water goes into the ditch at noon tomorrow," he remarked lifelessly. "I drove the car to town to see about shipping the cattle. Everything's ready. And by the way, the tractors have come. I've ordered men to start for them at daylight. Right?"

"Right-o," Drake settled deeper in his chair by the empty fireplace.

Beardsley sauntered to a window. It would be another golden sunset, he reflected. The boy was thinking of Edith. Sometimes, when he was very tired, it seemed to him that she had set him a heavy task. He came out of his reverie at the purr of a motor.

"Wonder who's who?" he said, going idly to the door.

In the next moment Edith confronted him and back of her lingered her courtly father.

The girl made the first advance. Beardsley was too amazed to speak as she led him into the living room.

"Evening, Jeff," she saluted. "Excuse me a minute, please, while I inspect the work of your hands. I'll greet you properly presently. Father's in the hall."

Drake seemed scarcely surprised. Nothing roused him of late. Taking Edith's broad hint, he went to find Mr. Bentley.

Edith, drawing Page to a window, regarded him gravely. She put a slim finger into the line that had etched its way between nostril and mouth. She touched his lined brow.

"Oh, my dear! What have they done to you?" she cried.

"They've taken away the boy, dear. They are in the business of making men down here."

She put her cheek against his breast and wept happily.

"There is some one in the room yonder who wishes to speak to you," Mr. Bentley said to Drake as their greetings were over.

Drake listlessly entered the library and looked up to see Julia waiting for him.

"You see I'm back, Jeff," she began at once. "If you don't want me I will go away again. I haven't seen Kingsley Pierce since the night of the ball. I have been earning my living in Vermont. I am a spooler in a factory and I earn nine dollars a week."

With a stifled cry he took a step toward her but she lifted a restraining hand.

"Wait, please! When you knew me I was a little fool—discontented, headstrong, vain. Work has purged me of all that. I hated you for a long time after that night. I warmed my fury by the fever of my branded shoulder. But I found after a while that—I wanted you. You marked my soul as well as my flesh. So long as I live I can never belong to any man but you. Now do you want this new woman back? Jeff, will you have me back?"

Somewhere from without came the lilt of a half-breed's song. The drone of happy voices drifted in from the room beyond. The last shaft of the setting sun caressed Julia's hair, her cheeks, her scarlet lips, as she lay in the safe harbor of her husband's arms.

Dissolving of Albania

By C. L. Chapman

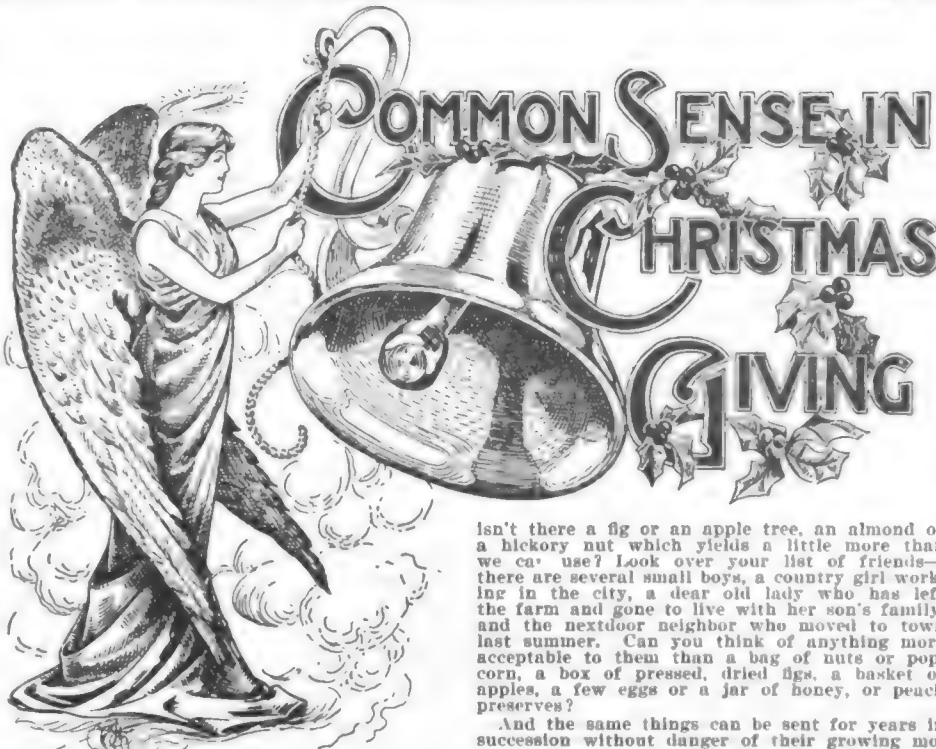
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THE "kingdom" of Albania is dissolving. The Serbs are marching through it to reach the coast. The Montenegrins are annexing the villages along their borders. The Greeks have sent an expeditionary force to protect some of the southern towns inhabited by their countrymen. Italy holds Avalona, doubtless the most valuable port of the whole country. The rest of the country appears to be in the hands of brigands, or kept in a state of armed neutrality by leagues among neighboring villages.

The world will have few regrets at this passing of "independent" Albania—perhaps not as many as they should have. The Albanians are a really admirable people of a somewhat primitive sort; brave, liberty-loving, intelligent. But they have been unfitted to form a separate nation. Albania was made a kingdom to rob Serbia of a port on the Adriatic, bring on dissensions among the Balkan states which has threatened Turkey, and pave the way for Austrian dominion of the Balkan peninsula. The first two purposes were fulfilled; the last failed, and with it the whole scheme of Vienna went to wreck.

Serbia will have her Adriatic seaport, and probably will absorb the greater part of Albania; a very desirable consummation if the mountaineers receive fair play and equal rights as citizens of the enlarged Serbian state. Greece is fairly sure to take possession of the Greek towns which were included in Albania, merely that the prince selected to rule over that toy monarchy might have a few real taxpayers. The only serious difficulty in sight is that Italy seems determined to hold Avalona, which is as much a Greek town as Athens.

It will be one of the ironies of history if the scheme designed to make Austria mistress of the Argean results in making Italy supreme in the Adriatic.



By Mrs. Floy L. C. Smith

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AT this time of year the papers are full of suggestions concerning Christmas gifts and ways by which we may contrive to get through the season without suffering from nervous prostration or going into debt.

But so many of these suggestions are impracticable to the woman on the farm who has such a limited supply of both time and money. We read of the wonderful array of useful and beautiful gifts to be evolved from a few yards of lace or ribbon and the scraps of silk and fine linen in the scrap bag. But did a farm woman's scrap bag ever contain anything more valuable than the patches saved to use upon small aprons and overalls?

None of us would wish to abolish Christmas giving, for neither do we enjoy the rush and flurry and strain that usually precedes that holiday, and leaves us too weary to enjoy the day itself. If we could learn to plan for that as we do for our other work, the mountain would shrink to a molehill and what had been a task would become a pleasure.

If we set ourselves to observe and remember, we could easily learn through the year many of the fads and wishes of our friends, and so be able to send gifts that would please them far better than if chosen at random.

As soon as the holidays are over, make a memorandum of the friends whom you wish to remember with gifts next season, jot down opposite the names, the things you think they would like and check them off, one by one as the gifts are prepared. If you have the thought of Christmas in mind all the year instead of just through the month of December, you will be surprised to find how much can be done with little or no effort.

Many papers and magazines give very nice premiums for a few subscriptions and you have a long list from which to choose. Try to have part of your Christmas money ready by July. Then when the summer clearance sales are held in your nearest town, plan to attend and look over the articles on sale, with the thought of finding appropriate gifts for certain persons. Often one can make real bargains in household articles or dress goods which your friend at a greater distance from town could not secure.

Christmas giving affords an excellent opportunity for practicing the Golden Rule. We have all experienced the uncomfortable feeling that follows the receipt of a gift which we know the giver could not afford or which required much time or money that was needed in the home; so why should we in turn subject our friends to the same discomfort? A little talk with our circle of most intimate friends is pretty sure to bring out the fact that they prefer some inexpensive gift which represents us and our loving thought of them rather than something more elaborate, bought in the rush of the last moment and sent from a sense of duty.

Are we not too proud to imitate someone else and strive to send such gifts as they have bestowed upon us, instead of ones that lie within our reach and that they might enjoy far better? In our struggle to buy conventional gifts, are we not apt to overlook the possibilities of our own back yards? Take a look around the place—

Isn't there a fig or an apple tree, an almond or a hickory nut which yields a little more than we can use? Look over your list of friends—there are several small boys, a country girl working in the city, a dear old lady who has left the farm and gone to live with her son's family, and the next-door neighbor who moved to town last summer. Can you think of anything more acceptable to them than a bag of nuts or popcorn, a box of pressed, dried figs, a basket of apples, a few eggs or a jar of honey, or peach preserves?

And the same things can be sent for years in succession without danger of their growing monotonous, rather their repetition makes their coming anticipated, like that of an old friend. I may be lacking in sentiment, but I still believe in useful gifts—things which by daily association are a constant reminder of the giver.

No doubt we have all known the overworked farmer's wife struggling to feed and clothe her brood of little folks, who receives at Christmas a shower of boudoir caps, embroidered hair-receivers and flimsy dollies and cushion covers that would never bear laundering, and (dare I mention them?) various articles of fancy work whose names an' uses she cannot guess and is ashamed to ask the donor. What can she do but send a polite note of thanks, then relegate the articles to some out-of-the-way place, or pass them on to other friends next Christmas?

If one has the time and inclination for fancy work, there are many pretty things to make—things that can be of use even on a farm. Was there ever a housewife who would not appreciate embroidered pillow slips or dresser scarfs, or even a kitchen apron or a dress for the baby?

Perhaps the hardest task is to choose gifts for the distant friend whose tastes and possessions we do not know. A cheery letter is never amiss, and if you wish, you might enclose a dollar bill with the explanation: "My friend, little Bill, and I could not agree upon what to send you for Christmas, so I decided to send him along bodily to find out. Use him for whatever you wish, for he is a willing little fellow to the limit of his small ability. I only wish I could have sent his big brother William."

Another gift that is always welcomed by the distant friend is a good-sized sheet of postage stamps, and your accompanying suggestion that you are already enjoying, in anticipation, the letters you expect to receive, and know you are only one of many who will be made happy in the same way, will surely meet with a prompt response.

Children enjoy the things which will give them something to do. Suppose you were a very little girl not much acquainted with a needle, and some one sent you a silver thimble and some pretty patchwork pieces, carefully cut and basted, and a note saying: "I have been thinking that your dollie may not have covers enough to keep her warm these cold nights, and I know her mamma would like to make her a pretty quilt, so I am sending the tiniest thimble I can find and these pieces, every one of them like some of auntie's dresses, and mamma will show you how to sew them. Don't you think you would get more real enjoyment out of the attempt to make something new than from some costly toy that you were allowed to touch only on state occasions?"

Whatever your gift may be, whether costly or simple, never neglect to send with it, a note or post-card with a few cheery words of greeting for it is that which gives the human touch and makes the gift seem a real gift and not just an exchange of bargain counter purchases. The thought that our friends remember our favorite colors, our choice of books or music or our personal likes and dislikes really seems to enhance the value of their gifts.

And if we begin early to prepare and wrap our gifts ready for sending, the "Christmas rush" will pass us by, and at the last moment, instead of making frantic searches through crowded stores for neglected presents, we will have time to prepare reminders of the season for those to whom Christmas may not come—the stranger within our gates, or the children whom Santa Claus has forgotten.

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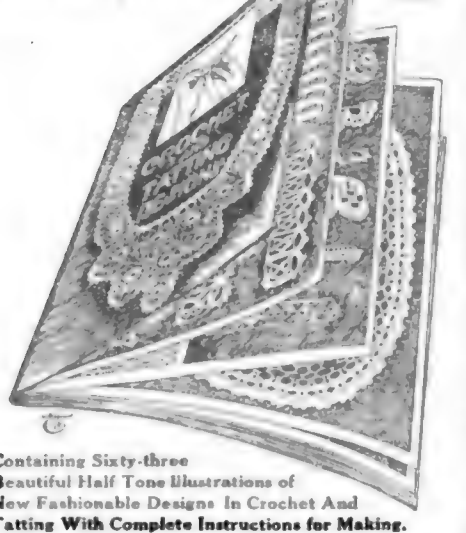
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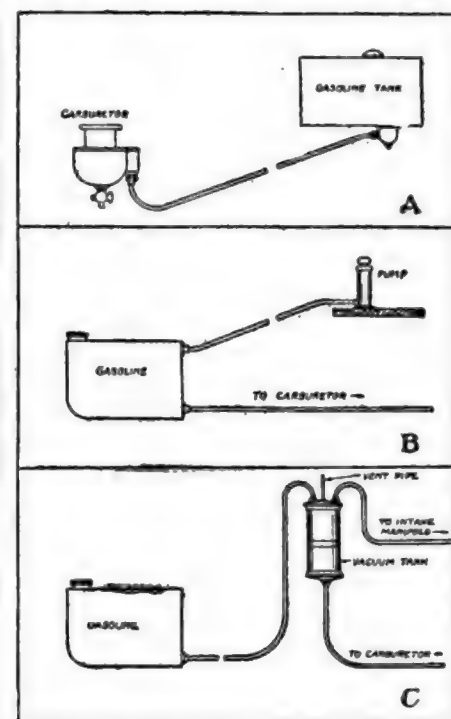
Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

Three Types of Gasoline Systems

AT the present time there are three types of gasoline systems in general use on automobiles, namely gravity, pressure and vacuum. This discussion concerning the different methods of feeding the gasoline to the carburetor is intended to acquaint the owner with these systems and not to draw comparisons. The first to be described is gravity, it being the simplest of all. As is well known by all, gravity is based upon the law of nature that liquids will flow to the lowest level. Since this system is so very simple why then is it not used by all manufacturers instead of installing the more complicated systems? The answer is that the car does not always travel on level roads but is required to run up steep grades at certain times. If the tank in which the gasoline is stored on which the machine is placed is apt to result in the carburetor being placed higher than the tank. If this condition existed the gasoline would not flow to the carburetor and thus the car would stop for the want of fuel. Another reason for it not being universally adopted is that as the automobile developed, more storage room was wanted in the car and thus the tank was moved to the rear of chassis. The installation of starting and lighting systems was one of the chief reasons for desiring greater carrying space. A sketch of the gravity system is shown at A. In brief it may be said that its advantage is simplicity.

At B, is shown a type known as the pressure feed. The storage tank is located at the rear of car from which the gasoline is forced to the carburetor by air pressure. Some manufacturers employ a power pump while others use the ordinary hand pump for producing the necessary air pressure. Under ordinary circumstances about two pounds of air pressure is sufficient to force the gasoline out of the tank. The advantage of this system is that a positive flow of gasoline to the carburetor is insured regardless of the angle on which the car may be operating. Its disadvantages are that pressure must be produced in the tank before the car can be started and frequent inspection of the air pipes and joints is necessary to prevent air from leaking out.

The vacuum or last system to be described is one of the most recent upon the market. While it is very positive in action yet it is slightly more complicated and more difficult to understand. This system is pictured at C. The main storage tank is carried at the rear of car from which the fuel is gradually transferred by suction to a small auxiliary tank near the motor.



From this tank the fuel flows to the carburetor by gravity, a method described above.

The small tank, often referred to as the vacuum tank, consists usually of two steel shells, the inner one containing a metal float and valve mechanism attached to the cover. The inner shell is connected to the gasoline tank, and to the intake manifold and is also open to the atmosphere by means of a vent tube. The outer shell which is the larger is connected only to the carburetor and atmosphere. The two shells are connected by a dapper check valve located at the bottom of the inner shell.

The action is entirely automatic. The valve mechanism is so arranged as to use the suction created by the pistons in the motor. The suction produces a vacuum in the inner shell and thus draws the gasoline from the main tank at the rear of car. As the vacuum tank fills the float rises, bringing the valve mechanism into play causing the suction valve to close and opening the atmosphere valve. The gasoline which has been drawn into the inner shell now flows down to the outer shell through the dapper valve and from there to the carburetor as needed. When the inner tank is empty the float again drops causing the suction valve to again open and gasoline to be drawn from the main tank. The advantages of this system are said to be that it practically combines the gravity and pressure system, allows more carrying space in the car since the main tank is located at the rear of chassis and also affords a positive flow of liquid to the carburetor regardless of the angle on which the car may be running.

Volt and Ampere

Anyone who has had anything to do with electrical instruments knows that current is spoken of in volts and amperes. The volt is the term used to indicate the pressure of the current in the same sense that the pressure of water or steam is spoken of in pounds. In the study of electricity the volt has a certain fixed value exactly as the pound means a certain fixed weight.

The flow of water is measured by gallons. In the same manner the flow of electric current is referred to in amperes. In other words it is the rate at which the current flows.

Easily Made Metal Polish

No motorist need be ashamed of the appearance of his car for the need of a good metal polish for one can be easily prepared from ingredients usually to be found around the premises. The preparation consists of one part am-

monia, two parts of alcohol and enough whiting to form a paste. This polish is satisfactory for brass, nickel or silver and is used by merely smearing the part with same. The ammonia and alcohol will dissolve all dirt and oxides and allow the same to become absorbed by the whiting. When the preparation is rubbed off with a soft cloth, the metal will appear bright. If a good whiting is not immediately obtainable corn-starch may be used with equally good results.

Emergency Wheel Puller

A great number of the pleasure cars now in use are equipped with what is termed the semi-floating rear axle. With this type the rear wheels are forced on to the axle shafts and keyed. Should for any reason it be necessary to take off one or both of the rear wheels difficulty is apt to be encountered unless a specially designed wheel puller is at hand. Without the use of such a device the operator can often remove the wheel by first removing the hub cap and then the nut at the end of the axle shaft. Next insert a small block of wood in the hub cap. This wood should be of the proper size so as to allow the cap to be screwed partly on the hub of the wheel. The principle involved is not difficult to understand. The wooden block bears against the end of the axle shaft and by screwing the hub cap on further the wheel will be forced off the shaft. Should the wheel prove to be exceptionally stubborn a few sharp blows on the cap with a large block or hammer will greatly assist in the work. It is well for the operator to bear in mind however that the removal of the wheel by this method is not recommended when the hub cap is of light construction or made of brittle metal.

Concerning Gaskets

To insure against leakage it is necessary to bolt the parts such as a manifold to the cylinders after inserting a gasket between the two. Should, at any future time, it be found necessary to separate the parts it will be found that the gasket will have a tendency to stick to the metal and before the same can be separated it is often necessary to tear the gasket. If a new gasket is not at hand this condition will be a source of inconvenience to the owner or workman and even should a new gasket be immediately procurable it is a source of expense. It is far better to prevent a condition such as this by coating both sides of the gasket with flake graphite before installing the gasket on the car. For the benefit of those who are not aware of the fact it will be well to state that flake graphite is not affected by heat or cold and will therefore allow the gasket to be removed as a unit instead of having to be torn off.

Lubricating the Gears

The majority of car manufacturers advise the use of a thick grease or heavy oil for use in the gear boxes. This kind of lubricant may be used with entire satisfaction during the warm months but has been determined to be a poor lubricant for this purpose during the colder months. The reason for this is that when the surrounding temperature is low the thick grease or heavy oil will collect in a mass and stick to the side of the gear case in which case very little if any of the lubricant reaches the gears. Needless to state this condition will result in noisy gears and will cause rapid wear of the moving parts. A gear lubricant more suited for use in cold weather can easily be made by mixing a quantity of flake graphite with a medium cylinder oil. A medium grade oil will always flow unless the conditions are extreme while flake graphite is not affected by climatic changes.

Locating the Cracked Cylinder

Even the amateur motorist is aware of the fact that there are many conditions which will result in the cracking of a cylinder. If the crack is in the outer wall of the cylinder, commonly termed the water jacket, the crack is not considered serious as the same can be readily located and fixed. However if the inner wall is cracked the defect cannot be noticed from the outside and besides affecting the operation of the motor is difficult to find. Considering that the inner wall of the cylinder is cracked a simple method of locating the affected cylinder is as follows:

Fill the cooling system with water until the liquid reaches the mouth of overflow pipe in the radiator. Next turn the motor over by use of the hand crank taking care to notice in which cylinder the compression is taking place. For example should the piston in the No. 1 cylinder be going up on the compression stroke and should it be noticed that the water starts to flow into the overflow pipe of the radiator, this would prove conclusively that the No. 1 cylinder was cracked. The reason for arriving at this conclusion is that the gas from the cylinder would be forced through the crack and in this manner cause the water to rise in the cooling system forcing some of it out through the overflow pipe of the radiator.

Questions Answered

Cleaning out Radiator

I have a 1912 touring car which has always afforded satisfactory service until recently. My present difficulty is that the radiator has a tendency to overheat. I believe the radiator is clogged with rust and would like you to inform me of an easy method of cleaning it. S. W. Nashua, N. H.

A.—The following has been found a simple but efficient method of cleaning rust and other sediment from radiator: Place car so that present cooling fluid can be drained off without touching tires. All pet cocks should then be closed and the radiator filled with clean water in which has been mixed about one quart of commercial muriatic acid. This can be obtained at any drug-store. After filling the radiator to the overflow pipe with this preparation place the cap in position and start motor. Allow it to run about five minutes at slow speed. This liquid should then be drained off and the radiator refilled with clean water. Start the motor and allow it to run from five to ten minutes at a fair rate of speed. This water should then be drained off. It is imperative that the radiator be clean of all cleaning solution. As an extra precaution it will be well to flush the radiator through with clean water once or twice during the week following the cleaning.

ENGINE KNOCKS.—My engine knocks when speeded up or going up grade. I retard my spark lever and it still knocks. A friend of mine has a car of another make which has a similar knock. We have had an expert working on them and they run nicely only knock on high power or going up grade. Can you suggest the remedy? J. T. W. Rogerville, Tenn.

A.—We have carefully noted what you say concerning the car owned by you and the one owned by your friend. We regret that you have furnished us with but little data on which to work and therefore it is almost impossible to intelligently advise as to the remedy. For your information we may advise that there are numerous conditions which could bring about the result such as you relate the most common of which are wrong ignition timing, carbon in the cylinders and faulty ignition current breaker. It would first be our suggestion that you have your mechanic carefully check up the ignition timing. It is essential that when the spark lever is fully retarded the spark must not take place in the cylinder until the piston has passed the top center point. After determining that the ignition is correctly timed carefully examine the breaker points. If they are pitted or burnt over they should be smoothed with a very

fine file and then set to the proper gap. If the points are loose or much worn they should be replaced with new ones. It may be stated that from the tone of your letter, the writer is of the belief that the majority of your trouble is located in the breaker. If there are heavy deposits of carbon in the cylinders due to the extreme heat in the cylinders this substance will become incandescent and thus preignite the gas charges. If the charges are ignited ahead of time the tendency is to turn the motor in the reverse direction but due to the momentum stored by the flywheel the engine continues to turn in the right direction but is made to labor. The remedy, of course, is to remove the carbon.

Current Events

U. S. WHEAT CROP DECREASES.—According to the government forecasters there will be a total wheat crop of only 654,000,000 bushels. The total last year was 1,912,000,000 bushels. A corn crop of 2,777,000,000 bushels is promised against a total last year of 3,055,000,000 bushels. Oats promise a yield of 1,274,000,000 bushels against a total crop last year of 1,540,000,000 bushels. The indicated yield of winter wheat is 455,000,000 bushels, against a crop of 655,000,000 last year; and of spring wheat 199,000,000 bushels against 357,000,000 bushels in 1915.

WORLD'S WHEAT CROP FALLS.—The International Institute of Agriculture says that with harvesting virtually completed in most European countries, the indications are that the world's wheat supply for 1916 will be almost 25 per cent less than last year. The gathering of crops on a large scale is now limited to North America, Great Britain, Russia and Scandinavia. The barley crop for the world is estimated at 20 per cent less than last year, although five per cent above the average. The total yield of oats it is predicted will be 22 per cent less than in 1915, but 15 per cent above the average.

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July	The Ruby, Symbol of Charity
August	The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

was absent; and her absence was explained in the appended letter, which he read with dismay and dejection:

"Dear Mr. Bryant:—Inclosed you will find the amount which you so kindly loaned me on Monday, and without which I should have been in sore straits. On reaching home that day, I found my mother dying. She was buried yesterday afternoon, and I'm now entirely alone in the world. I find that circumstances will not permit me to return to your employ, and when you receive this I shall have left New York. Pray do not think that because I do not see you and thank you personally before I go, I am ungrateful for all your recent and unexampled kindness to me. I am not, I assure you; I shall never forget it—it will be one of the sacred memories of my life, that in you, in a time of dire need, I found a true friend and helper.

"Sincerely yours, EDITH ALLANDALE."

The lawyer lost no time in hastening to Edith's late residence. There he learned from Kate O'Brien that Edith had already gone, but she knew not her destination. He stated that he wished to consult the young lady upon a business matter and that if Mrs. O'Brien should learn of her address, it would be considered a great favor if she would bring it to him. This the kind-hearted Irish woman agreed to do, and with a heavy heart the young lawyer returned to his place of business.

Meanwhile, Edith was being wheeled along the rails toward her destination. When the train reached New Haven, feeling faint, for she had not been able to eat much breakfast, she got out to purchase a lunch.

She entered the station and bought some sandwiches, together with a little fruit, and then started to return to the train.

Just in front of her she noticed a fine-looking, richly-clad couple who were evidently bound in the same direction.

The gentleman opened the door for his companion to pass out, but as she did so, the heel of her boot caught upon the threshold, and she would have fallen heavily to the platform if Edith had not sprung forward and caught her by the hand which she threw out to save herself.

As it was, she was evidently badly hurt, for she turned very white and a sharp cry of pain was forced from her lips.

"Are you injured, madam? Can I do anything for you?" Edith inquired, while her husband sprang to her aid, exclaiming, in a tone of mingled concern and impatience:

"What have you done, Anna?"

"Turned my ankle, I think," the woman replied.

Edith stooped to pick up the beautiful Russian leather bag which she had dropped as she stumbled, and followed the couple to the train, where, with the help of a porter, the injured lady was assisted into a parlor car.

The one adjoining it was the common passenger coach in which Edith had ridden from New York.

"Here is madam's bag, sir," she remarked to the gentleman, as, supporting his wife with one arm, he was about to pass into the Pullman.

"Are you going on this train?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; but I do not belong in the parlor car."

"Never mind; we will fix that all right. Bring the bag along; if you will be so kind," he returned, as he went on with his companion.

So Edith followed them to the little stateroom at one end of the car, where madam sank heavily into a chair, looking as if she were ready to swoon.

"Oh, get off my boot!" she pleaded.

Edith drew forward a hassock for her foot to rest upon, and then, with a face full of sympathy, dropped upon her knees and began to unbutton the boot, which, however, was no easy matter, as the ankle was already much swollen.

The train began to move just at this moment, and the young girl started to her feet, an anxious look sweeping over her face.

"Never mind," said the gentleman, reassuringly. "Unless you have friends aboard the train to be troubled about you, I will take you back to your car presently."

"I have no one—I am traveling alone," Edith responded.

"Then would it be presuming upon your kindness too much to ask you to remain with my wife?" he inquired. "I am perfectly helpless, like most men, when any one is ill and we know no one on the train."

"I will gladly stay, and do whatever I can for her," eagerly returned Edith.

As Edith, from time to time, continued her ministrations to the injured foot, rubbing it with alcohol, to reduce the inflammation, she was questioned by her new acquaintances, and informed them of her recent bereavement and of her lonely condition, and stated that she was going to Boston to try to secure employment.

She was applying the alcohol when the lady said:

"That will do for the present, Miss —. What shall I call you, please?" she remarked, signifying that she did not care to have the foot rubbed any longer at that time.

"Edith Allen—Oh, what have I done?" the young girl suddenly cried out, in a voice of pain, as the woman winced and gave vent to a moan beneath her touch.

"Nothing—do not be troubled, dear—only you happened to touch a very tender spot," explained the lady, trying to smile reassuringly into the girl's startled face. "No, your name is Edith Allen, that sounds very nice," she continued.

"I am fond of pretty names as I am of pretty people."

Edith opened her lips to correct her regarding her name; then suddenly checked herself.

It did not matter, she thought, if they did not know her full name. She might never see them again; she had a right to use only the first half of her surname, if she chose, and it would not be nearly so conspicuous as Allandale, which was so familiar in certain circles in New York.

Thus she concluded to let the matter rest as it was.

The acquaintance thus begun was productive of an utterly unexpected result. Before the trip was ended, the lady had induced Edith to accept the position of traveling companion to her, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. She stated that about a month previous she had lost the services of the female who had filled the position, and until this time had been unable to find a suitable person for the place.

Edith decided to try the position for a month; "then," she added, "if I meet your requirements, we can arrange for a longer time."

"Very well; I am pleased with that arrangement. And now, Edith—of course I am not going to be so formal as to address you as Miss Allen—"

"Certainly not," interposed Edith.

"What was about to remark," the lady went on, "that I think it is time we were formally introduced to you. My husband is known as Gerald Goddard, Esq., of No. —, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, and I am—Mrs. Goddard."

Edith wondered why she should have paused before speaking thus of herself; why she should have shot that quick, flashing glance into her husband's face as she did so.

She was a very handsome woman of perhaps forty-two or forty-three years. She was slightly above the medium height, with a magnificently proportioned figure. Her hair was coal-black, with a tendency to curl; her eyes were of the same color, very large and brilliant, and rendered peculiarly expressive by the long raven lashes which shaded them. Her complexion was a pale olive, clear and smooth as satin; her features were somewhat irregular, but singularly pleasing when she was animated; her cheeks slightly tinted, her lips a vivid scarlet, her teeth white as alabaster.

Later, when Edith saw her arrayed for an evening reception, she thought her the most brilliantly handsome woman she had ever seen.

As Mrs. Goddard finished speaking, Edith involuntarily glanced up at Mr. Gerald Goddard, when she was startled to find him sharply scrutinizing her, with a look which seemed to be trying to read her through and through.

His glance sent a strange chill running through her veins—a sensation almost of fear and repulsion; and she found herself hoping that she would not be obliged to see very much of the gentleman, even though she was destined to become an inmate of his home.

He was evidently somewhat older than his wife, for his hair was almost white and his face somewhat lined—whether from time, care, or dissipation, Edith could not quite determine.

He would have been called and was regarded by the society in which he moved as a remarkably handsome and distinguished looking man, who entertained "like a prince," and possessed an exhaustless fund of wit and knowledge. Nevertheless, Edith was repelled by him, and felt that he was not a man to be either trusted or loved, even though she had not been an hour in his presence before she was made to realize that his wife adored him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VENOM OF JEALOUSY.

And thus Edith became companion to the wife of the wealthy and aristocratic Gerald Goddard, who was known as one of Boston's millionaires.

Her duties were comparatively light, consisting of reading to Mrs. Goddard, whenever she was in the mood for such entertainment; singing and playing to her when she was musically inclined; and accompanying her upon drives and shopping expeditions, when she had no other company.

Edith, however, was not long in the household before she made the discovery that there was a skeleton in the family. At times Mr. Goddard was morose and irritable, and his wife displayed symptoms of intense jealousy. About five weeks after Edith's installation in the home, Mrs. Goddard's brother, Monsieur Correlli, a young sculptor, came there, on a visit to his sister. He was handsome and talented, and had come from France, to "do the United States," during a long vacation.

Mrs. Goddard was proud of her brother, and often acted as his escort, and was delighted to show him off to her friends and acquaintances in the most select of Boston society.

On returning to her home, after one of these receptions, she heard merry laughter in the library. Listening attentively, she discovered that it emanated from her husband and Edith, who sometimes, at his request, read to him during the frequent absences of his wife.

The demon of jealousy at once took possession of her. Suddenly entering the library she requested Edith to at once attend her in her boudoir. On arriving there the enraged woman gave way to her passion of jealousy. In blunt words she taunted the girl with attempting to steal the affections of her husband, and closed her bitter comments with the threat that "the woman who tried to win my husband from me would never accomplish her purpose. I would kill her!"

Edith did her best to assure the angry woman that her suspicions were unfounded, and in a little time Mrs. Goddard was half convinced that she had been too hasty in her accusations.

That night the pure girl calmly deliberated upon the subject, and recalled several occasions when Mr. Goddard had seemed to be deeply absorbed in the contemplation of her features, eying her with glances of undisguised admiration and rapture. She determined, therefore, to be a little more circumspect hereafter, and avoid giving him such opportunities.

Another trial awaited her about a week later. Emil Correlli had become quite attentive to her, seeking every chance to be alone with her, showering compliments upon her, and extolling her charms. On one of these occasions he was bold enough to propose marriage, and, before she could recover from her astonishment, had the effrontery to steal a kiss from her unwilling lips.

This bold affront, added to the previous unfounded accusations of Mrs. Goddard made Edith decide to leave the house at once. She announced her decision to her mistress; but that lady, in great humiliation, begged her to overlook her brother's impetuosity, saying that his conduct should be considered only "a tribute to her manifold charms," and that hereafter she would have no cause for complaint of either him or her.

The proud woman's deep contrition, and her earnest appeals, had the effect intended, and Edith decided to remain.

That evening a prolonged interview occurred between Mrs. Goddard and her brother. The result of it was that the sister agreed to do her utmost to place Edith beyond the reach of her husband by combining a scheme which would make her the bride of Emil Correlli.

Some days elapsed, and then an incident worthy of record occurred. Edith had been out for a stroll, and, just as she was retracing her steps along Commonwealth Avenue, an elegant carriage came slowly around the corner. The driver was in dark green livery, and seemed to be under the influence of stimulants. Suddenly he learned sideways, and fell off the box, landing on the ground.

Edith impulsively started forward, shouted "Whoa! to the horses, and lifted the reins. The animals stopped instantly, and in a moment a lovely face was thrust from the carriage window, and a sweet voice asked:

"Thomas, what is the matter?—what has happened?"

She stepped from the carriage and was soon informed of the accident, and its probable cause. She was a tall, elegantly formed woman, of perhaps forty-three years, with large, dark brown eyes and rich brown hair. Her skin was fair and flawless, as that of a girl of twenty, with a delicate flush upon her cheeks, and Edith thought her face the most beautiful she had ever seen.

A policeman presently appeared upon the scene, and the lady requested him to secure some competent person who would drive the vehicle to its stable. To secure attention to this request, she gave the policeman a bank note, and named the location of the stable. She then said to the coachman, who was engaged in brushing the dust from his clothing:

"Thomas, you may come to me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning—without the carriage."

As the coachman staggered off, the lady turned to Edith, thanked her for the service she had performed, and gave her a card bearing a name and address—"Mrs. I. G. Stewart, Copley Square Hotel, Boston, Mass."

At the solicitation of the lady, Edith gave her name, and stated that she was the companion to Mrs. Gerald Goddard, of Commonwealth Avenue.

This information caused Mrs. Stewart to turn pale, and otherwise manifest a strange agitation. She quickly recovered, however, and stated:

"Ah! I was introduced to Mrs. Goddard's brother, Monsieur Correlli, a few evenings ago, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Goddard. Now it is time for me to go, and I shall have to take an electric car to get back to my hotel. Again let me thank you for your timely service. I hope you and I will meet again some time; and, dear, if you should ever need a friend, do not fail to come to me. Good afternoon."

Shortly after the departure of Mrs. Stewart, as Edith was walking homeward, she was overtaken by Emil Correlli, who begged permission to attend her, as they were both bound for the same destination. It would have been rude to refuse, so Edith consented, although she would have preferred to go alone.

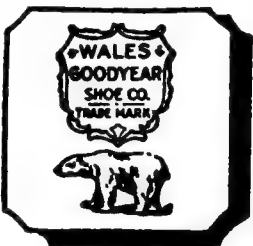
They had not advanced far before Edith became aware that they were followed by a woman, who kept parallel with them, on the opposite side of the street. Monsieur Correlli seemed unconscious of this fact, as he was apparently en-

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grosse, in the effort to entertain his companion with animated conversation. When they were within a few yards of Mrs. Goddard's residence, the woman suddenly darted across the avenue and placed herself directly in their path.

In an instant Emil Correlli seemed turned to stone, so motionless and rigid did he become. For a full minute his gaze was riveted upon the stranger, as if in horrible fascination.

"Giulia!" he breathed, at last, in a scarcely audible voice. "Le diavolo!"

The woman had a veil over her face, but Edith could see that she was very handsome, with a warm, Southern kind of beauty, although it was of a rather coarse type. She was evidently a foreigner, with brilliant black eyes, an olive complexion, scarlet lips and cheeks, and a wealth of purple-black hair, which was coiled in a massive knot at the back of her head.

She was of medium height, with a plump but exquisitely proportioned figure, as was revealed by her closely-fitting garment of navy-blue velvet.

The moment Emil Correlli spoke her name, she burst passionately forth, and began to address him in rapidly uttered sentences of some foreign language, which Edith could not understand.

It was not French, for she could converse in that tongue, and she knew it was not German. She therefore concluded it must be either Italian or Spanish.

As the girl talked, her eyes roved from the man's face to Edith's, with angry, jealous glances, while she gesticulated wildly with her hands, and her voice was fierce and intense with passion.

At last she paused in her tirade, simply because she lacked breath to go on, when Emil Correlli replied to her, in her own tongue, and with equal fluency; but in tones that were both stern and authoritative, while it was evident that he was excessively annoyed by her sudden and unexpected appearance there.

Finally, after another attempt upon the girl's part to carry her point, he stamped his foot imperatively, to emphasize some command, and, with a look which made her cringe like a whipped cur before him; when, shooting a glance of fire and hate at Edith, she turned away, with a crest-fallen air, and went, dejectedly, down the street.

Edith would have been glad, and had tried, to escape from this scene, for after the first moment of surprise upon being so unceremoniously confronted by the beautiful stranger, she had stepped aside, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

But, for some reason, no one came to the door, and she was obliged to repeat the summons, but feeling very awkward to have to stand there and listen to the altercation that was being

carried on so near her, although she could not understand a word that was said.

At last, just as Monsieur Correlli had delivered his authoritative command, the butler made his appearance, and let Edith in.

Before she could enter, the woman was gone, and Emil Correlli sprang up the steps, and was by her side.

He glanced anxiously down upon her face, which wore a grave and pre-occupied look.

He knew that she was wondering who the fiery, but beautiful and richly-dressed stranger was; knew that she could not fail to believe that there must be something suspicious and mysterious in his relations with her, and he was greatly exercised over the unfortunate encounter—he

He had set his heart upon winning her—he had vowed that nothing should stand in the way of her becoming his wife, and now this—the worst of all things—had happened, to compromise him in her eyes, and he secretly breathed the fiercest anathemas upon the head of the marplot who had just left him.

Later that evening, Emil Correlli took the first opportunity to explain the unfortunate circumstance to the wondering Edith. He stated that the girl was the daughter of an Italian florist, who had audaciously presumed to dun him for a small bill he owed her father for floral purchases.

This matter, satisfactorily explained, as he thought, he renewed his protestations of love to Edith, solicited her hand in marriage, and was staggered by her emphatic refusal.

Her refusal was reported to Mrs. Goddard by that lady's brother, and she counseled him to be patient.

"I have in mind," she said, "the germ of a most cunning plot, which must succeed in your winning Edith Allen," and then she proceeded to unfold her plan, which, for boldness, craft, and ingenuity, would have been worthy of a French intrigante of the seventeenth century.

"Anna, you are a tramp!" Emil Correlli exclaimed, admiringly, when she concluded, "If you can carry that out as you have planned it, it will be a most unique scheme—the best thing of its kind on record!"

"I can carry it out if you will let me do it in my own way; only you must take yourself off. I will not have you here to run the risk of spoiling everything," said Mrs. Goddard, with a determined air.

"Very well, then; I will go this very night. I will take the eleven o'clock express on the B. and A. I have such faith in your genius that I am willing to be guided wholly by you, and trust my fate entirely in your hands."

"I can write you from time to time, as the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

much, we'd grow soft and degenerate. On the other hand if calamities could make people quit wickedness, we would have been angels long ago. When a man has learned to control himself and live close to God, and he is learning to do it gradually in spite of many terrible backward slumps, learning to become more spiritual and less material, he will have the power to control the elements and make the storm clouds do his bidding. Already he can rise above the storm and float upon its angry breast. Remember there is no limit to what man will be able to do for man is of God. Not that old tribal God that the warring nations of Europe call to when they ask for help to destroy one another, but the universal Father, all good, all wise, who paints the wayside flower and lights the evening star, and who holds the heavenly bodies in their appointed places as they ceaselessly sweep from age to age through endless space. Thank you dear friend, for the things you say of me and my humble efforts to minister to the needs of the lowly of earth. Such encouraging words as yours make life worth living.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

PAINT BANK, VA.

I am twenty years of age; have black hair, dark eyes, fair skin and about five feet six inches tall. I am also blind in one eye. I am a Methodist, and a progressive. I have lived with Mr. and Mrs. John D. Reynolds of this place ever since I was five years old. They have raised me. Mother was a poor widow, and had to put her four older children out. They have been better to me than my parents could ever possibly have been. My foster-father has been magistrate of this place, for over forty years, and is still holding the office.

Uncle Charlie, I received your story-book a few months ago, and was tickled to death with it. It was so entertaining, and after supper every night I read aloud to ma and pa. I read your answers to the cousins' letters to them, also, and they laugh at your funny answers.

Uncle, I have something good to tell you; we had Christmas tree exercises last December, and I recited one of your poems and the whole church roared!

Dear Uncle, you are doing a noble work, and God will bless you in it. You are nearer the hearts of more people than any other person in the world. We COMFORT readers positively could not do without Uncle Charlie. I do not know of a single person who is acquainted with you through COMFORT who hasn't reserved a corner in his heart for you.

Pa is always anxious to see what your opinions are on various topics of the day.

The Texas gentleman that called you a Benedict Arnold should excite pity as well as indignation. If you are a Benedict Arnold, you were the pilgrim fathers, so was Thomas Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln. You are a true American if there ever was one.

You certainly will have many a gem in your crown. May you live long and prosper, and when we are all called away from this world, may we all meet in a better one, where I expect to shake hands with Uncle Charlie.

Haven't we any Indian cousins? If so, why don't they write?

Yours for Woman's Suffrage, ICEY MAY PATSEL.

Icey, I want you to convey to your foster parents the gratitude of myself and the COMFORT family for the lovely way they have treated you, a poor little orphan girl, and reared you to be such a fine specimen of womanhood. The penmanship in your letter is a rare treat. It did not strain my aching eyes to read it. So many adopted children are ill used, exploited and abominably maltreated at times, that I just feel like hugging anyone who is good to an orphan. I remember the day when there was nothing for the poor bereaved mother, left without her mate and supporter, but to put her children in institutions to be neglected and half starved. Now we have mothers' pension laws in no less than twenty-seven states. The same devoted band who brought mothers' pensions into existence are trying and will eventually succeed in passing an amendment to this law, providing that mothers who are forced to work and who have only their own earnings to depend on for support, shall receive a pension of forty dollars a month for two months before maternity and three months after the child is born—that would be two hundred dollars in all. This amendment will soon be introduced into the legislatures of the twenty-seven states which are now operating the mothers' pension system. The women of Colorado are going to see to it that it goes through their legislature. Here is an object lesson for you who don't believe in woman suffrage. Look what women's votes could accomplish for such a glorious project as this and other legislation on the same lines. The object of this amendment is to see that a mother is relieved of work and worry during the critical period when the child needs nourishment, nourishment that could not be given if the mother had to work. This plan has been tried in Europe for some years with excellent results. Institutions are being crowded with sickly, defective and feeble-minded children, because mothers are unable to supply proper nourishment to their babies at birth. Owing to these conditions the expense to the state has been enormous. There are 22,500 dependent children in the state of New York alone. These children cost the state millions of dollars. It is far more economical to see that the child has a chance to be well born than to have it starved at birth and later forced into an institution. Icey's mother twenty years ago was forced to part with her children. Today she could keep them around her if she happened to be a Mothers' Pension state, and give them the love and attention no institution can give. It would save the tax payers millions of dollars if mothers were relieved of work and worry just before and after child birth, and the gain to society and the state would be incalculable. It may interest you to know that under the Mothers' Pension system, ten million dollars is being spent yearly for the support of hundreds of thousands of children, that is at the rate of a hundred dollars per child. It costs nearly double that to keep them in institutions in wretchedness and misery. Icey, you are a lucky girl. Give your foster parents a hug for Uncle Charlie.

HEDGESVILLE, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a school girl of fourteen; I weigh one hundred and two pounds, am five feet six inches in height, I have auburn hair and fair complexion. I am in the eighth grade at school, but expect to finish this year and go to high school, at Hedgesville, the nearest town, which is about six miles from my home. I live in the mountainous part of West Va. I live on a farm about twelve miles from Martinsburg, the county seat of Berkeley Co. I go to school eight months in a year, beginning with September and ending in April. In summer I work out in the field and help my mother in the house too. My hobbies are going to school, riding horseback and music. I am the eldest of the children at home. I have one brother and sister. I attend Sunday school every Sunday. I am like most of the boys and girls around here, I am good while I am at Sunday school, and bad just as quick as I get home. How many girls my age can cook everything, and keep house all alone? I can bake pies, bread and cake. As I have already told before I am the eldest of the children, and the eldest child always has more and harder work to do than the younger children. Mamma says I do not work very hard, but I think different.

There is a skating rink one mile from my home, and I went there often last winter. I would like to see you skating when the ice is slippery. Uncle, I know you would make a good appearance. Just like I make when the ice jumps up and knocks me down.

Your niece, GRACE ODETTE BEALL.

Grace, yours is a bright little letter. I'm particularly interested in your hobbies which you say are: "Going to school riding horseback and music." I have heard of young ladies riding horseback, but never heard of them riding music. I know there is lots of music when some people ride, especially if they are seated on the back of a mule that declines to go. Of course it is possible that you ride the piano, parlor organ, or phonograph. It would be some fun to see you urging that very parlor organ of yours around the countryside, and when next you do it, I hope we may all be there to see. I have heard of musical rides, but never of riding music. The

next time you indulge in this musical hobby, put us wise, Grace, and we will all be on hand to see the stunt. I like your candor and frankness. You are good when in Sunday school and bad when out of it. I'm sorry that the influence of Sunday school is not strong enough to hold you except for the brief hour or so the session is being held. I'm not surprised for youth is rebellious and headstrong and does not take very cordially to spiritual things. The grown-ups, like the children, do not as a rule carry their religion far beyond the church door. If we had the right kind of religion and the right kind of preachers and teachers, religious influences would spread far beyond the Sunday school and church. When I look over the Sunday school lessons I am not surprised. Old Testament history has to be taught by a master mind to be made interesting to children. Even the biggest boned can hardly fail to make Christ's life story interesting. The way to impress children would be not to lock them up in school, but to take them around the countryside and explain to them the wonders of nature and wondrous work of nature's God. The humblest wayside flower provides a better inspiration for a sermon than fifty pages of Old Testament history. Take children to visit the sick, the helpless and the friendless, just as Christ would if He were on earth. Teach the boys to be chivalrous and protect not only their own, but other boys' sisters. Teach the boys and girls the need for sincerity, truth, honesty and upright living. Tell them of the great part they have to play in the uplift of the race and the development of this nation. Teach boys and girls that there is something higher in this life than the mere pursuit of pleasure, the indulgence of self. Teach self control, the glory of self sacrifice, devotion and service. There is more that is inspiring and ennobling to be learned from the life of Lincoln than from almost any character in old Testament history. The people of Israel didn't have all the prophets or all the heroes. Make spiritual things interesting. Teach the joy of being good for good's sake, not from the fear of hell or the hope of heaven. This is a big subject and I can only skim the surface of it here. Our Sunday school and churches are not doing one thousandth part of the good they could and should do. The harvest is plentiful but the laborers are not only few, but they don't know their business and they don't know how to get results. Teach a religion that lasts all the week, then we will have a world worth while. Christ gave us such a religion, but the church is afraid of Christ. Too much Christ would hurt business—and we mustn't hurt business.

NASHOBA, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have taken COMFORT for fifteen years and always enjoy Uncle Charlie's writings, especially the introduction.

I have Uncle Charlie's poems and think they are fine. I can't keep them at home half the time for the young people like to recite them. We use them at our Literaries, school exhibitions and have even spent hours reading them at other social gatherings. I often wonder how you can be so jolly and suffer like you do. I only had the toothache for about a month and was as cross as a bear.

Tell Maria and Billy the Goat I like them too. I am married to the dearest of Joes and have three little girls, aged two, three and five. My aim in life is to educate my children. Am even teaching school now so we can buy stock and make a living without raising cotton all our lives.

Wishing you many more years of usefulness, your friend,

MRS. ADDEA HARRIS.

So you can't understand, dear friend, how one can suffer and still be jolly. Well I suppose it is a mystery to a good many people. What can't be cured, however must be endured. Toothache for a month would drive anyone crazy, but if you knew that toothache was going to continue for the rest of your life, you'd decide to do one of two things, jump off the dock or use every atom of your will power to shut out the pain. When I first became an invalid I was irritable and rebellious. Then when I found kicking and complaining only made matters worse, I took the thing philosophically and made the best of it. I spent six years in hospitals and institutions. I schooled myself to shut out the most horrible sights and the most terrifying sounds. Many a funny song and poem have I written to the accompaniment of the death rattle. I didn't get calloused or hardened. I just built a little imaginary world of my own and lived in that and never came out of it except when forced to. Many and many a time when life has seemed unbearable, my responsibilities too great to be borne, and somebody was taking care of me while my guardian angels were out taking a little recreation, I've picked up the phone, preliminarily to calling up an ambulance to take me to a city hospital. Then I thought what a cowardly thing that would be to do—to run away like a cur dog from the battlefield of life, humiliated and defeated. Fortunately most of us have others dependent on us, and I have firm relatives, faithful and devoted friends, or helpless little children. I have my share of such. If it was only a matter of self we would give up. The thought of those other lives, the thought of those who have relied for us, suffered for us, acts as a bugle call to everything that is heroic and worthy in our natures. We cannot lay down our cross without making the crosses of others more than they can bear, and just as that resolve comes into our souls, that kindly Providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, lifts the cross of thorns a little from our tortured brows and eases the pain in our racked bodies and lights again the lamp of hope in the skies of despair. That's how Providence keeps doing with me. Just when I feel I can't endure another straw, and want to close my eyes and give up, some blessed ease will come. Sometimes it's a long, long time in coming but it always comes. We know that those little oases of ease in the great, dark, dreary desert of suffering and pain will eventually be reached, and know that finally will come that eternal oasis where pain will be no more, and that is what heartens us to go on. I hope you will succeed in educating your little ones without too much interference from the boil weevil.

WHEELER, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing to the Cousins' League because I'm interested in your rules. They are fine. Let every one keep them and they will make fine men and women. I'm fifteen years old. I would be glad to hear from any of the cousins. I have just written to two of the girls in the League and Mercy Work. I sent them a handkerchief apiece. I am the sheriff's daughter. Papa is holding office for the third term. We live in the jail. It is a nice place. We have a fine country out here. It is good and healthy. I never have been sick. I don't know what it would be like. I must praise you again. The League is the most wonderful thing. I like to read the COMFORT. I'm in the ninth grade. We have a large car.

Irene, I am delighted to meet the sheriff's daughter. You know I just can't get over you living in that jail. Strange you should select a jail as a place of residence. What did you and papa do to get sent to jail? The Goat says you didn't get sent, you got elected. We gather from your letter that this is the third time you have been elected to jail. That must be an awful mean bunch of people in your county, Irene, and they must have got it in for you, or you and papa must be awfully naughty, or they would not persist in electing you to jail. I'm glad that your jail is a nice place. None of the jails that I was ever in were particularly nice. They had too many bars in them, and as I am a strong prohibitionist I naturally object to bars. Do you think if I were to come down to Wheeler, Texas, I would get elected to jail? About the quickest way to get to jail down South would be to make a speech on woman suffrage. Never mind, if the men put me in jail for talking on that subject the women would soon pull me out. I tell you right now Irene, I'd rather be in jail in progressive Texas than walking about free in some sections of these United States. I've a warm spot in my heart for Texas, though it is nearly thirty years since I honored your state with a visit. I hope some day Irene, you will be

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able to catch Mr. Villa and put him in one of your cells, and if you could only go over to Europe and catch the Austrian and German Kaisers, the Czar and King George, and put them all in nice, warm cells in your jail, then hire me to come down and do the cooking for them, I would not charge you a cent for my professional services. I'd cook up a nice little lynching bee, and when it was all over there would be peace on the Rio Grande and peace in Europe. I've always had a strong desire to remove the kinks from the world, and now that we've got a sheriff's daughter who owns a private jail, I don't see why I should not get busy and do the job up in good shape. So you have a large car. What's the good of a car to people who live in jail? Irene, here's a conundrum for you: "Why are the prisoners in your jail like an automobile?" Give it up? "Because they have been refined." Here's another one Irene, I got this out of Billy the Goat's joke book. "Why is Texas the most militaristic state in the Union?" "Because even the oil wells are being drilled." Irene, I'm not surprised that you take an interest in shut-ins, considering the number of them you have in your jail.

ADA, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I thought perhaps you could give me some information that would enable me to earn some money. I'm a telephone operator, but I wish to join the movies. Which company is the best to apply to is what I want to find out. I want the address of reliable, good paying companies. Could you send me some.

I am sincerely, ESTHER HOBSON.

Esther, take my advice and give the movies a wide berth. There are a few people who make immense sums out of the movie business, but the rank and file don't make a bare existence and won't do until the business is organized, just as the actors and the railroad employes have had to organize their business. The amusement business attracts more skins, frauds, sharks and shysters than any other industry or profession. If a girl is very beautiful and very clever and has a whole lot of influence both the stage and the screen offer opportunities for money making not found in any other line of effort. Directly however, a girl gets in the limelight, unless she has a will of iron, a character of steel, the fortitude of a saint, the resisting power of a Gibraltar, she will be the prey of many villains who haunt every avenue of the amusement business. For every girl who can go through this fiery furnace unscathed, a hundred fall by the wayside. Throw scores or hundreds of young people together of either sex, girls without chaperone or protection, and young men, cold, calculating and conscienceless, wise to every worldly wile of the libertine and the debaucher, and you know what is going to happen to the girl. The artistic temperament (and nearly all who gravitate towards the stage and screen have that temperament in a lesser or greater degree) is a hard thing to control, and it leads people to perpetrate unconventional acts which make the average person stand aghast. Promiscuity, which invites familiarity is the greatest menace to morals. Men who would not dare accost a girl on the street and who would not be allowed to cross the threshold of a hog pen, let alone enter a decent home, can in the movie business, act with the greatest familiarity and find the movie rehearsal environment an ideal field for exploiting their peculiar devilry. In New York the supernumeraries and "extras" who fill out the backgrounds of the spectacular films, have been scandalously exploited by the agents who hire the hordes of people needed in many of the picture plays. The company pays three dollars a day, the agent takes half and for his dollar and a half the poor movie "fan" may have to hang around for hours and hours and at times do a number of stunts that would make a Carnegie medal hero look sick. The screen super is organizing to protect their interests and get a living wage for their strenuous work. I know a young lady, bright and attractive who had screen fever. She had come into quite a snug little legacy and she determined to break into the work. She spent six or seven hundred dollars on costumes, another hundred dollars on photographs (the latter she left in bunches with all the movie agents in New York). She had no artistic ability, but she made a fine appearance. I got a friend of mine, a movie director to take an interest in her. In four weeks she earned the large sum of ten dollars. Her living expenses, carfare, etc., in the meantime cost her seventy-five dollars. She found that to get on in the movies she had to pay the price, a price no decent, honorable woman will pay. She took my advice and got out of it.

The picture business is a fine one for girls to stay out of.

MIDWAY, WASH. CO., PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

You sure write some fine pieces. I agree with you where you speak about feeding the brain with good reading as well as the body with food. I surely like to read and believe me, people can learn a whole lot by reading your pieces. I don't see where you get time to write the pieces you do, and take care of the cousins' letters as well. And you must read a lot also to get all the knowledge you have. I believe in (CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

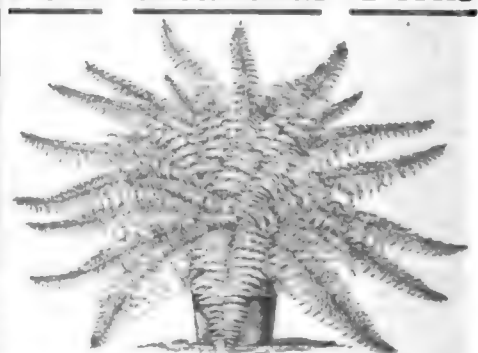
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

E. C., Cartersville, Ill.—It would be quite proper for you to write a letter of sympathy to an old sweetheart whose wife had died. As you are married and your sweetheart days were years ago, such a letter could only be as one from a dear friend.

Blue Eyes, Atlanta, Ga.—If you were deceived and knew nothing of the drinking habits of the man you married there may be a reason why you should leave him if he continues to drink and conduct himself as he does. If you knew before that he was a drunkard, there is no reason now why you should leave him. On the contrary, you should stay with him and try to reform him, as many girls who marry drinkers to reform them think they can do, to their lifelong sorrow. As to going on the stage to make your own living, if you have the ability and a good position is offered you at the beginning, as you state, the risk is not much greater than in other gainful positions taken by women. The atmosphere of the stage, however, is not a healthy one and we would not recommend it except in particular cases. There are many high-minded men and women on the stage, but who are not and the majority rules in the result.

Sweet Genevieve, Mannington, Va.—First cousins may kiss all they please—their parents, brothers and sisters but first cousins, or any other cousins of different sex should not kiss to excess. A lady may write to her first cousin first, but ordinarily cousins don't wait on etiquette in their correspondence.

Two Friends, Verona, N. Y.—When a lady twenty years old is told of her lover's love and he asks her to marry him and kisses her, etiquette does not prescribe any rule of action on her part, for the inference may be drawn that she would be within the rules of propriety if she kissed him in return for his kisses and other courtesies. (2) When girls and boys of school age go driving they should have a chaperon.

Comfort Reader, Smithfield, Utah.—It is a matter largely of circumstances and personal acquaintance as to whether a lady shall say "Thank you," when asked to dance. If everybody says it at the dances which you attend, it would be just as well to follow the custom. Don't try to make fashions unless you are a great power socially.

Bride-to-be, Mt. Carmel, Ill.—The announcement of a wedding is made in the name of the parents of the bride usually, but when that is not possible, then in the name of the guardians, to the friend at whose house the ceremony took place, or in the name of the groom's parents, or people. Sometimes among the unconventional the announcement is made in the name of the bride and groom. If you have your cards printed, as they should be, or engraved, you will find various forms at the printer's.

Green Eyes, Anderson, S. C.—An engaged young lady should not receive presents or other attentions from young men except by and with the consent of her fiancé. A sensible man engaged to a girl not living in his neighborhood will not be too exacting and will trust to her own sense of the propriety of not to cause gossip by being too popular with the young men. An engaged girl, if she cares very much for the man, will not care so very much for society and when she does go into it she will do so with proper regard for the absent one. At the same time, engaged couples, separated from each other, need not exclude themselves from the world.

Anxious, Eufoia, N. C.—A young woman of twenty-three should have tact if she hasn't much else, and tactfulness is one form of politeness. When the young man asked you if he might call and you did not reply, and then asked if he might write to you and you still gave him no answer, how could you expect him to continue the acquaintance? Don't try to win him back. He will not come. One trial was enough. What you should do now is to take a few lessons in tactfulness so you will know what to do with the next young man you meet.

Jennie, Nutley, N. J.—No, Miss it is not "the write thing for a girl of sixteen to walk home from school with a highly respectable lady's man." Nor any other kind of a man. She should stay at "school" until she has learned how to spell it. What kind of orthography teachers do they have in Nutley? (2) You would be just as well off if instead of going to the movies with a young man of eighteen, you made up movie parties and all go together. (3) Custom permits the exchanging of rings, but etiquette does not recognize it. Don't do it, until you are engaged.

Real Lover, Allons, Tenn.—A man past thirty always must have rather hard sledding in courting a girl of nineteen, but a man of thirty-five has it rather easy when the girl is twenty-five. You see, ten years difference in ages isn't near as much as the girl of twenty-five as it is to a girl of nineteen. As this one has had you wait two years and still isn't ready, perhaps you might get her if you waited until she is twenty-five. Our advice to you is that you let your love continue, but let your attentions cease. She couldn't get a better husband than you could be, but she doesn't think so yet and will not until she thinks she has lost you and the best chance of all. Don't snub her or show any signs of hurt feelings, but be nice and pleasant as usual, only don't play the lover any more until the signs become favorable. If they never do, then make up your mind that love goes where it listeth and nobody can drive it. You are in a position where you might drive it some, but you would be a brute if you did. Be a man and take your medicine, if you must.

Hirt, Augusta, Ga.—There are clerks who presume upon their "store acquaintance" with ladies, to speak to them whenever they meet them on the street, or elsewhere, but the wise clerk, who knows his manners, never makes a break of that sort, if we may use a bit of slang. We should not call it impertinence, but it is an ignorance of polite usage which is just as bad. If Augusta clerks are given to the practice why not suggest to their employers, without mentioning names, that they give their clerks some lessons in good manners? Write a communication to the town newspapers. They are the great correctors of abuses of all kinds. (2) To you and to other inquirers for addresses of inquirers in COMFORT let me say that we cannot give them as that is a newspaper rule prevailing everywhere.

American Beauty, Skeel, Mich.—As you love both young men, which means that you don't love either very deeply, but the English one loves you better than the German one does, though you like the German a little better because you are German, just remember that you are now American and secondly that the girl, who marries a man more than an American, is almost sure of making a safer and happier marriage than to marry the man who is a little indifferent. An indifferent sweetheart makes a worse husband. Besides, marrying one who is not German will get you away from the foolish idea that whatever is German is better than whatever is not.

Inquisitive, Haleyville, Ga.—The young ladies of Haleyville are showing their good manners and their good morals by snubbing you right and left. You say you are engaged to a girl away from there and yet you are trying to hide it and trying to deceive the Haleyville girls, and get one or more of them interested in you. Don't you realize that that is dishonorable in every particular? Can't you understand that as far as your honor and loyalty are concerned you are under the same obligations to your fiancée as though she were your wife? If you do not, now is the time you were learning and also profiting by what you learn. Here's hoping the Haleyville girls will snub you worse than ever, and that your fiancée will follow suit.

Peggy, Glasgow, Mont.—It might be proper enough for the gentleman to give the lady a ring of friendship, but if she is friendly to herself as will not wear it. Rings are not good mannered presents.

Brown Eyes, Meridian, Miss.—We suppose your parents object to your going with the young man you love because they can see that he is so jealous he becomes angry when you speak to any other young man and they know that if you marry a man of that type you are sure to live unhappily ever afterwards. They don't want to let their daughter foolishly get into such a trap, and they object as they should. This is not etiquette, but it is good hard common sense, and you had better accept it or you'll be sorry enough by and by.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

cause of all this unhappiness. Do you not see, dear boy, how badly you make me feel when I am trying so hard to help you to be the little man I have always desired you to be," or words to that effect.

I find this way of managing my children brings the best results. I notice sometimes when I feel that I am impatient and speak crossly, my children resent it, not by word perhaps, but they are not so quick to respond.

Mrs. Wilkinson, is my letter too lengthy? If not, may I tell you my opinion of city life against country life? I was born and lived in the city until a year after I was married, then we moved into a small country town where my husband went into business. We lived there ten years. I will not describe the country conditions as most of you know what they are. After living here ten years we bought a forty-acre farm. It was as pretty a small farm as anyone could desire, and we were two and one half miles from a pretty village, but here again the same hard country conditions—wells dried up in summer and oh, the monotony of country life—it nearly crazed me. We remained there only one year and I could not endure it longer. Schools are so inferior to city schools and the city children are more innocent than country children. Country children see and know too much of Nature which is not good for too young minds. I do not mean by this that I believe in keeping children ignorant. No, for my children have been well instructed in regard to the sanctity of their bodies and how to safeguard themselves but I do not think it necessary, or wise, to go into the great details of nature such as is brought before the eyes of country children every day and which, in my opinion, belittles and vulgarly lowers the sexes, which should be highly respected, as God intended. I have often heard little children in the country talking indecently. Poor little ones, they are not to blame. Such things are happening daily before their innocent eyes and then they have their elders discharging the health of their farm stock. Little ears are wide open and often hear too much. I do not mean this for all farmers for I know many who realize these things and guard their children.

We finally sold our farm and came to this beautiful city of about 114,000 inhabitants. We have a large modern house, all improvements, such as electricity, and steam heat and there are no better schools for miles. The city is proud of its schools and is doing everything possible for the children. Domestic Science for girls is one fine branch of training and manual training is excellent for the boys. Children's health is carefully looked after as school nurses are always in attendance. Little ones have had better health since we came to the city. I find the city much more sanitary than the country. Streets are cleaned every day, all rubbish and refuse collected daily and all back yards must be as clean as front lawns. There are no accumulations of dirt, on the average, I think there is more sickness in the country. I apologize for the length of this letter and trust that no sister will bear me ill will on account of my opinions.

With best wishes to all, I am, a devoted sister, "GEORGIE."

Georgie. Even if you hadn't made it a request I think I would have withheld your name and address, else a crowd of ordinarily happy but temporarily indignant sisters would descend upon you and your happy city home and each one would insist upon explaining just why her country home was not inconvenient or lonely, and then what would you do? I know you've been properly humble in stating your opinions, but at that, I think some of the country sisters will consider it their duty to explain matters to you. —Ed.

NORTH BEND, OREGON.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading Mrs. Aldridge's letter, I am sorry for her and for her little boy. If I were you, sister, I'd never whip him to make him say his prayers and if I may say so, I do not like the prayer you have for him. "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." Some children will ponder over the idea of dying and do I know you've been properly humble in stating your opinions, but at that, I think some of the country sisters will consider it their duty to explain matters to you. —Ed.

Mrs. K. of West Virginia, you voiced my sentiments exactly regarding large families and I am from a family of nine and know a little bit about it. I had rather give my time and attention to the three boys I already have than to have to care for more children. Large families are all right if the parents are able to care for them.

Now if I may make one more suggestion I will go. Mrs. A. Hunsley, instead of the sisters defending their respectability, if you wished them to do, why not let it go and forget it. Even if Mrs. McKnight was unjust, I won't say she was, I hope the sisters are broadminded enough to know there are just as fine, noble-minded men East as West or in one state as another, so let's not turn our corner into a place for petty quarrels.

Children of different ages are more interesting to me than all the others for I want to bring my boys up as near right as I can. Their ages are four, six and eight years. They are as good as girls to help me about the house. We are living on a rented ranch near Coos Bay and like it fine, all except the fleas.

With love to the sisters and our editor,
Mrs. E. H. SMITH.

Mrs. Smith. Some authorities urge that in this day of teaching children the secrets of beginning of life we should also teach them more of the end of life, but this should be avoided until the questions of the child make it necessary and then strive to impart the knowledge in such a way as to bring a clearer conception of God's love and care. A normal, healthy child knows no fear, not even that of death, but is quick to receive and retain impressions and while it may be wiser not to tell the whole truth at one time, enough information should be given to set the little mind at rest for the time and prevent any secret ponderings. Much depends on the child itself for one of the happy-go-lucky type will accept any reasonable explanation and be satisfied with it while another child of a nervous, extremely imaginative temperament, will require a more careful explanation.—Ed.

CRUM, W. VA.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter from this part of West Virginia I thought I would ask to join your cheerful corner.

I live in the beautiful and picturesque valley of Tug river. The Alleghany mountains surround this village. Any direction you look nothing can be seen but mountains. The principal occupations are farming and lumbering.

I am a blue-eyed girl of thirteen. I wish more of the sisters would write of labor-saving conveniences in the home, especially in the kitchen. I am not lazy but I like anything that saves labor. A woman has enough to do, without making a number of unnecessary steps.

Our state is now dry and no intoxicating drinks can be shipped in. Many little children are getting bread and clothes that didn't get them before.

I believe in girls helping their mothers with the work. I have seen girls out having a good time and their poor tired mothers working themselves to death. I never stop until I have the dinner dishes washed. I can't see why anybody contends telling little children about Santa Claus. The happiest days of my life was when I went to bed expecting old Santa Claus to come down the chimney, and fill my stockings with goodies. A verse of a poem, which I once recited expresses my sentiments:

"Let the children have their Christmas, let them have it while they may,



What would he give for the coffee you serve?

Like a million other women, you can serve coffee that he would give most anything to have—coffee which starts the day "right" for all.

Everyone loves the rich flavor of Arbuckles' Coffee. Of all the coffees in America today, it is by far the most popular!

Today there are whole towns where Arbuckles' is practically the only coffee used. In one State, alone, in a year, four pounds of Arbuckles' Coffee was used for every man, woman and child in the State—four times as many pounds of coffee as the population of the State! Arbuckle Bros., New York.

One woman says: "My husband used to swallow his coffee and hurry off. Now we have Arbuckles' and you'd think it was Sunday the way he lingers over his breakfast."

Until you try Arbuckles' you will never know what a difference good coffee can make in your home.

Life is short and childhood fleeting, and there will surely come a day

When old St. Nicholas will pass by the close shut door, Missing all the merry faces that greeted him of yore."

I would like to hear from any of the sisters and will answer all letters.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters,
MISS VIRGINIA QUEEN.

SPRINGFIELD, 727 E. Dale St., Mo.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have had COMFORT in my home since 1910 and while it is one of the cheapest papers I subscribe for, it is the only one that is read from cover to cover. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters but they are so well written that I have hesitated about writing for I cannot express myself as well.

But when I think of letters I have read where mothers do not approve of telling children there is a Santa Claus, I cannot keep silent. If my child had lived I would have had a little son four years old and he would have believed there was a Santa Claus, and I would have been much displeased if anyone had informed him differently. I was a child once myself and I remember that I was very fond of my mother and there was nothing too much trouble for her if it made our Christmas happy. My sister and I both retain the same Christmas spirit. She has three children and every year there are elephants, cows, cats and dogs all made from the best cookie dough, and we have our homemade candies too, which are more wholesome than cheap candy. Christmas is a happy time in our family. Sister does not teach her children that Santa comes down the chimney, nor do they even hang up their stockings. Neither does she believe in sending them to bed in suspense, but generally while they are eating supper one of the older ones opens the door and places the things on the floor, as though Santa had pitched them in. Then the whole family indignant together. They sit down and the presents are distributed, then they have the whole evening in which to play with their presents and go to bed too happy for words.

Now I don't see any harm in letting them believe there is a Santa, no more than to read fairy tales and myths to them and how do you expect to enlarge their imagination if you do not let them have any intelligence at all, as they grow older they will understand the Santa Claus question in the same way they do fairy tales and they will laugh at the dear old times they had when they were young and think no more about being deceived than if it never happened. I am sure I don't feel cross at my mother or my sister for deceiving me and I never mistreated her because of what she told me about Santa Claus.

The easiest way the primary teachers reach the little ones is through teaching them stories about myths. My little nephews and nieces always come home with a new story and we older ones listen as though we had never heard it before, but there are very few I haven't heard, for our mother used to tell us a story every night or whenever she could find time. And I don't think there is any harm in teaching children there is a Santa Claus.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson success, I am,
MRS. SCOTT SHERER.

CAMP SAN SABA, TEXAS.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just been reading the good letters from the sisters in the August number of our COMFORT and I was especially interested in the one written by Mrs. C. E. West of Coalinga, Cal., for I too am a bride of six months and am interested in beautifying our home. There seems to be a contrast in our surroundings, Mrs. West, for while you are located in almost

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

being alive and sharp on every-day happenings. I bet you would have some fun if you were here helping us search round the farm for night prowlers. Uncle Charlie, you ought to see my sister and I; at night one of us will take the search-light and the other will take the rifle, and when we hear the dogs bark, away we go out to the chicken pen and all around the barn hunting for the thieves. There was a family not far from us had two hundred chickens stolen; and there was two hundred chickens stolen from another farm.

Well, Uncle Charlie, I am still hoping for the day to come when you can come and spend a year or so with us. In this month a great man was born. He is fifty-three years of age. Here's hoping that he lives to be a hundred years anyway. With love,
RHODA KILSO.

Rhoda, I am glad you like to read my pieces as you call them. I try and stuff a lot of information, a little fun and some worthwhile progressive ideas into my dope, and many people write me they learn a lot from the matter I gather together for their instruction and entertainment. There are however a number of feather-brained, empty-headed, wildly emotional, badly balanced frivolous people who will read nothing in a magazine but stories, and they want to tear my department up by the roots and throw it out. They forget that life is real, life is earnest, and so all the good matter that is put into COMFORT, all its interesting and instructive departments, are wasted as far as they are concerned. If we put but one kind of food into the body we'd soon grow sick and die. People who put only the very lightest kind of mental diet into their brains soon show signs of mental starvation. Once upon a time household magazines contained little else but fiction. People hadn't reached the stage where they wanted to think and know. People who did think spoke contemptuously of the household magazine. To them it was nothing but a trashy story paper, but in most cases it is so no longer. People of the frivolous turn of mind resent the vast improvement that has been made in household publications. They want to wallow in romance to the exclusion of everything else. The passion for knowledge however is spreading and the fiction fanatic is less in evidence than of yore. I am quite concerned Rhoda, at the dreadful time you are having with your chickens. I read recently that owing to the scarcity of labor in the North several hundred thousand colored gentlemen from the South had migrated to New England, Pennsylvania and other Northern states. Maybe some of those two hundred chickens heard they were coming and rushed out to meet them. One never can tell. It must be some sight to see you girls getting out of bed at night with search-light and "rifle" marching out to the chicken pen looking for thieves. As dogs generally bark all night, I don't see how you get much sleep. I think if I were you I'd move my bed out, and let the dog sit on the edge of the bed with a "rifle" in each hand, then I think you and the chickens could sleep in security. By the way you'll have to explain to me what a "rifle" is, as it always used to be a rifle when I went to school. The Goat says he wagers that the fellow who stole two hundred chickens from a neighbor of yours had a brunette complexion all right. Talking of thieves, that reminds me of a story I heard the other day. During the revolution in Dublin, an old Irishman went nosing around some of the deserted stores looking for loot. He struck a shoe store, managed to force an entrance and appropriated a pair of well evening slippers. These he took out on the stoop, sat down and tried to put them on, but she could not force her hoofs into them. She then deposited the slippers on the stoop, hustled back into the store and appropriated a huge pair of super dreads, which fitted her to perfection. When she got back on the stoop, she discovered the beautiful evening slippers had disappeared, and immediately ejaculated in a voice quivering with indignation and disgust: "Glory be to God, who would ever have thought there were such dirty thaves in the city of Dublin." Rhoda I'm grieved to find they have such dirty thaves in the city of Midway. The Goat says he thinks the reason the chickens have pens in your state is because they live in the State of Pennsylvania. I'll make him do penance for that.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Isaac Price, Lenoir, R. R. 2, Box 70, N. C. Invalid for forty-five years. Depends on charity

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

A Corner for Boys

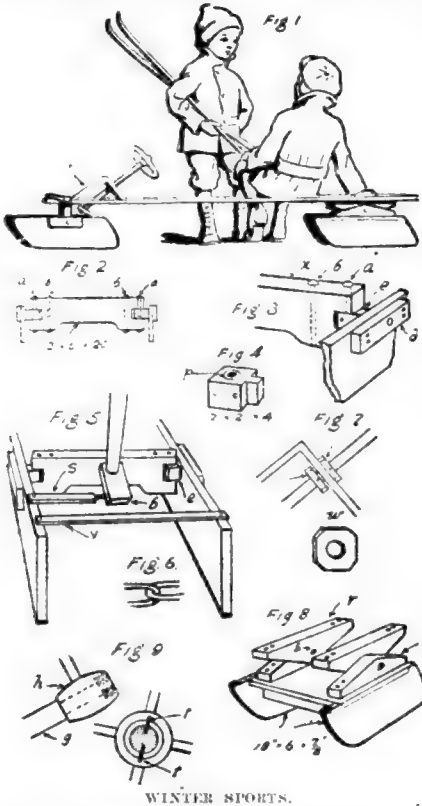
By Uncle John

"A

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a happy New Year to you all," is my most earnest wish. I hope the good St. Nicholas will bring you just the things your hearts have craved and that the spirit of this glad season will live in your souls for many a day. I sometimes wonder, if, in all the world, there is one person so cold and self-centered that he does not feel the thrill of the Christmas spirit. It is an indefinable, subtle, vague sort of urging, that makes us want to help others. It fills our hearts with love and generosity and exalts and magnifies the good qualities of others. I often wonder just what causes it, and because it is such a warm and pleasant feeling, I wonder why we let it depart so quickly. Is it possible that all our lives could be as happy as the holiday week if we so willed it? And if so, why do we not will it? Will we have to wait until some great genius springs up and shows us how? Perhaps this is one reason why the Christ child was born to the human race? The angel said: "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy," and, having brought the joy, left us to guard it or to waste and abuse it and cast it aside. I believe you will find much pleasure and profit in studying this age-old story of the first Christmas, and I hope you will apply it not merely at Christmas-time but govern your daily life accordingly.

Auto Bob Sled

This picture shows a distinct improvement in the steering gear of a bob sled which may be explained as follows. In Fig. 5, when the steering post is turned, the block "b" swings and pulls the strip "s" which is attached to the runner. Both runners instantly respond because they are connected by the crosspiece "x." The large cross-



WINTER SPORTS.

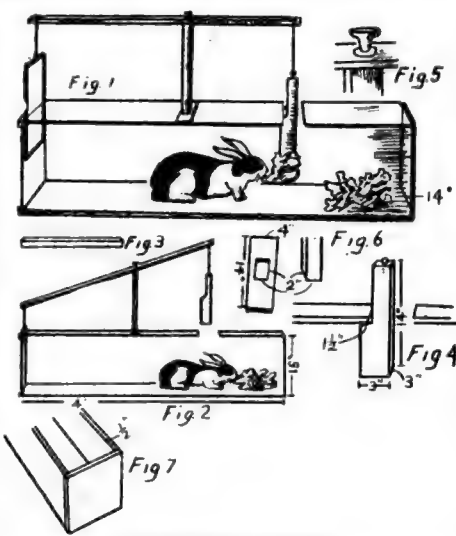
piece "x," upon which the plank rests, does not swing. It is movably attached to the swing blocks "e." Fig. 6 shows the movable joint connecting the parts "s" and "b." Fig. 2 is an end view or elevation of the front sled. The bolts "a" serve as hinges and make it possible for the runners to turn right and left; the bolts "b" strengthen the crosspiece and prevent splitting. The picture, Fig. 3, makes this more understandable. The bolt "a" passes loosely through the block "e." "d" is a one by three by eight block screwed on the runner to reinforce it at this point. Fig. 4 is a separate view of the pivot block "e." It is made of hard, non-splitting wood like ash or maple. The hole "p" receives a one half inch bolt loosely enough to permit easy turning without wobbling. It should be kept well greased. Fig. 7 illustrates how the steering post is kept from moving up and down. Nuts like "w" which may be made of hard wood, are screwed to it above and below the slant piece "z." Study "z" in Fig. 1. Fig. 8 shows the construction of the rear sled or follower. Hard wood runners, preferably steel shod, are used and a platform of one-inch boards is built upon them. Upon the platform, the lower rocker blocks "u" are permanently bolted. They are three inches thick and of sound hard wood. Their height in the center is four inches and at the ends one and one half inches. Length about fourteen inches. The upper rocker blocks "r" are the same. A three quarter inch bolt passes loosely through the holes "b." Fig. 9 gives views of the steering wheel. The post "g" is two inches in diameter and, as shown by dotted lines, reduces to one and one half inches near the end to receive the hub "h." Wedges "c" are driven into the top of the post to keep the hub from pulling off. Perhaps you will be able to find a scrap wheel from some farm implement that will do for this purpose. An important point to note is the fact that the part "b" in Fig. 5, one by three by eight inches, tilts upward in front. The steering post meets it at right angle. In the finished drawing you can see this more clearly. Other decorations and elaborations may be added to this double runner to make it look more like an auto. Use clear, sound wood and paint it and keep all bearings and moving parts greased.

Good Books

The boy who is not acquainted with good literature is missing a great deal of pleasure and considerable mental profit. If I could find anything now in all the world that would give me as much enjoyment as the reading of Scott and Dickens and Dumas did when I was a boy, I would consider myself very fortunate. The cheap, trashy novels that seem so easy to acquire are only feeble imitations of the stories of the masters. Read one or two good books and you will never care for the inferior kind again if you find a discriminating mind. Very rarely do we find a person so ignorant that he cannot tell a good story from a weak or overdrawn one. Some persons read for pleasure, some to acquire knowledge some for inspiration and some just to kill time. Whatever your purpose may be, I believe it will better accomplish with the aid of a brilliant mind than with that of a mediocre one. Books are inexpensive and accessible everywhere. The multimillionaire who lives in luxury cannot afford better mental associates than you can. Begin, therefore to get acquainted with the giant minds of the earth at once.

Rabbit Trap

It is a well-known fact that rabbits are an actual menace to farmers in many parts of the country. I have seen moving pictures of communities where hundreds of thousands were killed in a single day. If you are at war with the bunny tribe you might try this trap. The main part is a box three feet long and fourteen inches square. The open end is fitted with a door that slides up and down between cleats. On the center of the top of the box a permanently fixed post two inches square and ten inches high is



THE TRAPPED BUNNY.

placed. On top of this a strip two inches wide one half inch thick and twenty-four inches long is placed with the pivot or post six inches to the right of the center. On the long part of this seesaw piece the door hangs and the bait stick is suspended from the other end. Fig. 6 shows the slight bevel or slant on that part of the bait stick which engages with the slot in the box top. When the rabbit enters and pushes on the bait, which may be a head of cabbage, the stick is released and flies upward. By virtue of its weight, the door then falls and the opening is closed and the marauder trapped. The seesaw strip is held loosely by one nail, as indicated by Fig. 5. I do not see how you can fail to understand all parts of this plan, but if you do, write and let me know. Don't send me trap plans unless they are new. This is the only slight change in one I have seen for many years.

Unique Farm Product

In France there is a five-hundred acre farm devoted entirely to the production of small trees from which umbrella handles are made. Naturally, the trees used for this purpose must be quite small, so the farm is, in reality, a large nursery. Ash, oak, chestnut and maple are the principal kinds of wood grown. A year after planting, the saplings are cut off close to the ground so they will branch out, and the several shoots are kept free from stems. The following season, incisions are made in the bark and various designs are worked in, for strange to say, when the wood is finally stripped, the markings appear, nicely engraved. The small limbs may be bent and twisted into ornamental shapes, while still growing, but most of them are perfectly straight and are shaped in factories. It is a unique branch of agriculture and the proprietor of the farm has amassed considerable wealth through the marketing of his queer product.

Riddles

What does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The needy have and the rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?—Nothing.

Why is "I" the luckiest vowel?
Because it is the center of "bliss," while
"e" is in Hades and all the others in purgatory.
Those who have not got me do not wish to have me;
those who have me do not wish to lose me;
those who gain me have me no longer.
A lawsuit.

Puzzle

The pictures in each square represent the name of a Christmas gift that any boy would be glad



to receive. There are twelve in all. Can you guess them.

Answer to Christmas Gifts Puzzle

1. Dom-in-o Set—Domino Set.
2. Corn-net—Cornet.
3. Fish-pon-d—Fish Pond.
4. Check-cur-board—Checker Board.
5. Foot-ball.
6. Tennis.
7. Basket-ball suit.
8. Sled—Sled.
9. Stocking Cap.
10. Man-dough-1-eye-N—Mandolin.
11. Eye-van-hoe—Ivanhoe.
12. Car-pen-Tea-ER Two-Is—Carpenter Tools.

There, dear boys, is all for this month. The next number of COMFORT will usher in a new year and I hope it will be a happy one for all of us. The year that is nearing completion has been a fruitful one. Many of you have written me bright, chatty letters and made valuable suggestions and for this I am truly grateful. I have tried to interpret your wishes and desires, my main effort being to please the greatest number, and, I confess, that I have felt, all along, my inability to do this without your cooperation. Send me anything that you believe is new enough not to be generally known about by the boys of the country

and I will be pleased to tell them about it through the Boys' Corner. Again, let me repeat my wish to you, for a happy and prosperous New Year.

"UNCLE JOHN."

Clubby's Regeneration

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Clubby suggested the big boy took up with spirit. They ate candy and oranges and apples and cakes, but before they began to eat, Clubby had some very hot soup that a very real old dream lady brought in.

And they wore the funny cotton caps, and chased each other with ticklers and blew loud blasts on tin whistles. Northcross put all sorts of loud, bangy pieces on the phonograph that made a lot of noise and they marched and jumped and had such a good time.

Once while they were tumbling about, the beautiful thing which Clubby had picked up in the car fell out of his pocket.

Northcross saw it. "Where did you get it, Clubby?" he asked.

"I found it in the automobile; please give it back to me, 'cause when I wake up, I'm going to give it to the guy what owns the machine, 'cause I guess it's his, and then maybe he won't be mad at me fer fallin' asleep in his ga-rage," Clubby said.

"I'll see that he gets it, Clubby," Northcross replied. "Will you trust me?"

"Sure. But ain't you a dream-man and won't you go away when I wake up? Gee, this's a awful funny dream. I feel like I want to sleep an' when I sleep I guess I'll wake up an' everything will be gone, won't it? I'm afraid to wake up, Mr. Dream-man 'cause I know I'll be hungry an' cold, an' maybe th' policeman 'll put me in 'cause I stole a sandwich. I didn't steal it, Mr. Dream-man my hand jus' took it; I didn't want to take it, but I did. D'you know how that is, Mr. Dream-man?"

"Bless your heart, I know how it is. Yea, the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," he said. "Listen, Clubby, if you will always tell the truth, as you've told it tonight, I think I can make this dream last forever."

"Oh, I will, I will," he cried, with a happy voice.

"Then come with me," and Northcross took Clubby by the hand, and led him up-stairs to a white-tiled bathroom, where in a small white foot-bath, just big enough for a little boy, Clubby bathed under the supervision of the "dream-man." The "dream-man" even took a hand at the operation, and scrubbed the lad until he was quite clean, and he presented a very attractive little face then, thin and wan, no doubt, but well featured, nevertheless.

That completed, Northcross dressed the lad in the coat of one of his own suits of pajamas, and carrying him up to his room, he made a bed for him in his Morris chair, and Clubby told whatever he knew of himself, and fell asleep in the telling.

When Northcross saw this, he went to his desk, and wrote a long letter to Robina, and told her of the vague plan he had in mind for Clubby's regeneration. He didn't care what people would think, that he, a brilliant clubman should interest himself in a little waif.

The plan he revolved in his mind that Christmas Eve bore fruit. The result was that Clubby grew into a man of fine character, a credit to Northcross who never regretted that he followed the song of the Minstrel who sang:

"From the prayer of want and plaint of woe,
Oh, never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah, what were man should heaven refuse to hear!"



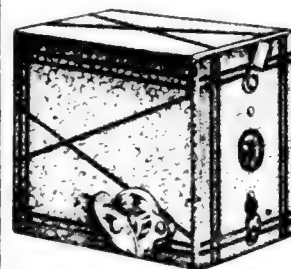
Send No Money Just Your Name

You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model, five-passenger Ford Touring Cars, absolutely free of charge. I have given away dozens of them. You might as well have one, too. If you have no auto and want one, send me your name right away and say: "I want one of your free Fords"—a postcard will do.

RHODES AUTO CLUB,
316 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

"COMPARE THE WORK" ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC. NEW YORK CITY.

PREMO CAMERA



Premium No. 7314

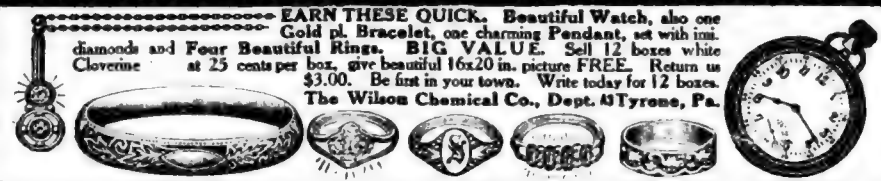
For a Club of Four!

We will also include free of charge one Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and a complete instruction book. This is the

well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 3/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special:

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete instruction book. Premium No. 7314. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Watch AND SIX CHARMING PIECES JEWELRY FREE



Comfort's Bedtime Stories For Little Folks!

A Library of Cute Little Books

12 WONDERFUL TALES 12 IN STORY AND VERSE 12



Premium No. 7951

Entire Library Sent For One Subscription!

The stories of our childhood—how well we remember them. After all it seems but a short time since we listened with rapt attention to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe cast away on his lonely island—of beautiful Cinderella, the fairy and the prince—the tragic fate of poor little Red Riding Hood—these were only a few of the marvelous tales that thrilled our childish imagination and helped us spend many blissful hours.

The children of today are the same as they were fifty years ago. And these good old-time stories are just as popular with the young folks now as they were then. So we have decided to give our little boy and girl friends this fine big collection of stories which includes some of the old-time favorites as well as a number of newer and later books equally as interesting. There are twelve of them in all as follows:

Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Purring Pussies, Playmates, Our Pets, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, The Teddy Bears.

As these stories are intended for the younger children some of them have been "bottled down" to the fewest and simplest words so that they are not as complete as the original editions, but all of them are printed on fine paper in large clear type that is easy to see and read and have no less than five beautiful full page illustrations in colors.

The first four titles named above of course need no introduction. The other eight titles are just the

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When the Express Failed to Stop

By J. R. Henderson

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MORE than once, Raleigh had been called down by Bill Mitchell, yardmaster for the C. & P., but last night they had almost come to blows, and Mitchell had intimated that Raleigh's services would not be needed much longer. "If he didn't cut out the booze,"

Now, as he stood with his mother, in the doorway of their little home, there was something about them that was almost pitiable.

The young man rested his hands on the shoulders of his mother, as they watched the form of the call-boy disappearing down the street. At last the mother turned and looked up into his face.

"You'll go straight to the yards, my boy, won't you?"

"Yes, and I'll have to be on my way at once," he replied.

"Pleasant dreams to you, Jean!" and he turned to look into the face of a girl standing back of them, and for the time his thoughts were all of maudlin and determination.

It used to be that the thoughts of Raleigh Willey, of engine 1874, were all like that; he had been known as the surest, bravest and steadiest engineer on that division; the man who could pull "Old Thunder" through on time, when others failed.

But the little girl who was his promised wife was talking:

"I know you'll not take a drink, Raleigh, if you promise—" and she came forward for the good-by kiss.

"Yes—if I promise—" and he was gone.

Raleigh really meant, and tried hard, to keep his word.

He knew that down in the yards, his fireman, Nick Wagner, was walking around the big, panting "iron horse," oiling here, using a piece of waste there, and waiting for the arrival of the master of this flying steed, of steel and steam.

He knew that his duty lay there, but—he hesitated.

Before him, situated on a side street, was the cause of his trouble—a saloon. From within he heard the clink of glasses, snatches of song and the loud laughter of the customers. Thoughts of his mother, the little girl and home, Nick and "Old Thunder"—all faded from his mind.

"One drink won't hurt me," he mumbled—and entered the "joint."

About an hour later, Bill Mitchell, the yardmaster, walked up to Nick, who was seated near the engine.

"Where's Raleigh?" he asked.

"Haven't seen him," Nick answered shortly.

Mitchell was silent a moment—took a few steps up and down the track—looked at his watch and scowled.

"This thing's happening pretty often, isn't it?"

"What thing?" asked the fireman, innocently.

"What? What?" the yardmaster's voice was extremely sharp—"you know what—this boozing business. If he don't—"

With a start, he turned just in time to see a swaying reeling figure trying to climb onto the steps of the cab.

A step forward, and he jerked Raleigh Willey around, facing him. Then the words came, in a cold, cutting voice:

"You go home!"

The sharp words seemed to steady the whirling brain of the half-drunken engineer.

"Go home?" he enquired rather blankly.

"Yes! go home and stay there, until you are sent for, you—you—" he was so angry that further words failed him.

Without another word, Raleigh, half staggering—half walking, moved off down the yards. In a dim, half-understanding way, he realized what had happened. He knew that alcohol had gripped him again—stronger than ever this time. What the result would be, he did not know, but he expected nothing but the worst.

Somehow, he got home and in bed, at last; and while an old mother and a young girl silently wept until the "small hours" of the morning, he slept the untroubled sleep of intoxication.

Next morning the worst happened—the letter came.

It was short and curt—no word of sympathy or hope of another chance. While his mother and sweetheart looked on, Raleigh opened the mislaid, with hands that shook, in spite of his efforts to the contrary. A slip of paper fell to the floor—he knew what it was—he didn't even trouble to pick it up. The letter contained but few words:

Cheyenne, Wyo., 3-15-19—

Mr. Raleigh Willey,

Green River, Wyo.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check for amount due you from C. & P. R. Co. On, and after this date, your services are no longer required.

J. C. Brannan, Supt.

That was all—nothing said about the times Raleigh had fought through the heat and sand-storms of the desert—through all manner of difficulties—overcome numberless obstacles, and brought old "Thunder" in, on time.

"It's me for some—where else," Raleigh said weakly.

"There's no use of me staying here—let one company fire you, and there's no chance to get another job—they're all down on you."

Three days later, Raleigh crawled from a box car, at the Sidling, the nearest station to the "Sherman Hill Cut-Off," where the C. & P. were short-ning their line from Cheyenne.

With a few dollars still left in his pocket, Raleigh started for a "soup-joint" a short distance from the track. Although there were several saloons in the place, and they seemed to be beckoning him, with their gilded signs and swinging doors, he passed resolutely on, into the restaurant, where he was soon enjoying a lunch of hot soup and baked beans. The owner, an inquisitive sort of individual, began to question him as he ate.

"Stranger here?" he enquired curiously.

"Going to work at the cut-off?"

"Don't know. Plenty of work there?"

The restaurant man hesitated, then—

"Well, I guess it's rather scarce now. You see, they've about finished the tunnel; the fill is all made, and a track laid from the main line to the east portal. Anyhow, it's a tough place now—"

they say there's a bunch of the "Robber's Roost" gang hanging out somewhere around there, probably waiting for pay-day, to make a raid on this place. The men cash all their checks here, you know, and besides—" here he broke off to ask:

"Have you seen today's paper?"

"No," replied Raleigh, indifferently.

"Read that—" and he shoved a greasy paper across the counter, to Raleigh, and pointed to a paragraph, which stated that the Atlantic Express was carrying \$50,000 worth of gold bullion, from the newly discovered Lucky Hit Mines, at Oronogo, to Denver. The paper also stated that the president's private car was attached to the same train.

Finishing his lunch, Raleigh paid his bill and strolled outside. He had decided against his intention of seeking employment at the "cut-off," and determined to go on to Cheyenne, see the president, implore him to give him another chance, and then, if unsuccessful, go to the mines in Colorado.

Whatever happened to him, he had sworn

never to take another intoxicating drink. And he meant to keep his oath—to show his mother and sweetheart—his former employers and friends, that he could, and would, be a man among men, once more.

"I'll show them! I'll show them!" he repeated.

The words seemed to have a soothing effect on his dry and scorched lips.

"If I can only get to Cheyenne and talk to the president—"

He was interrupted by the sound of a hoarse whistle in the distance.

"Here's my chance," he muttered, as the Atlantic Express pulled into the station, for coal and water. Raleigh, watching his chance, sneaked forward and climbed onto the blind-baggage.

He flattened himself out in the blind doorway, and waited.

Having coaled, the engine pulled forward to the water tank.

The fireman clambered back on the coal—but did not see the dim figure on the blind. A minute

two—then, a clang of the bell, a screech of the whistle, a puff of the exhaust and a million sparks ascending from the short, "sawed-off" stack—and the Express continued on its flying journey.

A minute—two—five. The strain of standing was becoming tiresome. With the idea of climbing onto the tender, where he could rest, Raleigh started, then stopped, as the figure of a man brushed by him, from the steps where he had been crouching.

Almost touching Raleigh, but not seeing him, the man elbowed on to the tender, ahead of him.

This new actor on the scene had a bandanna handkerchief wrapped around the lower part of his face, and held a wicked looking "automatic" in his right hand. He was there for no good. He was crawling slowly forward toward the cab, where the unsuspecting engineer and fireman sat with their backs turned toward this creeping menace.

A flash of fire seemed to shoot through Raleigh's brain, as the remembrance of the article he had read in the paper, came to his mind.

Also, he remembered what the restaurant keeper had told him about the "Robber's Roost" gang holding out in the neighborhood of the "cut-off."

He realized fully what it meant—train robbers! For a minute he crouched—hesitated—then arose, with a grim look on his face.

"The same old game, eh?" The sound of his voice was drowned in the roar of the swiftly flying Express.

"The same old thing—capture the engineer and fireman—make them stop the train at a certain point, where the rest of the gang is waiting—uncouple the express car—move ahead and loot it at their leisure. But I'll put a stop to that, or know the reason why."

The bandit crawled on and on, his pistol raised for instant use, the muscles of his legs tightening for the spring that would mean the capture of the engine. Slowly, cat like, with a drawn, hardened look upon his features, Raleigh Willey followed him.

"Put up your hands!" It was the bandit's command that sounded above the hiss of steam and roar of the rushing engine.

"Hands up—and quick—do what I—"

There sounded a sharp report—a scream, and the stricken engineer closed the throttle as he fell backwards, on to the floor of the cab.

The bandit turned, with smoking pistol, to meet Raleigh, whose great fists were pounding his flesh, like the piston rods of an engine. Once—twice—the automatic spoke again, but the bullets went wild, and with a final fierce blow, Raleigh sent the would-be robber to the floor near the fallen engineer.

A quick look at the crushed and broken arm of the latter, and he leaped forward into the seat.

"Hold that man—tie him up, and watch him," he shouted hoarsely to the fireman, as he pointed to the insensible bandit.

"I'm going to take this train through!" and as he gave the throttle a sharp pull, the huge monster of steel once more leaped forward to her pace.

Back in the president's private car, this great man was interrupted in his reading of an important stock report, by the slowing down, then sudden increased speed of the train.

"Wonder what's the matter," he muttered, then resumed his reading. But Raleigh Willey neither knew, nor cared what the president of the C. & P. was doing or thinking of. He knew, that far down the track—probably at the end of the cut-off—a band of reckless, dangerous men were waiting for their confederate to stop the Express, that they might "crack" the safe and make away with the \$50,000, in gold bullion.

He knew that through this cut, he must force the heavy train with the speed of an avalanche—he must run the gauntlet—in order to escape.

The wounded engineer had sat up, and was watching the cursing, screaming wretch on the floor, while the fireman fed the seething, roaring cauldron, within the fire-box, with shovel upon shovel of smutty "black diamonds." Up—up—went the needle of the steam gauge; faster and faster and faster went the flying monster.

Ahead, Raleigh saw the figures of six or seven men waiting.

With a sarcastic grin upon his greasy, dust-begrimed face, he jerked the throttle wide open, leaned out the window and—laughed. The fireman grabbed the whistle cord, and with a fearful screech, a flash and a roar, the train went tearing, thundering by the point of danger. They had attained a fearful speed; there were many shots fired by the bandits, but no one was injured.

"There was no danger of them hitting us," he shouted to his fireman, with a grin.

"Why?" motioned his mate.

"Because, we were going so fast that the bullets intended for us, would come nearer the president in the rear car."

At the next station, the captured bandit was turned over to the police. Raleigh helped them get him out of the cab, and began looking after his engine—oiling here and there—after its recent burst of awful speed.

In the meantime, his fireman had been explaining matters (with embellishments) to the president, who had come forward. Holding out his hand to Raleigh, the president exclaimed:

"Good work! fine work! old man!" Then with a start:

"Aren't you the man who pulled my car through that awful storm—over a sinking bridge and—"

"I guess you know the whole story," interrupted Raleigh, "how I lost out—how I lost 'Old Thunder'—"

The president's face was serious.

"Yes, I know, but let us forget about that—here's a little present—" He was again interrupted:

"I lost 'Old Thunder' because I deserved it. But that's all passed, Mr. Daniels. I've started on a new record—and it's a clean one—that I'll swear to. I don't want money, Mr. Daniels—I want 'Old Thunder,' and if you'll give me another chance, I'll make good."

One week later, there was a wedding in Green River.

Everybody was happy, but a certain old mother was delirious with joy, and was trying her best to tell everyone the wonderful story of her boy's success. A knock sounded on the door—a letter was handed in. Raleigh paused—perhaps they had no faith in him after all—perhaps they had decided not to—



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"Read it," he said brokenly, to his wife. She trembled too, as she read:

Cheyenne, Wyo., 3-20-19—
Mr. Raleigh Willey, Green River, Wyo.
Sir:

As you see, the enclosed check is made to the order of Mrs. Raleigh Willey, for the sum of five hundred dollars. I wish you both prosperity and much happiness. To drop from pleasure to business, will say that: On and after the 31st of the present month, you will pull No. 3—the "Overland."

Very truly, William Daniels, Pres.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

a desert. We have a central location in a very pretty, fertile valley which is a garden spot in reality, being irrigated from flowing wells. Mrs. West, in my former home the soil in our yard was sterile and I found that cactus plants would grow where nothing else would. Perhaps it is the same with you. The cactus grows in abundance here and many varieties. Many of them bloom at different seasons of the year and the flowers are very fragrant as well as beautiful. I think one can make such pretty pyramids and mounds using different varieties alternately. I would like to hear from you personally and learn more about the Oasis. I should be glad to hear from any of the other sisters. I think it very helpful for us to meet in the "Cozy Corner" and exchange ideas.

With all good wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and the COMFORT readers, I remain, Mrs. R. W. MARSH.

WILEY, COLO.

DEAR SISTERS:

In reading the sisters' letters in last December COMFORT, Mrs. Lenora Holt's letter touched the question that lies nearest my heart in her talk on, "Is it right to teach children there is a Santa Claus?" I am going to make that question a little stronger even by stating it thus: "Is it right to even let children believe there is a Santa Claus?"

And I think you will all agree with me when you learn the heathenish origin of Santa Claus and you will not want to link such a fable with the sacred birthday of Christ who said, "I am the Truth," for what is this Santa Claus which we add to His holy birthday, but a fable? And when traced down is one of the most heathenish, unreasonable fables ever taught or practiced. Perhaps there are many who do not know the heathenish origin of Santa Claus. So for the benefit of those who do not I will relate it here and its use in different countries:

Away back in the fourth century there lived an Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, whose name was St. Nicholas. Among his own class he was considered a holy personage. He did good, helping those oppressed against the oppressor, the poor against the rich. He was supposed to have died December 6th 342 A. D., and his festival on the anniversary of that date is celebrated in Roman and Greek Catholic countries.

In Bari, a seaport on the southeastern coast of Italy, there is a subterranean building of Saracenic architecture. Beneath the superb church of St. Nicholas are the bones of the saint. Legend relates that these were originally buried in his own cathedral at Myra in Lycia; and that in the eleventh century they were stolen by certain merchants of Bari, who landed with them at that town on May 9, 1087 and handed them over to the archbishop and on that very day the bones were reburied in what was then the church of St. Stephen, then the church name was changed to St. Nicholas. There was supposed to have been thirty persons of various do tempers by intercession of the St. Nicholas. Since that time the tomb of St. Nicholas of Bari has been famous for pilgrimages and to this day, the sixth of December draws hither pilgrims by the thousands, all with staves bound with olive and pine, many of them barefoot, all clad in picturesque, ancient costumes, devoted, earnest and fiery in memory of St. Nicholas. The sailors take the saint's image far out to sea, returning at nightfall with bonfires, torches and music. The bones of St. Nicholas are deposited in a sepulchre beneath the magnificent crypt, which is in itself a sort of subterranean church of rich Saracenic architecture. Through the native rock, which forms the tomb, water constantly exudes, which is collected by the canons on a sponge attached to a treacherous spider, and sold to pilgrims as a miraculous specific, under the name of the "Manna of St. Nicholas."

Just stop and think of our own civilized Christian nation practicing such heathenism as that.

If St. Nicholas was celebrated on the old, original day, December 6th, and kept apart from Christ it would not be quite so bad, but think of linking it to the most holy and sacred day of our lives, the day of the birth of our blessed Lord and Master!

Of course a lot of people, Christians at that, who have been practicing this Santa Claus fable (the German diminutive for St. Nicholas) did not know its origin. But now, all who have read this know and cannot shut their eyes to the truth, for Christ said: "It is ye who sin—who know the right and walk not therein." So all you lovers of Christ and the truth, arise to help down one of the greatest enemies of Christianity now existing.

Someone will say: "Why, the children just love to hear about Santa Claus." Of course they do—any story, false or true, can be made attractive to the child. But how much more would they love the story of Jesus, if it were given us much time and thought as the story of Santa. And even though we go far enough to tell the child that it is only a man dressed up to represent St. Nicholas, even that de-

tracts the child's mind from the real truth and teaches it to remember St. Nicholas (only a good man) when it is remembering the Divine Christ.

I was talking to a lady about Santa and about it being wrong to teach it to children and she said "Nonsense" because a child of seven years was by her side. Question: Was she afraid the child would learn the truth, or was she afraid the child would find out she had been lying to it?

Just picture the dear little flexible minds, which God has given into our keeping to train for Him, clobbered with such fables, for their little minds are easily clouded and they are eager to grasp and believe anything we tell them.

The first to gain from and teach a child in the home is respect—with a capital R—and no parent can hope to retain the respect of a child when the child finds out the parent has lied to it. If the child does retain its respect, then all honor to the child.

Some will say, "I taught my child Santa Claus, and look at him, a noble, Christian fellow." Just be-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

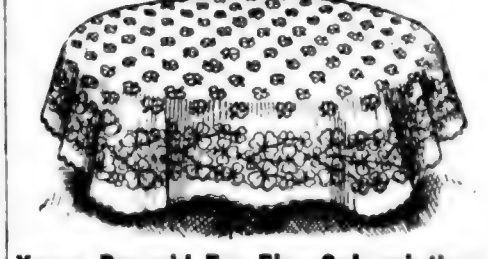
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Love and Spite

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"I hunted high and low for your wife and child; if it had not been for that faithful fool there," pointing at Martha, standing silent behind Richard, "I should have been safe to this day. But how was I to know you had taken a servant into your confidence, or that she went straight from this house to the woman you said was your wife, that when Miss Barry left me Martha took her to the woman, who got her to promise she would care for the child till she was twenty-one, and would never let her know who she was, or that her father was a madman and a murderer."

"For I had that much revenge, Richard de Burgh! The woman who loved you died abhorring you."

She stopped, panting for breath, burned with the fires of hell that had been shut in her breast these many years.

Huntley spoke quickly, for Richard's face was ghastly at this worst blow of all.

"Don't go on, that's enough," he said.

"There's more," she gasped, "and I will go on! You shall all hear it, all know what my life has been."

But for a minute her eyes closed, her face, all pinched and yellow, looked like that of a dying woman.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONFESSION.

"How do you know all this?" Richard's face was nearly as pinched as Alicia's; at the sound of his broken voice, that had been pitiless, she unclosed her eyes and stared at him, gloating even now on his pain.

"Know?" she cried. "Hugo saw his old governess, Miss Barry, about a year ago, with a girl who looked so like Gilbert that he came to tell me, to ask me if it could be Richard's child. I sent him time and again to Miss Barry, to cajole her into telling who the girl was, or to send her to us; but she stuck to her bargain, she sent the girl away, and but for a mere chance, we should never have seen her. Hugo made certain she was Richard's child. Then he lo led everywhere for her, and all the time she was here, come under a false name, to spy."

"I came by accident, because I wanted to get out of going to the Warden School, because Martha let out my name was De Burgh, and it seemed a chance to go to my own people," Jocelyn said quickly, but her lips trembled.

"I know how you came," evilly. "But it doesn't matter. Ever since you have been in this house things have been going against me. They have gone against me all my life, but I never was beaten before. I would not be beaten now if my heart had not died with my Hugo." She beat her hands on the coverlet.

"I've fought all my life," she moaned. "I never gave in. I never repented. Not when I found I had hurt my back lifting the old man to throw him from the window, and grew into the helpless cripple I am. Not when I knew that I feared the dark in which I had killed him, and had lights burning night and day, so that the twilight could never creep on me and make me see that sight over again. You think I am an old woman." She clutched Jocelyn's hand. "I am but fifty-seven. I tell you I have lived in hell for years." An awful shiver came over her.

"And it has been all for nothing," the dreary whisper more to herself than them. "They say Hugo is dead." She plucked with her fingers at the satin quilt.

Richard came a step nearer to her.

"And I?" he said slowly. "Have I not suffered? But I would forgive you all, Alicia, all, if my wife had not died believing me a villain and mad. When you married my father I never thought again of the day you said you loved me. I never loved you. I loved in all my life but one woman, and she was married to a brute who had deserted her. When he died I married her. Martha has the papers that my wife gave her when she died. We kept it secret, because my wife wished it, because she wanted to live a quiet life and not come to Castle de Burgh. I was a fool to do it. I might have known you meant mischief. But here, before Heaven, I forgive you, as I pray He may forgive you blacker sins than have against you." In the solemn silence Alicia laughed.

"I have confessed to spite Gilbert, not for your forgiveness," she cried. "Do what you like, now, hang me, tell it all abroad. For my son is dead."

Huntley stood by, his quick hand writing as she spoke.

"Sign this," he said gently, "and don't speak like that. No one will hang you, and you have Gilbert left."

Alicia lifted her eyes to his, and her look was devilish.

"My son is dead," she said, after that long glance of unconquerable malice. "Give me the pen. But first write this:

"I, Alicia de Burgh, do swear before Heaven that I alone killed my husband, Henry de Burgh, by pushing him from an open window; that the story told by the witness, Martha Hewitt, is true and would have been told at the trial but for me, who hurried the woman away by persuading her that it was the only way to save Richard de Burgh, whom I falsely accused of the murder; through me he was proven to have done it, and to have been of unsound mind. This my confession, I have caused to be written, not because I repent, but that Gilbert and Moyra de Burgh may know that they have no right to inherit the property."

She took the pen from Huntley, and slowly, laboriously signed her name.

Her hand fell heavily on the quilt, she relinquished the pen.

"Take me up, Willie Huntley," she said slowly, "and carry me to Hugo. You can come, too," her black, dull eyes turned on Jocelyn. "If I had known you before I might—but it's all no matter."

Very deftly Huntley stooped and folded the bed-clothes round the cripple; as he lifted her his emaciated face was yellow as wax against his shoulder, her eyes were purple round the lids. The gorgeous coverlet wrapped her like a sumptuous shroud, and Jocelyn followed with a heart full of pity.

Wicked as the woman was, she was strong in her wickedness. Who knew what she might have been if she had not loved "not wisely but too well" till her heart learned the worst bitterness that life holds?

They laid Hugo de Burgh on his bed; the crimson wound in his throat was covered with white linen; his eyes some kindly hand had closed. Yet his dead face was dreadful. The white lips sneered still, as if in mockery. The fine, cruel hands were torn and bruised by the teeth of the great wolf-dog that had died to defend his master.

The doctor stood by the head of the bed. As Huntley came in, carrying the dead man's mother, he started and waved them back.

"Take her away, Lord Huntley!" he cried sharply. "The shock—she is not fit for it."

His quick eye, as he came forward hastily, noted the hang of Alicia's head on Huntley's shoulder, the lax arm that drooped over the gorgeous, trailing coverlet.

"Poor soul! Poor soul!" he said, almost absently. "I thought as much."

Huntley looked down at his burden.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Mrs. De Burgh is dead," Doctor Maitland said quietly. "The shock has done it, but for some time I have known it was not far off."

Huntley remembered how she had grown suddenly heavy in his arms as he walked. Very gently he laid her down beside the son whose dead face she would never look on and straightened the robes and gold of her wrappings round her quiet limbs.

Mother and son had gone before a higher



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How and Where to Sell Your Furs

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THE sale of the trapper's collection of furs has been greatly aided by the large fur houses who make a business of advertising for furs, sending price lists through the mails and doing all the business without greeting the trapper face to face.

A number of such firms have their advertisements in this paper, and a trapper may have every confidence in the advertisers in COMFORT doing exactly as they promise, and will do well to ship his furs to any of the different companies and get the highest market prices.

The market value of raw furs formerly depended almost entirely on foreign demand. Prices were fixed at the great auction sales in London. These are held four times a year; in January, March, June and October. Three firms of auctioneers conduct the sales. They are C. M. Lamson and Company, A. and W. Nesbitt and Frederick Huth and Company. Aside from the auction houses, that famous fur company of the Canadian wilds, the Hudson Bay Company, held a sale in January and March.

The war has caused many changes. The Hudson Bay Company has abandoned its sales. The London sales, while still held, lack the support of German buyers, the principal factors in the European fur trade.

Germany, blockaded on all sides by the Allies, has been able to secure but little furs in the two years gone by, and were the war to end, she would again predominate in fixing market values.

Auction sales of furs are now held in New York and St. Louis, conducted by firms in a manner similar to those held in London. They have been largely patronized in the past year, and no doubt will do much to maintain high values in all American furs until the war's end.

Some trappers doubt the wisdom of shipping furs but these are in the minority. Those who ship to the large firms are nearly always certain to receive the full market value. In dealing with the small home town buyer, as a rule, he buys as cheaply as possible, in order to increase his own profit when he ships. Therefore, if the trapper will ship he will secure the same prices as the home town buyer and realize the profit that would have been the other fellow's, had the skins been disposed of at home.

A trapper who is in doubt about the responsibility of the firm to whom he ships his furs, should instruct the firm to hold his lot of furs separate, so if returns are not satisfactory, the shipment may be returned. In this way, he runs no chances of being compelled to accept a valuation less than he considers the worth of his shipment. There are some houses that hold all shipments separate, but most fur houses do not do so unless requested. It takes a vast warehouse to hold all shipments separate, and in the large cities, rents are much too high to utilize space for such purposes.

The fur grader in the large fur houses is working hard to please the trapper. The grader knows that if the trapper is not pleased, he will not ship again. It is the aim and desire of any reputable fur house to hold its shippers. Every firm wants all the furs it can get, and by increasing the shippers, the business is enlarged and made more prosperous.

Judge than humanity. Jocelyn de Burgh, whom they had wronged, fell on her knees beside the bed and prayed.

That night, when Moyra had cried herself to sleep, Jocelyn and Huntley talked long together. Together they determined that Moyra should never know what had been in that letter from Guy Meredith that the dead woman had never read.

"Guy will never tell her he wrote threatening Hugo with exposure; why should we? Let her be happy thinking he knows no more than she does," Huntley said.

For the letter had been but one more proof of Alicia's guilt.

Meredith's mother had written to him, begging him to give up Moyra, since she had thought for years that her grandmother murdered her husband, and lately had known she did.

A man who had been poisoning was badly hurt in a fight with the Meredith keepers, and Mrs. Meredith had been sorry for him. Day after day she had visited him in the infirmary of the jail, till at last he had asked her to bring a magistrate; he had something to tell before he died.

He had been hanging round Castle de Burgh waiting to speak to a maid servant, who was his sweetheart, and was the first to pick up old Mr. de Burgh from the stones of the river that was shallow just there. And the old man had spoken.

"Alicia—Alicia pushed me," he said, as he died. The poacher went to Alicia and she laughed at him, but she paid his passage to Canada. He never went, for he was arrested for stealing, and he never told till he found he was dying. Then it weighed on him that he had left the innocent to suffer for the guilty. He made a deposition of all that he knew and swore to it.

But he lived still, a breathing, sensible witness of Alicia's guilt, and it was this man's confession that Guy Meredith had written to Huntley, vaguely and threateningly to Hugo.

"And me?" Jocelyn said, as Huntley stood up to say good night to her.

"What do you mean?" he asked abruptly, for she trembled as she faced him.

"I mean you had better let me go. I feel—I feel as if those two up-stairs had died through me."

"They died through the visitation of God,

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with their sins on them." He answered very gravely. "And you, my Jocelyn, must forget everything but that your troubles are over."

He took her gently to him.

"My brave love," he said softly; "my brave, brave love!"

A year after things were changed, indeed, at Castle de Burgh.

The great house was shut up; there were none of them who would willingly live there. Certainly not Richard de Burgh, who had been cleared forever of the stain on his name, pardoned by the home secretary for the crime he had never committed, and justice done to him at last!

Not Gilbert, who had married Mollie Moore on his stepbrother's generous allowance and taken her to travel wherever she most longed to go. Not Moyra, who was to marry Guy Meredith in the spring, and lived now with Jocelyn.

For Jocelyn, her blue eyes bluer than ever, her lovely face sweet and untroubled, was Jocelyn de Burgh no longer, but Lady Huntley of Holycross. She was happy as she had never dreamed of happiness; and Richard de Burgh was happy at seeing her. Otherwise the man's heart was weary in his breast. He longed greatly for the day that should take him to that first Jocelyn, who had loved him and died thinking him a murderer. He lived quietly at a small house he had taken, near his daughter's grand one; and thought, as each day passed over his head, that it was one day gone from his long waiting, one day less to the time when he should meet his love and see in her clear eyes that in heaven she knew.

Miss Barry lived still in the dingy London house, hard and iron-gray still. She had never even thawed when Jocelyn had gone to her and thanked her for her care, begged her pardon for having thought badly of her. She had never liked her. She did not pretend liking now; but there were tears in her old eyes as she told Richard de Burgh how she had kept her word to his wife. For Richard had always known the way to the cold woman's heart.

But Miss Barry lived without Martha, Martha, who had kept house for her beloved Mr. Richard, and would till death claimed her, a "very faithful servant, to shine as doth the day."

And the real Jane Brown? Was made happy with a school of her own, till in after days she married well and happily. But she and the sham Jane Brown have never met since they parted in the ladies' carriage at Chester.

THE END.

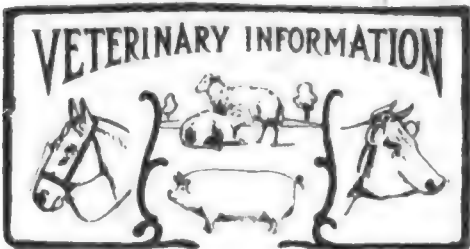
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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question precisely mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

VETERINARY QUESTIONS.—What is the normal temperature of the horse? (2) Where is the temperature taken? (3) How many days does the mare carry her foal? (4) How many openings are there in the test of a mare? (5) Is a black horse that color when born? (6) How long does it take for a horse's hoof to grow down at the toe? (7) At what age is a horse mature or adult? (8) The animal troubles. Questions asked: Why is this not noticeable? (9) What is the capacity of a horse's stomach? (10) Where does a horse store drinking water? (11) How long does feed take to pass through a horse?

ANSWERS.—We believe we asked these questions in an editorial article with the hope that our readers would hunt up the answers for themselves. (1) 100 degrees. (2) Angle of lower jaw. (3) 336 days. (4) Two. (5) No. Brown. (6) About thirteen months. (7) Five years. (8) The teeth descend in their sockets as they wear off. (9) Five and one half gallons. (10) First large intestine, called "cecum." (11) About five days.

CANKER OF THE EAR.—I have a Water Spaniel dog, suffering from a running of the head. The odor is offensive.

ANSWERS.—A. L. A.—Twice daily perfectly cleanse the ear with peroxide of hydrogen. Then alcohol on cotton tied to a small stick. Then lay the dog on its side and pour into the ear that is uppermost a little of a lotion composed of one dram each of powdered alum and sugar of lead, two drops of carbolic acid, thirty drops of glycerine and soft water two ounces. Hold the dog down until the sediment has time to settle into the ear, then treat the other ear in the same way. Keep the dog on live an outdoor life on simple food and keep him out of water. The trouble is due to lack of drying of the ears when wet.

SHRINK IN MILK.—I have a cow, part Jersey, six years old. I milked her within a week of her freshening. When the calf came she didn't give enough milk for it. What is the cause?

ANSWERS.—J. O. B. A.—A cow should always be dried off for at least six weeks before calving and then will be likely to give a good flow of milk in good condition and well fed. Nothing can be done to improve matters other than to feed well and dry her off six weeks or more before the next calf is due.

WEAK RABBITS.—We have some young rabbits about two months old which let one ear fall down. They eat and seem to be well and are fed twice each day. In the morning they have green alfalfa and bread and milk and in the evening they have dry alfalfa hay and sometimes cabbage, carrots and lettuce as a change. Is this a disease? Mrs. W. A. L.

ANSWERS.—D. S. A.—Disease is not present. Make the rabbits take plenty of exercise to give them muscular strength.

INDIGESTION.—I have a seven-year-old mare in poor condition. Her hind legs began to stock years ago, when in foal. They stock worse after standing a little or after a long drive. Her feed is ground oats and meal, half and half. She has rock salt before her all the time.

ANSWERS.—L. E. G. A.—Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian and then feed whole oats, one ninth part of wheat bran by weight and mixed clover hay. Add ear corn in winter. Allow her a box stall and each time she comes in rub her legs dry and bandage snugly with flannel from feet to hocks and knees. Never let her stand for a single day idle in the stable. If she passes worms give the treatment often prescribed in this department.

AILING CATTLE.—What is the matter with my cattle? They began dying two years ago. They get weak in their backs and can't rise up. Some look healthy, eat and drink and some do not eat at all. They die from suffocation and when examined the third stomach is all dry. What should be done to prevent others from catching the disease?

ANSWERS.—D. S. A.—You may be sure that improper feed and management explain these troubles. If at all times the cattle have an abundance of sound, nutritious feeds and plenty of pure water and succulent or laxative feed to keep the bowels active no such sickness or losses will occur. Prevention is the important matter to consider.

SHEDDING HAIR.—I have a young spitz dog that sheds her hair all the year around. Is this a natural condition and is there a way to stop it? D. K.

ANSWERS.—D. K. A.—This will not happen if you make the dog live an active outdoor life and have but one small meal a day, without sweets or potatoes. Keep the dog free from fleas. If necessary rub him once a week in a solution of coal tar dip made according to directions given upon the container.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have a horse four years old that has a skin trouble. His hair comes out in spots all over him. One eye gets red and bloodshot. J. W. T.

ANSWERS.—D. F. Y. A.—Have the horse clipped and clip him again in spring wash affected parts of skin with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip thickened with sulphur and repeat every three days. Reduce grain feed and increase work or exercise daily. The eye trouble probably is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and incurable. See answers on that subject in back numbers of the paper.

SYNOVIAL DISTENSIONS.—I have a young colt eight months old, in good health. He has wind puffs on his left hind leg in the knee joint. Can you advise me what to use? D. F. Y.

ANSWERS.—D. F. Y. A.—The distensions are filled with synovia (joint oil), not wind, and constitute a bog spavin in front of the hock joint and a windpuff in the knee joint at each side of the joint. The condition is practically incurable. Coat the joint with pine tar (if not sore from liniment) and let colt run out. Repeat the application each time the tar is about worn off.

TAIL RUBBING.—I have a four-year-old mare in good condition, but rubs the root of her tail. She hasn't any breaking out and does not rub the hair off. I have given medicine for all kind of worms. W. L. N.

ANSWERS.—W. L. N. A.—Reduce the feed and work or abundantly exercise the filly every day. Cleanse the tail. Pull upon the skin gives with a crack. Pour on and rub in a mixture of one part of kerosene and two parts of cottonseed oil every three days until no longer needed. Cleanse udder and on each side of it if found to be foul.

SNEEZING.—I have a heifer eighteen months old that goes to a post and rubs her nose on it and sneezes for a half hour at a time. She looks well, eats heartily and has free range of pasture. It is not contagious as she has been with the other cows. Mrs. W. Z. D.

ANSWERS.—W. Z. D. A.—The cow possibly has a little discharge from the nostrils or a growth in one of them which causes her to sneeze. Try effects of syringing out the nostrils twice daily with lukewarm water containing one teaspoonful of salutarin to the quart.

HICKERS.—I have pigs, two months old, that walk on their ankle joints when they burry. They seem to be weak over their hind quarters. I feed them corn and bran slops.

ANSWERS.—W. Z. D. A.—Lack of exercise and malnutrition induce this disease of the bones. Worms may be an aggravating cause. Pigs should have very little bran. It is too irritating to the bowels. Corn is best kept for feeding the grown pigs for market. Turn the pigs loose on alfalfa. Or allow free range and feed alfalfa hay. Also feed slops of wheat middlings, ground barley or rye, and to per cent of tankage. Allow free access to slaked lime, wood ashes and wood charcoal.

LAMENESS.—Will you tell me what is the matter with my horse? He is nine years old and is lame on his hind leg and has a tumor on the side joint. It looks like a weney but the skin is not tight. J. F. S.

ANSWERS.—J. F. S. A.—Sweeney is wasting of the muscles of the shoulder and has no connection with a tumor of any kind. Write again giving a clear description of the case and enclose a picture of a horse marked to show the location of the trouble.

WIND-BROKEN MARE.—I have a fine mare twelve years old. When you drive her it seems hard for her to get her breath. When she is doing nothing she appears all right. Is there any cure? Mrs. M. H. O.

ANSWERS.—M. H. O. A.—We can tell from your description whether the mare is a "roarer" or affected with heaves (broken wind). There is no cure for either disease. If you can find out exactly what is wrong and write again we may be able to suggest some treatment that may help.

LEAKING MILK.—What can be done for a cow when her teats leak milk, without injury to the cow? W. J. H.

ANSWERS.—W. J. H. A.—Milk the cow three or four times a day and twice daily soak her teats in a saturated solution of alum.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

cause the child found you out, forgave you, and lived it down, does that lighten your responsibility? Not in the least. If I should tell a lie to some dear friend and they should find it out, forgive me and live it down, would that lighten the crime for me? Not in the least.

People go to the trouble to make up big fable stories about Santa Claus, but will not read the plain truth to the children to get them to believe in Christ.

Even from a worldly standpoint, the child would respect the parents more if it thought they gave the gifts to it.

And we have gone so far that the missionaries—I hope not all—teach Santa Claus. It is a wonder they can ever convert the skeptic heathen when he learns we are practicing customs just as dark in heathenism as any of their old, handed down, witchery customs.

Ask a child who is the most important person at Christmas-time and nine times out of ten they will say "Santa Claus." The dark blanket of Santa Claus is held up before the child's eyes until Christ is hidden. If I should tell a lie to some dear friend and they should find it out, forgive me and live it down, would that lighten the crime for me? Not in the least.

Someone says, "If you are starting to reform the world you will find it a great task, there are so many evils and fables in the world today." As I cannot do them all at one time, As the old man on his death bed told his sons, "The son who can break this bundle of sticks which I have tied together may have all my money." They all tried, but one, but could not break them. Then the last, and least, son took them and said, "That is easy," and broke them, one at a time.

That is the way some people look at the evils of the world—all in one large bundle. Separate them, analyze, and then break them one at a time.

Your Comfort sister, Miss ELOY SCOTT, YATES CENTER, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: After reading Miss Ida Bell Aldridge's letter I thought I would add my mite.

First and foremost don't try to force religion upon a child. In place of the prayer (preceded by punishment) choose some interesting story, at first one containing no preaching and read it to the child, after giving him a wholesome supper, bath and a clean nightgown. Let him curl up in bed or sit in a chair as he pleases. Sometimes my youngsters just lounge around on the floor while I read. The Cubby Bear stories in COMFORT are hard to beat. I also take several magazines for children from three to twelve years of age.

If I were going to deal with your child the first thing I should look to would be his diet. A doctor who was a very dear friend of mine, was at my home one time and noticed how disagreeable and peevish my children were. He said, "Mattie" (he had known me since I was eight years old), "you are feeding those children to temper if not to death." I was shocked for they were as healthy and plump looking as could be and his bright eyes and at the same time I asked why he thought that. He said, "No child so physically perfect should be so peevish and fretful."

Then he told me how to feed them. For breakfast, a slice of buttered toast, preferably brown or graham bread, an egg, soft boiled, poached, or better still, raw. Don't throw up your hands in dismay. Beat the egg well, add a bit of salt, one quarter to one half teaspoonful of sugar and a few drops of any desired flavoring extract, if desired, and you have a drink that is perfectly nutritious for we all know milk and eggs are a perfect food and at the same time are very palatable and digestible. After my children's' old baby had the measles he would not eat anything and if he did he would vomit almost immediately. I tried the milk and egg diet and it worked splendidly.

For dinner, rice cooked in a double boiler from one and a half to three hours; cook in milk if you choose. Oatmeal cooked the same way is good, with a fruit sauce, not too thick, and that with a light dessert like corn-starch pudding (if the child is over two years old), tapioca pudding, Indian meal pudding, cooked slowly and thoroughly. In winter a small amount of meat may be added.

For supper, corn-meal mush (cooked several hours), any good soup, or even popcorn and milk is much relished at this time. Never feed a child hot bread. The doctor said bread should be forty-eight hours old before giving it to a child but one cannot always live up to that.

Many people do not know that a child under eighteen months of age cannot digest potatoes or any food containing a large amount of starch. The food may suggest a bill of fare and that to be followed too literally. Chocolate and cocoa furnish nourishment and many pleasant combinations can be worked out. Meat broths are also very nourishing.

The next thing I would do with that boy of yours would be to praise him but not notice anything he did even though it may be done with the intention of aggravating you. If he does that you don't notice such things they will lose their charm at once. Let him alone as much as possible but treat him kindly always and if physical punishment is absolutely necessary be very, very sure that no hint of anger is displayed by you for that will only make matters worse and be ready with a kiss and smile, even in the midst of the punishment, and tell the little fellow how bad you feel because you have to punish him. I hope you do feel badly too, for I always do and I have actually cried as I talked to my little ones after punishing them.

Another scheme I tried about the work question was this: My little boy was like the child described in Mrs. Aldridge's letter. He would not do anything unless actually forced to. One day I said, "Husband, go out in the yard and see if you can find a little boy who will bring mother some wood. Her little boy doesn't like to do it." A smile lighted up our little boy's face and in a few minutes he was back with the wood. We have much fun over our "make-believe" boy.

I never hire my children to do anything but all the pennies they get go into their banks and at Christmas they write a letter to Santa Claus telling what they want and then give me the pennies to take to him. They always get what they write for, even if mother wears last winter's hat. Of course, we always take these things over and actually decide to get what they need. Last year it was a "wagon to haul wood in." This year it is to be a pig and Santa can put whatever he wants to in their stockings if he has anything left after he has seen the other little boys and girls. Last spring I gave them twenty-five cents each if they would keep the papers and trash picked up off the yard. They raked and swept the yard once a week and didn't need reminding all summer.

Suppose some morning you tell your boy that if he will help you, get the wood, feed the chickens, or any light task you may have for him to do, and help you get your work done that after dinner you would take a lunch and go fishing or on a picnic and go, no matter what it costs. But if something happens that makes it impossible, explain kindly the reason and arrange for another day, and don't be vexed at a little pouting or a few tears for such disappointments are as hard for the little folks as those of life are to us.

And last, last and always, don't expect an angel of a good frat boy. I have known many a wayward son, who, in my opinion, was made so by his mother constantly showing him his faults, in all kindness.

"Do not look for wrong or evil. You will find them if you do. As you measure to your neighbor, so they will measure back to you. Look for goodness, look for gladness. You will find them all the while. If you bring a smiling visage to the glass, you'll meet a smile."

Now dear Mrs. Aldridge I will close, hoping I have helped you for I realize your anxiety. I am not a doctor but I have had a boy like yours but thanks to my doctor friend, my husband and I now have as loyal and loving a little son as we could wish for. Mrs. GEORGE A. STEELE.

HAMBERTON, ARK.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Have you room for another homesteader? I have noticed letters in the corner from time to time. We have been holding down forty acres for two years and hope in one more to call it our own. We are thirteen miles from town and one mile from the main road and one and one half miles from church and school. Our climate is lovely; the winters mild and while the summers are hot the nights are never uncomfortable and we are always find a breeze in the shade during the hot days. We are in the Ozarks and have the best water on earth.

We came to our claim with only a tent and camp equipment. Not a horse, cow or wagon and very little money. But my husband had a good sharp axe. Did I hear someone whisper, "It can't be done!" We haven't started yet and won't till the smokehouse is empty—yes, it's locked. We have a one-room loghouse and there wasn't time to hew or bark them but they keep out considerable cold and we hope to add a room soon. Husband and I were both raised in town but prefer farm life and have learned some hard lessons in the school of experience. We lost our meat last fall. Just a week from the day we butchered I boiled out all the grease for soap and have plenty of soap and it was the first lesson in soap making too.

I enjoy the sisters' letters and hope I may come again. I have a twenty months old boy and read with great interest letters from other mothers.

With best wishes to all, I am, Mrs. E. A. WATSON.

ANSONIA, 186 Wakelee Ave., CONN.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I just read Mrs. Aldridge's letter and feel like adding my mite.

Do not whip your child to make him say his prayers. Coax him lovingly, try the shortest prayer you know and if that won't do, let him alone about it. Maybe you might try asking if for him yourself, or you could tell him stories about Jesus and how He loves the little ones and cares for them.

I have never had any trouble with my children in that way for I commenced to teach them as soon as they were able to talk. It may be different with my baby who is twenty-one months old. I try to make her say grace after meals but instead she stands up in her high chair, folds her hands and says, "Gong, gong, pie," or whatever she has just eaten, meaning that it is all gone. It was a joy to us all when she came for the other baby was then ten years old and there is a boy and a girl older. They are a great help in taking care of the baby and also help to spoil her. Her name is Elizabeth Louise.

I believe it is best to whip a child in early years if it needs punishment but after they are ten years of age I think they ought to obey because they are old enough to understand.

My baby had a blood tumor on her back and I have painted it with spirits of camphor and sweet oil almost ever since she was born and it is nearly gone now. I am thankful to COMFORT for the remedy.

I look about the same as I did when I wrote to COMFORT before, three and seven years ago, only a little older but feel younger. I am thirty-five years old. I have made many pen friends through COMFORT and have taken the paper eleven years now. That speaks for it.

Mrs. Hanna Walker, California, I should like to hear from you again.

With love to all the COMFORT readers and the editor of this corner, Mrs. HERMINE HANSEN.

FERRE HAUTE, R. R., IND.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS: May a new subscriber be admitted to your circle? I have read COMFORT a little over a year now and how I do enjoy the letters that are printed each month.

Where in the world Mrs. Hanna gets her idea that a poor family with children to rear and educate, has more advantages in the city than in the country is all right. In a way, as long as the husband and father is well and strong and the weekly wages (hard earned) come in each week, and then it takes a lot of figuring and skimping to get that and that to make both ends meet in these times. But if the man of the house is out of work, what then? Rent to pay, fuel and food to buy, and a bunch of healthy youngsters can eat a lot of food. When the mechanic is out of work

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

25 ASSORTED HY-GRADE SOU-10c
VENIR POST CARDS, POSTPAID.
The S. & D. Co., Inc., 208, Brunswick, Maine.

KLEVER GIFTS from the West for everybody, mailed anywhere. Give something different this Christmas. Write quick for catalogue. Western Novelty Company, Pueblo, Colorado.

FREE Fine Camera and complete outfit for selling 20 Large Colored Art & Religious Pictures or 20 plates. Beautiful Post Cards at 10c each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for choice today. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 325, CHICAGO.

YOUR BEAUTY Learn of the "beauty" of the surface beauty and how to bring it to favorable notice. Send us 2c. in stamps for sample of a wonderful beauty aid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Obey the impulse now. Artard Laboratories, Box 614, Pueblo, Colorado.

FREE Write today for 20 plates, Art Post Cards to sell at 10c per plate. When you get them, send them to your choice of presents. PEERLESS WATCH CO., Dept. 430 Chicago, Ill.

Girls—Here Is A Beautiful Home For All Your Dollies

Looks Just Like A Real House With Yard, Flowers And Windows And Doors That Actually Open And Shut

COMFORT loves little children and never loses an opportunity to please them, so when we had this large magnificent doll house offered us at a special reduced price you may be sure that we took up all that we could buy of them. You never saw a finer doll house than this one. It is not one of the small toy-like affairs that are not large enough to be of any account when you want to really and truly "play house." You will be surprised and delighted to see how much like a real house it looks and how large size of it—over six feet high, a foot long, nearly ten inches wide, and of course the doorway that extends clear around the house makes it still larger, and it looks like a real yard, too, with beautiful flower beds laid out, walks and handsome green climbing vines that come way up over the windows.

It is built of very heavy folding cardboard in true imitation of the real thing, with the same people live in it, with a large number of windows that open outward, and doors that actually open and shut. The sides of the house and the chimney are painted a handsome bright red, the roof is light green while all the windows and doors are finished in white.

No little girlie ever had a larger or prettier doll house than this one and all your dollies will certainly feel very proud of such a beautiful home as this one. We are certainly pleased that we are able to make so many little ones happy with a present of one of these fine houses, and we are sure that every mother who sends for one will be as well pleased as the children. We will give you this doll house which comes all folded and ready to easily set up, all ready for housekeeping, upon the terms of either of the following special offers.

Offer No. 7921A For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c, we will send you this large beautiful doll house free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 7921B For your own subscription, or renewal, or extension of your present subscription, for one year at 25c and the additional, (35c in all) we will send you this doll house free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7921.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

left 8-year-old Evelyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture.

Her mother has this to say: We feel it our duty to recommend you to all who are afflicted with Infantile Paralysis. Evelyn was stricken with Infantile Paralysis in August, 1913. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks.

Mrs. and Mrs. JOHN OLSON, R. D. No. 9, Grinnell, Ia.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults.

Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free on request. Write for it today.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, 990 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates named in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars. FREE

London & Co., Correspondence School, Dept. 8, London, Ontario, Can.

For rheumatism Sloan's Liniment

Penetrates without rubbing

COMB AND BRUSH SET

FOR LADY OR GENT

Premium No. 2622

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVER finish on the handle and the monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 3 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one 1/2 inch wide with coarse and fine teeth. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Club Offer: For 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send this Set Free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 2622. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Club Offer: For 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send this Set Free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 2622. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if repeated, will not be published. Answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

By the slip of a paragraph we answered A. H. Still, writer, Minn., in October COMFORT that Miss Marion May, 215 West 101st Street, New York, was the Secretary of the Anti-Suffragist Association when the fact is that she is Corresponding Secretary of the N. Y. State Woman Suffrage Association with the same address. The Secretary of the Anti-Suffragist Association is Mrs. M. E. Loomis, with headquarters in New York City. We extend our apologies to Miss May with the assurance that all the Antis who have written, or may write to her, are just what she is looking for as material to work on, and that she never would have heard from them except for our mistake.

Mrs. A. K. Vassar, Mich.—The reason the skins, on which you have tried several methods of tanning, are stiff and harsh is not the fault of the method, but of the tanner. You are trying to do something you do not know how to do, except as far as you have been told. Tanning properly depends more on the tanner than on the method and to be anything at all of a tanner requires knowledge and practice. We might tell you a different, perhaps a better, method than any you have tried, but we cannot give you the necessary ability and experience to apply the method. COMFORT readers along other lines ask us the same kind of questions you do about methods to use, but they do not seem to think it is necessary to know anything about the method. A skilled person in any work with the poorest method will get better results than the unskilled person can get with the best method known. We hope inquirers will make a note of this when they fail to get results and look to the improvement of themselves instead of the methods they may be failing to make good with.

T. R. N. Everton, Mo.—There are city newspapers which publish a certain number of "Want Notices" free, but we know none except The Enquirer, Cincinnati, O. Inquire of N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Walker's Rhyming Dictionary is the standard, but it cannot teach you how to write songs and poems, nor can any book. Poets are born, not made. There are many books on the use of words. Try Trench or Fyfe. Inquire at any large book store. Ask for lists of books on the subject.

Mrs. N. B. Nickelsville, Va.—You can only sell your apple logs by bringing them to the notice of possible purchasers and the best way to do that is to advertise in your local, or nearest city, papers. COMFORT inquirers often ask us for information concerning firms which buy certain lines of farm and other products and we cannot give it because in small sales of this kind business can only be done with local or near-by city dealers, or purchasers. These can best and quickest be reached by local advertising and as the cost is small we recommend all inquirers to go to their own immediate newspapers for this.

J. C. S. Noma, Fla.—Old magazines are a drug on the market and unless you can sell them at a cent or two apiece you will find it difficult to sell them. Thousands of them can be bought at second-hand stands in the cities at prices ranging from two for a nickel up to a dime apiece in rare instances. We bought not long ago from a second-hand dealer three bound volumes of Harper's Magazine date 1850-51 in good condition for a dime. Can you beat that? At another time we saw a dealer buy a whole wheelbarrow load of old unbound magazines for fifteen cents. The same weight of unprinted paper would have brought more money.

Mrs. M. B. W., Library, Penn.—The straight prohibition states are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Washington and West Virginia. You may not have seen this list in COMFORT, but it has been there just the same, and we believe more than twice. We hope you will see it this time.

N. L. A., Brookwood, Ala.—Girls may learn to become prescription drug clerks, but not to treat many do, as the work is not in all particulars quite woman's work. Where pharmacy is taught in Alabama is probably at the State University. We leave it to you to find out where that is located. Write to the President, C. H. Denny, LL. D., for information. In the mean time have a talk with some physician and druggist whom you know and get their opinion of your taking up the study of pharmacy. What the educational requirements are in Alabama to enter the school you can learn from the physician, or the druggist.

Miss P. T., Wakefield, Va.—This is an age of efficiency, and if you do not even know the duties of a governess, how could you fill the position of governess if we told you where you could get such a position, which we cannot. Such positions are found by capable persons who know what is to be done, how to do it and what to do to get it to do. The ability to be a first-class governess carries with it the ability to find the place, if you have to be led to it, you will have to be led after you get it. The efficient governess does not require to be led because she is a leader. Begin your inquiries among families in your neighborhood who have employed governesses.

B. M. C., Anna, Ill.—As a great many COMFORT readers, men and women, make things to sell and don't know how to sell them, we will go into some detail as to how to handle your wonderful hair tonic. First give it a good name. Trade-mark is not necessary, nor is there any government license to sell. But a trade-mark is desirable. If there is any local license you must find that out by inquiry of local officials. Put your tonic up neatly and attractively, and when you have a stock ready for distribution place it with drug-stores and groceries on sale, that is they only pay you for what they sell. Now to let the public know about the wonderful tonic and what a good thing it is, advertise it liberally, half page, at least, at a time and often, in your local newspapers. That will start something and you will reap the benefit. When you have got it going all right in your own county, place it in the adjoining county and advertise in the newspapers of that county, and so on until you have it going in all the adjoining counties. In this small and gradual way you may build up a very comfortable business and possibly, if the tonic becomes popular, sell out to a corporation which sees enough in the business to spend real money on it. There are so many medicines and other articles now on the market, that to get before a wide public costs a mint of money in advertising and nothing will go unless it is well advertised. You can meet the cost in one county to begin with, but in the whole state and country you cannot. Therefore begin at the bottom and climb up as you gain strength. You will not find it easy work, even going at it in the smallest way, and you will make many mistakes before you learn how, but if you will stick to it and keep it going you may get there by and by, and you may not.

Brown Eyes, Central, Ind.—We imagine that you are not the only pupil in the public schools of this country who finds it difficult to meet the cost of changing text-books and thus far the cause of complaint is not being removed as thoroughly as it should be. As Indiana prides herself on her public schools and the high intellectual standard of her people you might get somebody in authority interested in your case so that you would not have to leave school because you could not afford to buy new books when ordered to do so by teachers acting under orders from those higher up. Suppose you write a plain letter of your needs and your desire to secure an education, to Hon. Chas. A. Greathouse, State Superintendent of Education at Indianapolis and ask him what can be done for you, if he can offer no assistance, we suppose

you will have to do the best you can on your own hook. At the same time, it seems to us that your parents must be poorer than in purse merely, to permit their daughter to grow up in ignorance rather than make some sacrifice to prevent it.

BIGGEST BOOK IN WORLD.—A committee headed by one George Skal of New York has been formed to have made up and presented to the German people a great book containing the newspaper clippings on the voyage of the merchant submarine Deutschland. The book will be inscribed in letters of gold and will be placed in the Royal Library in Berlin. It will contain every line printed concerning the undersea voyage of the Deutschland, as well as editorial comment, photographs, and cartoons. The book will be about the size of a grand piano. The volume is to rest on a table supported by two American eagles and two German eagles of silver.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

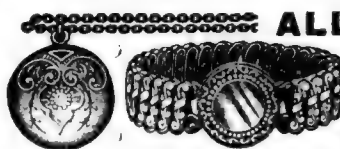
MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. Astor Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith (A) Ottawa, Ill.

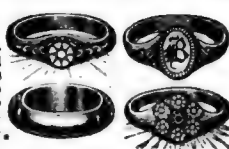
Kremola Cream. Wonderful bleach. Removes brown spots, etc. By mail \$1. Booklet free. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

C. S. A. Money I guarantee what I handle are not Reprints of Confederate Money. Write for price list. Frank J. Shilling, Navarre, Ohio.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with 1m. Diamond and 22-inch Necklace, one Gold finished Signet Extension Bracelet, fits any arm, and these 4 beautiful Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write today. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. DEPT. 39, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



26-Piece Daisy SILVER SET

Premium No. 6806

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is plated on a white metal base, therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.

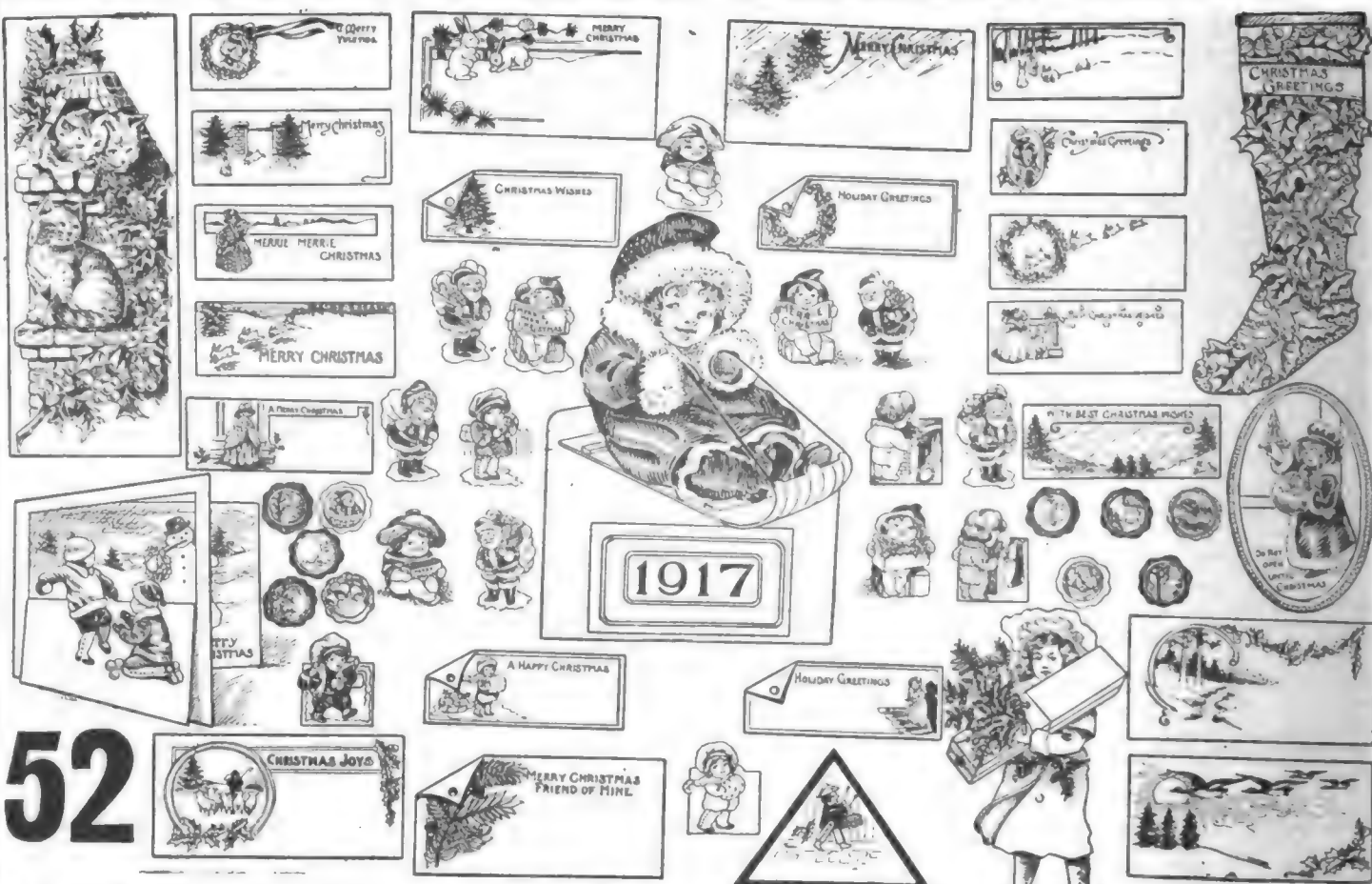


WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept this offer we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special Club Offer.

For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6806. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Beautiful Christmas Novelties!



52 All Different Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut-Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc.,



All Sent Postpaid To You For Only One Subscription

Also An Exquisite Christmas Calendar For 1917!

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superior paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc. add to the value of the Christmas gift. Even though it may be only a little remembrance these bright colored tokens of Joy and Happiness show that loving thought has gone into it and care and pains have been taken with it and this knowledge changes the plainest, most inexpensive present into a gift well nigh priceless.

The ordinary small town stores do not carry these strictly high-grade Christmas novelty packages—they are to be secured only in the large cities and at a high price. So for the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1917 Christmas Calendar 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:
One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.
Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.
Two Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.
Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.
Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.
One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.
One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.
Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.
Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Polaris, and Christmas Bells Gunned Seals.
One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gunned Seal with the words "Do Not Open Until Christmas."
Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals, Embossed in colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gunned Seals. One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1917.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags, and Folders carry a Cheery Christmas Greeting such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys" and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gunned Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts to say nothing of the fun in "doing them up."

And don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1917, a large handsome Holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four page Booklet, when Presto—a flip of the finger, and a startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

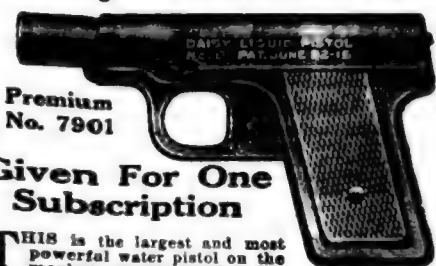
This splendid collection will furnish your whole family with all the Holiday Gift Decorations needed for this Christmas and they will surely add to the pleasure of your giving and the gifts themselves will be all the more appreciated by the recipients. We purchased a large quantity of these Novelty Packages but even at that we fear we have not enough to go around so take no chances of being disappointed but send in your order at once. Also Christmas will be here almost before you are aware of it, and you want to make sure of receiving your package in time so that you can get your Christmas packages all ready before Christmas Day.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties including the large Handsome Christmas Calendar for 1917 upon the terms of either one of the following very liberal offers:

Offer No. 7931A. For one one-year's subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid.

Offer No. 7931B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this beautiful Christmas Novelty Package free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7931. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Daisy Water Pistol



Premium
No. 7901
Given For One
Subscription

THIS is the largest and most powerful water pistol on the market, manufactured by the Daisy Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous Daisy air rifle. In shape, size and appearance it looks exactly like a .32 automatic "Colt" having a regular full-size checkered butt and 5 1/2 inch barrel with a handsome blued steel finish over all, and it squirts a solid stream of water thirty feet or more straight to the mark you aim it at. It works by compressed air—there are no rubber bulbs to wear out. To load the "Daisy" you simply pull the trigger back as far as it will go—hold it there—immerse the end of the barrel in water—then release the trigger slowly. To shoot it you give the trigger a quick pull just the same as you would a regular revolver. This liquid pistol serves two purposes—loaded with a weak solution of dilute aqua ammonia it is a good protection against vicious dogs, tramps, burglars, etc. Loaded with water it is perfectly harmless and the greatest fun maker out. Boys and girls can have literally "barrels of fun" with it by giving their friends surprise showers, bathtubs when they least expect them. We will send the Daisy Water Pistol free to any address upon the terms of either one of the following offers:

Offer No. 7901A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you the Daisy Water Pistol free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 7901B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you the Daisy Water Pistol free and prepaid. Premium No. 7901. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Panne Satin Petticoat



Premium
No. 7256

Given For Six Subscriptions

THIS is one of the best bargains we have been able to offer this season. These handsome latest style colored panne satins are made of finest quality mercerized panne satin which has all the sheen and brilliancy of the highest grade satin. They are well made in every respect with finished seams and come in a variety of different dyes one of which is shown above, but all of them are popular, up-to-date styles and will surely please the most exacting taste. We have them in colors of green, beige and black, and in sizes from 36 to 44. When ordering be sure to specify size and color wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three three-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fashionable high-grade panne satin petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention what size and color you desire. Premium No. 7256. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear



Premium No.
6992

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, over 10 inches tall, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. He also has a voice and squeals right out good and loud every time you squeeze his "tummy." "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6992. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Talks
with
Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HERE we are once more at the last month of the year and the year is 1916, meaning much to many people and something to every human being. Some have been good and some ill, some have been rewarded and some punished, but you girls and I seem to be about as usual, don't we? Not much richer, not much poorer, not much happier, not much sadder and we ought to thank the good Lord that we are still able to be fair average human beings in a world very much as we have made it. What 1917 will bring to us, no one can tell, and if any one could, he would be a monster if he did, so let us say good by to the Old Year and shout welcome to the New. In the mean time, watch me go to work!

The first letter I take from the pile before me is from Lonesome Maid of Piney Ford, Ohio, and she wants to know if I think a young man, who says he will write and does not and says he will call and does not, cares for her as much as she does for him. If she cares so little for him that she doesn't care whether she ever sees him again or not, then I should say he cares as much for her as she does for him. Why is it a girl will not take a snub from a man unless he simply slams it at her? P. S. Ohio has the reputation of having fine schools, but, my, my, they certainly don't show signs in Cousin Lonesome's letter. I don't wonder that the young man didn't want to get any more letters from her.

Brown Eyes, Baltimore, Md.—As your nagging brother drove two of your sisters away from home and they married and you are engaged and he has begun to nag you, don't you do as they did? You say you are almost driven to desperation at home, yet you insist on staying there when you have a chance to go away. It must be a very mild form of desperation, or you are making much of very little. Some folks do that, you know.

Broken Heart, De Funiak Springs, Fla.—I'll tell you what you do, cousin, for your broken heart because of the very common man you love and you are a very wealthy girl. You forget him and spend quite a lot of your money on spelling books, grammars and other educational articles and every book in your heart will be mended so it will be just as good as new.

M. J. A. B., Adams, Mass.—I think, my dear, you have made a mistake in your associate who is too ignorant to know when she is doing you an injury by her talk to you and about you. She may not mean any harm, but what difference is that if she does the harm? She might not intentionally give you poison, but if she did, not knowing it was poison, and it killed you, you would be just as dead, wouldn't you? I think you would be much easier in your mind and less liable to gossip injury, if you quietly got rid of this friend. You'd be safer with an average young man, seeing that you are a sensible girl.

Three Roses, Mathis, Texas.—I think you would be quite as safe in marrying a soldier whose past you did not know as you would be in marrying any other kind of a man you knew as little about. You should not marry any man whose past and present you did not know as fully as is necessary. (2) It is not proper to speak to a young man you do not know, even if he does speak to you first. Anyway, it is the lady's place and first, and no lady will speak to a man she does not know unless she is compelled to by circumstances. (3) What are "Roases"?

Dakota Girls, Baldwin, N. Dak.—Listen, girls, if these young men who you say are so fine and so active in all kinds of religious work, but never take the girls to church or anywhere, are really consistent in their belief, you should tell them that works of necessity and mercy must be done or there isn't any real religion in them. Then you may tell them that as you can't find any other young men, it is a work of necessity for them to take you. If that doesn't bring them to a realizing sense of their Christian duty, you might as well give them up and accept the attentions of the sinners of neighboring places. That is the only remedy I can think of just now. Begin by showing this answer to your inquiry if you are not afraid to.

Water Lily, Lake Shore, Minn.—Don't you think, my dear, that you should mind your mother without question about the beans, instead of asking me whether she is right or not? Not one mother in a hundred thousand will knowingly give her daughter bad advice.

Gray Eyes, Kosciusko, Miss.—Let him cry his eyes out when he comes around begging you not to break the engagement when he has given you every cause to and is just as careless after you forgive him as he was before. He isn't any good and you won't be any better than he is if you remain engaged to him. There, that's what I think about his kind of engaged young men, and you may do as you please.

Anxious One, Lysite, Wyo.—Yes, dear, it was right for you to stop speaking to Fifteen-year-old for saying you let Fourteen-year-old love you and to give him back the precious pencil he gave you and you owe him no apology for nothing at all. As for the other about Your Beloved you should break your silence over his face and tell him to go to thunder. I don't know where thunder is, but that's where people are very often told to go. My, my, isn't love something wonderful? But you do know how to spell, which is also wonderful!

S. S. O., Okato, S. Dak.—As the young man failed to injure you as he tried to do and now is going with another girl and trying to prejudice her against you, it shows how mean and unworthy he is and you should neither speak to him, nor permit him to speak to you. A nice girl can't have too little to do with a man like he is, if the other girl is the right kind she will find him out soon, and will treat him as you did. (2) Only the very silly people stop speaking over trifling differences.

Trouble, Bethesda, Ky.—You are not the first girl whose sweetheart had a change of heart and fell in love with a younger sister. I suppose there is no cure for it, and all you can do is to console yourself with the thought, that at least he is still in the family. It is ever so much better to do that than to mope and be unhappy for what you cannot prevent.

Waiting, Torrington, Conn.—Eighteen is not young for a girl to begin to take notice of the young men, if through school, and the very first notice she should take is of the kind of young man who insist upon hugging and kissing. Stop that before it gets a start and if any young man says he will not go with you if you do not permit it, tell him frankly that you are not seeking the society of men of his ideas. No girl ever lost the respect of any man by respecting herself. Men, the right kind of men, mean want self-respecting women or wives and thought, as a girl, you may not be popular with a certain class, you will, as a woman, hold the regard of those whose regard is worth holding. You have the proper ideas and you should not be persuaded to change them to meet any popular demand. Too many girls who start well, permit themselves to finish ill. Don't you do it!

Inquirer, New Salem, Pa.—If disinheritorship by your parents will cause you greater loss than to lose the lifetime happiness you believe will be yours with this fine young man whom you have known from childhood, then save the inheritance and lose the happiness. Otherwise marry him and see how long it will be before your parents begin to show signs of wanting to be friends with their daughter in the comfortable home their son-in-law provides for her. You have my blessing.

Black Eyes, Coeburn, Va.—Break your engagement with him and wait until you are old enough to know what an engagement means before making another. And by all means don't make it with the present party. I should think you would be glad enough to break with a young man who paid you no attention in public. He must be ashamed of you.

The Daisy Trail, Minn.—Don't marry any one of three, of thirty, young men who want you, until you have head enough and heart enough to know which

one you want, without having to ask somebody else to choose for you. (2) It is not absolutely necessary for the man to ask the girl's parents for her, if she is of age, as eloping couples usually omit that part, but it is the custom and should be observed. It is also the custom for the man to put the engagement ring on the girl's finger, we believe, but it isn't closely followed because it often happens that the ring is sent to her, in which event she must put it on herself. Her reply is not governed by custom and she may say anything she pleases. If she doesn't know what to say she shouldn't become engaged.

There, my dears, all your deserving questions are answered, except those sent to other departments and I feel real sure that all of you are perfectly satisfied with the answers. Now run along till next year and do everything you can to make the old year die happy. By, by till 1917. COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

his family must stop eating or live on charity. But it isn't so with the farmer and his family. Any farmer, that is a farmer at all, simply cannot go hungry. We have our cellar stocked with potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips and apples, our garden is full of tomatoes, and we have our own canned fruits, jellies, pickles and preserves, and remember all these things were raised on the farm. Then with our chickens, eggs and milk, does that sound like going hungry? No! Then the farmer and his family are the most independent people on earth, of panics and things of that sort, I don't mean to say farm life is easy. But nothing worth having is easy to obtain. It is hard work for the man and hard work for the woman, but farm men and women work together and consequently they get along better together. Did you ever stop to think of where most of the divorces come from? You seldom hear of a farmer getting a divorce. Why? Because the farmer and his wife work shoulder and shoulder together and that is what it takes to get along. Of course we farmers' wives don't have the back fence to gossip over every day, but farm life is so varied, having something new each day, that we do not miss it, and the cheap entertainments our town slaters give us for the last moment, don't take my fancy. I don't mean to say I don't like to take my school, unless one lives too far in the backwoods, will be found quite up to the standard.

I have a little boy, six years old, and I hope some day he will be a farmer like his father. This spring we gave him the little runt pig. When we sold it, with some others a short time ago, his father gave him the money and after looking at it a moment he exclaimed, "I'm going with ten cents store junk, after this, I'm going with ten dimes and buy stock." Why, even a little child can see things grow into money on the farm and this money that talks these days.

And when I write of my boy I can't help but think of Mrs. Aldridge's little boy. I think, Mrs. A., your little son has lost confidence in you. Take him on your lap and talk to him. Overlook all his faults for a while, don't make mountains out of mole hills, praise him for all his good traits, no matter how small for there is nothing in the world a child likes better than praise, and I think before long you will see a difference in him. Never promise him anything unless you mean it and if the last moment you find it impossible to do as you thought, tell him in a nice way and explain why, same as you would to an older person. Win his confidence and he will be all right. I would like to shake hands with Mrs. K. of W. Va. She expressed my sentiments exactly.

May I come again, or have I made my letter too long? I sincerely hope not but I fear as though I could write a column in answer to those who pity the poor farmers.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all, I am, Very truly yours, Mrs. CHAS. H. BAUER.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I will tell the sisters from Alva, Oklahoma, a few things I heard a doctor say about nerves and how to build them up. In the first place, don't worry and don't drink tea or coffee for it affects the nerves the same as alcohol and tobacco. Take plenty of exercise, drink water and more water. The common white bread possesses very little food value for nerves, so eat whole-meal bread or whole wheat bread. Eat fish, and cook potatoes with the skins. If possible have eaten skins and all are nutritious. If possible have one hour of sleep out of doors each day for that one hour in the open air is equal to two in the house. Use fresh vegetables, right out of the garden, fresh eggs and if milk can be drunk while warm it is more beneficial. Buttermilk or any kind of sour milk is good too. She said that little babies had broken down nerves from too much company.

I am a farmer's wife and have two boys age three and five years. Why is it they say "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." I, for one, don't believe it, for my boys, ever since they could sit up and take notice have tried to do what papa does, so a mother might try to live life as if the father isn't the man he ought to be, the boys are more likely to respond to her teachings unless she teaches them not to look up to their father, so I think more responsibility rests on fathers than on mothers in raising boys. Wishing COMFORT success, Mrs. C. L. RICE.

WHITETAIL, Box 115, MONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: As so many of the sisters are writing in to express a few of their ideas, I thought I might as well try it also. I am a school teacher. I have taught for the last five years.

So many people ask me if teaching is not a tiresome and boring work. I am glad to say I do not find it such. Children are the most interesting "beings," so willing and always developing as they grow. What really is more interesting? If the teacher finds no pleasure and complains of it being a tiresome work, I am sure, it must be very dull for the children under her care. I am afraid many of the teachers do not realize that their ways and actions, also the manner in which they express themselves, has so much to do with the pupil.

Often the teacher, also the parents expect too much from the children. They do not realize that their minds are not as fully developed as their own. They do not seem to know that the children must be taught the difference between right and wrong until their own consciences are able to guide them right.

Don't you think fault finding is often a great mistake? It seems that it is all one can find. The saying is, "Seek and you shall find." It must be that that is all they are seeking for, as that seems to be the only thing they can find. We all have good qualities also, and if we would look for them and find them, we would have something to profit by, anyway. It would help us to find much more pleasure and contentment for ourselves as well as for others. I often think of this little quotation:

"Dare we condemn the ills that others do? Their strength is small, their trials not a few. The tide of wrong is imminent to them, them And if to us more clearly than to them Is given knowledge of good and true, More do they need our help and pity, too; Dare we condemn?"

I think we should study our own actions more, for many of us don't know how we do act, and what (CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Faces As Fair As A Summer's Day

Are Possible If Stuart's Calcium
Wafers Are Used for a Short
Time After Each Meal.

Many people have been heard to say that they used creams and lotions for years without effect, yet after five or six days of Stuart's Calcium Wafers their complexions were perfectly clear.



"I Got Rid of Blackheads in a Jiffy by Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

They contain no poisonous drug of any kind, are perfectly harmless and can be taken with absolute freedom, and they work almost like magic. Calcium Sulphide, their principal ingredient, is the greatest blood-cleanser known to science.

No matter how bad your skin may be, Stuart's Calcium Wafers will quickly work wonders with it. It's goodly to blackheads, pimples, acne, boils, rash, eczema and a dirty "filled-up" complexion. You can get a box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents a box, and you will be positively delighted with their wonderful effect.

And if you wish to try them first, send your name and address to F. A. Stuart Co., Box 342, Marshall, Mich. A free trial package will be mailed in a plain wrapper.

BIRCH Car FREE To You!

Yes, it's a fact. You can get this superb 28 H. P. 5-passenger Birch Car with electric lights and starter, absolutely free, and the agency for your territory, if your name reaches me soon enough. Make \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year in the automobile business. I will show you how. Get full information at once. Write quick—before too late. Major Birchard, Pres., BIRCH MOTOR COLLEGE INC., Dept. 1222, 31 E. Madison St., Chicago.

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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

plan develops," she replied, "and send you instructions regarding the final act."

"All right, go ahead—I give you carte blanche for your expenses," said Monsieur Correll, as he rose to leave the room.

Five hours later, he was fast asleep in a Pullman berth, and flying over the rails toward New York.

Meanwhile Edith, who was inclined to leave the house, and throw herself upon the kindness of Mrs. Stewart, found her mistress unusually gracious, seeking her aid in forwarding invitations for a reception, and in planning for what she called "a mid-winter frolic." She also incidentally announced, to the great gratification of Edith, that Monsieur Correll had hurriedly departed for New York, with the intention of being absent a considerable time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How You Can Get This Story In Book Form



If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this serial as they appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling story of mingled romance and tragedy for it is one of the very best Mrs. George Sheldon has written. The heroine is a refined and beautiful character that will challenge your wonder and admiration and stir the heart's strongest emotions. The story is full of action which moves rapidly through a succession of startling events to the final chapter. The serial in COMFORT through the fall, winter and spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 50 cents and 10 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

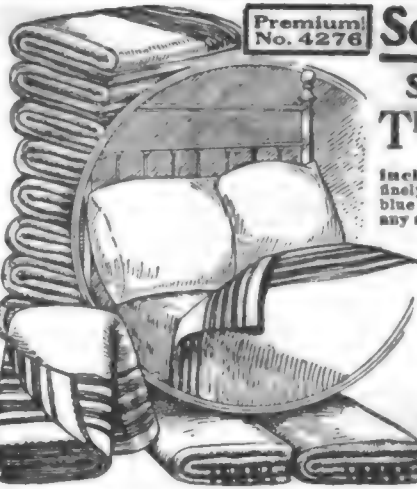
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No. 4276

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Six

THIS is an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are 72 inches long and 55 inches wide, extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Each blanket is large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border. Prem. No. 4276. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

erous. Once more a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year and God bless you all.
Lovingly yours,

Comfort's League of Cousins

How to become a Member

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Drop Uncle Charlie's Poems in That Christmas Stocking and Make Everyone Happy

If you want a real old-fashioned Christmas, and want to forget European wars and hard times, get a copy of that wonderful volume, Uncle Charlie's Poems. Here is the finest present for young or old in the world. To deprive the children of this book is a crime. Read "How Father Carved The Turk," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," and "Just Behind The Battle Mother," and you will have the whole family yelling with delight. For parlor or platform it is the dandiest book in the world. A big 160-page gorgeous volume, beautifully bound in lilac ribbed silk cloth, a charm from cover to cover. Photographed by the famous artist, Harris, with her hot-touching sketches of his life, and half tint pictures, showing Uncle Charlie dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This exquisite volume free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. These clubs count toward our great cash prize competition. Dandiest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book a Superb Christmas Gift

You can't have a real Christmas without music in the home, and Uncle Charlie's song folio, a superb collection of entrancingly beautiful songs will set every music lover wild with delight. Songs for Christmas and all occasions, all tastes, and every song a hit. The ideal gift for the music lover. Price, 50¢. Dealers. Contains full music for voice and piano. Four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie on the cover. Send two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25¢ each and Santa Claus will bring this gorgeous collection of musical merriment to your door, free of charge. Point and order book free. For full list of six. Secure both and a Merry Christmas will be yours. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send for them today.

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a



chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.

Uncle Charlie's Story Book

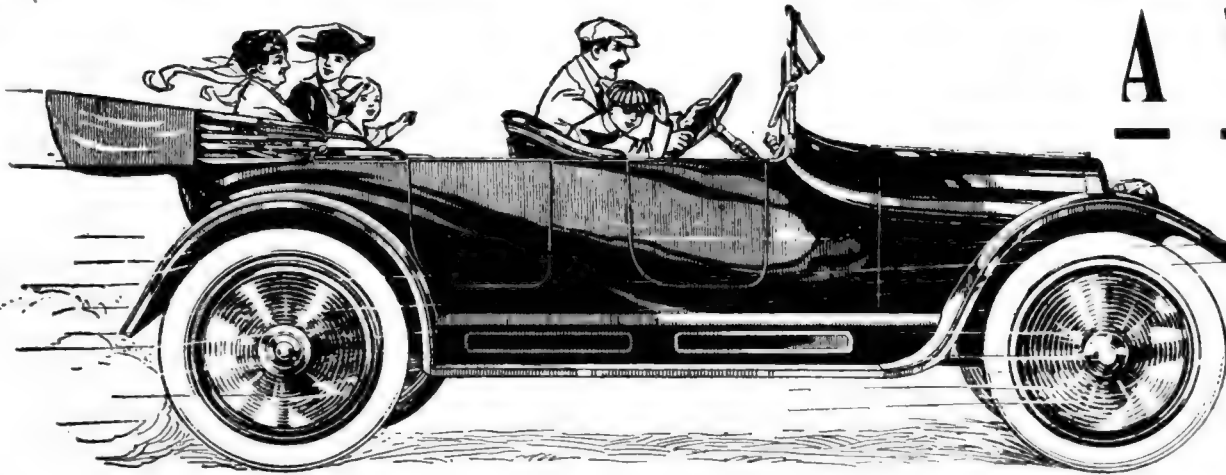
Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily,

Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for four subs at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 25c.** each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Win This \$635 Auto And Enough Cash To Run It A Whole Season!



THIS is the big, beautiful, powerful "Overland" which we are going to give away as First Grand Prize in COMFORT'S Subscription Contest. If you win this car—and your chances are as good as anybody's—you are also sure to win enough money in Monthly Cash Prizes to pay for running it an entire season—perhaps two seasons. If you really want an automobile here is your opportunity to own one without a cent of expense and win a good sum of money besides. Read every word of this announcement, then get busy with the subscription blank below.

108 Monthly Cash Prizes And 61 Grand Prizes Besides The Auto!

No money is required to enter this Contest and compete for the prizes. **It is free to all!** This splendid Overland Touring Car will actually be given **free and freight prepaid** to the man, woman, boy or girl who sends us the largest number of subscriptions to COMFORT up to and including April 30, 1917. Besides the Automobile there are also 61 Grand Cash Prizes and 108 Monthly Cash Prizes as follows:

NOVEMBER CASH PRIZES			
First Prize	\$30	Next 3 Prizes	\$5 each
Second Prize	20	Next 4 Prizes	3 each
Third Prize	10	Next 8 Prizes	2 each
DECEMBER CASH PRIZES			
First Prize	\$30 or \$60	Next 3 Prizes	\$5 or \$10 each
Second Prize	20 or 40	Next 4 Prizes	3 or 6 each
Third Prize	10 or 20	Next 8 Prizes	2 or 4 each
JANUARY CASH PRIZES			
First Prize	\$30 to \$90	Next 3 Prizes	\$5 to \$15 each
Second Prize	20 to 60	Next 4 Prizes	3 to 9 each
Third Prize	10 to 30	Next 8 Prizes	2 to 6 each

The Cash Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January with the exception that the First Prize is \$30 to \$120 for February, \$30 to \$150 for March and \$30 to \$180 for April.

The Grand Prizes will be given in their order to the sixty-two Contestants who send in the most subscriptions up to and including April 30, 1917. The \$635 Overland Car will go to the one who sends in the **largest** number

of subscriptions. The \$200 in Cash will go to the one who sends in the **second** largest number. The \$150 in Cash will go to the one who sends in the **third** largest number, and so on.

The Monthly Cash Prizes will be paid to the contestants who send in the largest number of subscriptions **each month**—from November 1916 to April 1917, inclusive. And as the Grand Prizes are to be given to those who send in the largest **total** number of subscriptions for the **entire six months** you will readily see why those who win the most Monthly Cash Prizes will also win the Grand Prizes. And this also explains why the man, woman, boy or girl who wins the First Grand Prize of the Automobile **will have plenty of money to run it** because he or she will already have won a large number of the Monthly Cash Prizes.

You Get Your Premiums Anyway!

Remember this is a contest in which you simply cannot lose because we pay you for your work whether you win the prizes or not. Every club will entitle you to a fine premium which you may select from our regular Premium List or any issue of COMFORT. If you do not care for premiums you can have a cash commission. If you choose premiums they will be sent to you promptly upon receipt of every club sent in. If you prefer the cash commission you may deduct and retain 40% of all subscription money collected and remit the balance. In this way you are absolutely sure of being rewarded for your time and trouble, and of course we place the same clubs to your credit in the Contest, thereby giving you the chance to win one or more of the Monthly Cash Prizes as well as the Automobile or one of the other Grand Prizes.

Start Early And Be A Winner!

Don't wait and let others get ahead of you but hustle around for your first club and send it in as soon as possible using the special subscription blank printed at the right. **Remember you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.** You are sure of your premiums anyway—or your cash commission if you prefer—and even a small club **will start a prize your way.** Start a club today. Get all your friends and acquaintances and everybody you see to subscribe or renew their subscriptions to COM-FORT. They will be glad to help you out. Just as soon as we hear from you we will mail a free first postage **full information** regarding the contest, rules and conditions, etc., and everything else you need to help make a successful start. Mail us the special contest blank with your first club right away and let us enter your name in this Grand Contest for the \$655 Overland Car and other Prizes.

**Address All Contest Letters And Orders To
COMFORT, PRIZE CONTEST DEPT., AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

CONTEST SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

COMFORT, Prize Contest Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Date1916

Dear Sir: Please enter my name in the contest. I enclose \$ to pay for the following subscriptions to be placed to my credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes, Auto and other Grand Prizes.

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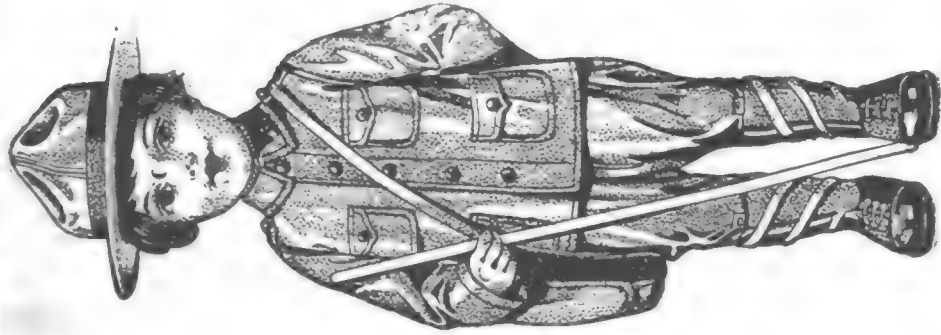
Send me Premium No. _____ My Name is _____ State _____

Post Office..... Street and No..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....

COMFORT'S Subscription Price is 25 Cents a Year, 50 Cents for 3 Years, \$1.00 for 6 Years, 2 Years' Renewal (for old subscribers only) 30 Cents. Foreign Subscriptions are Barred from this Contest.

The only standard men's watches made with luminous on dial and luminous hands are made on heavy metal cases, plain metal cases, metal bracelets on dial, heavy E. E. style straps. Genuine American-made, one wind and set, fully GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS. To advertise our business and introduce this wonderful watch and our great antique of Elgin, Waltham and Hampden watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail for **ONLY \$1.00** if you order **ONE** watch. If you order **TWO** watches we will send **ONE** watch FREE for your trouble. Send this advertisement to me and we will send **ONE EXTRA WATCH FREE**.
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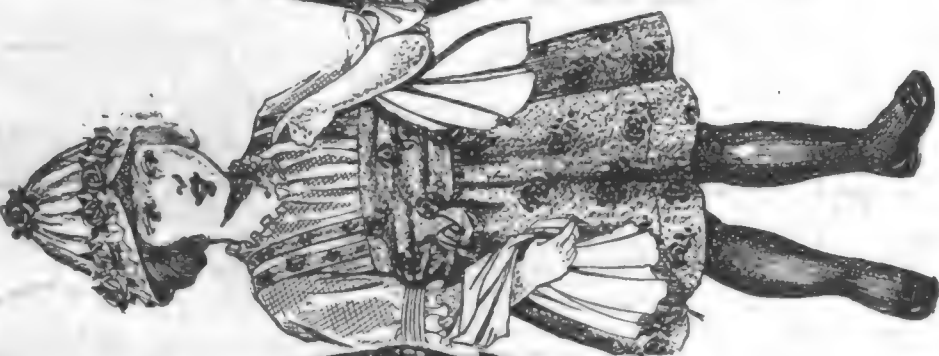
Make The Children Happy With A Set Of These New Dressing Dolls!



Bobby in his Boy Scout Suit



Beatrice in her Holiday Dress



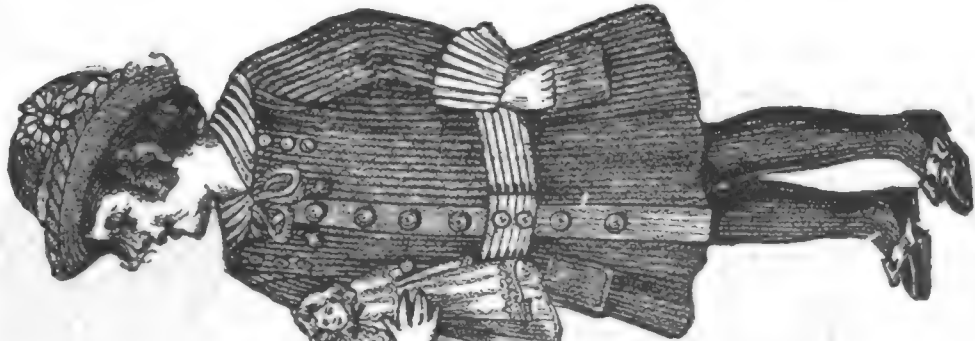
Betty in her Party Dress



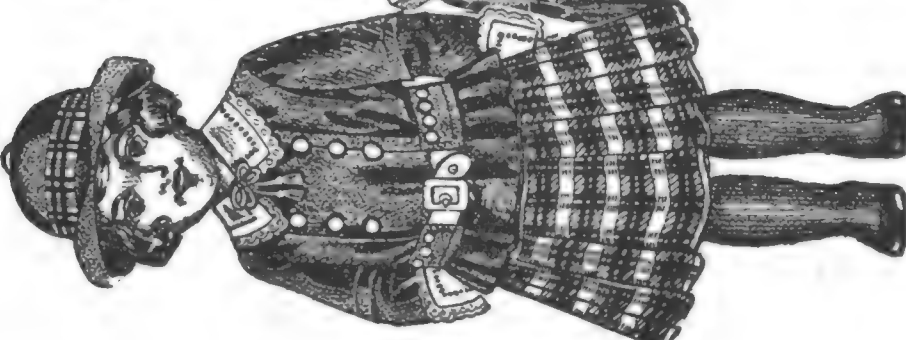
Bobby in his Sunday Best



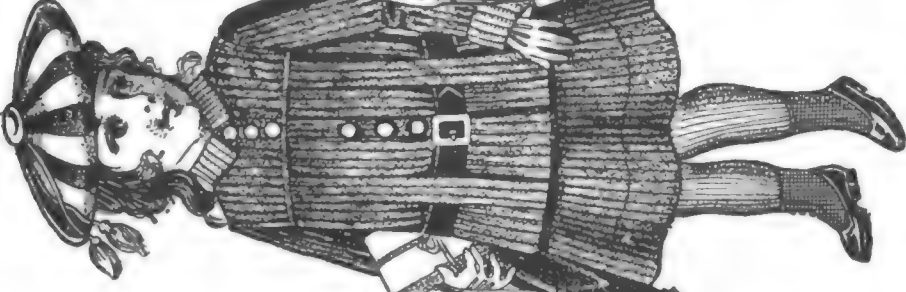
Beatrice in her Winter Dress



Betty in her Play Dress



Betty in her Visiting Dress



Beatrice in her School Dress



Bobby in his Sailor Suit

The Little Folks Love To Play With These Large, Handsome Life-Like Dolls Which May Be Dressed In So Many Different Beautiful Costumes. Over A Foot Tall, Printed In Gorgeous Colors, Ready To Be Dressed When You Receive Them.

Three Dolls With Nine Dresses And Nine Hats Given To You!

YES—this is the most delightful family of dolls that any little girl or boy ever had to play with. The children enjoy them because they are something entirely new and different from all other dolls. Even the most expensive imported dressed dolls do not begin to furnish the little ones with the amusement and joy to be derived from these dear little boy and girl dressing dolls with their bright happy faces and so many different changes of suits, dresses and hats. In the large cities where all the newest ideas are first put on the sale these large handsomely attired life-like dolls are going into all the rich homes where there are little ones and they are fast taking the place of the more costly and elaborate dolls and other toys, because the children never tire of them. These dolls are of course not the small so-called "out out" paper dolls but are actually 14 inches in height, printed in the most beautiful life-like colors on thick heavy cardboard and so made that they will stand upright in almost any position you wish to place them. But the best part of all is that you can dress and undress them as often as you wish. We not only give you the dolls but all the extra different, beautiful suits, dresses and hats that go with them. Each doll has three different suits or dresses and three different hats and there are three dolls and nine different dresses and hats in all. Brother Bobby the little boy doll has a handsome Kakai "Boy Scout" suit with shoes, leggings, coat, hat, haversack and staff complete; a real sure-enough white sailor suit including boatwain's whale, and a real swell Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, consisting of a black and white check top coat, nobby hat, tan gloves, stockings and white top shoes. Sister Beatrice is a handsome little girl with golden curls and has a most sumptuous wardrobe consisting of a pretty checked holiday dress, a saucy little hat with feather, white socks and slippers, a school dress with striped Tam-o'-shanta, school bag and lunch box and a very expensive winter costume including a handsome set of fur, muff, fur-trimmed hat, leggings and gloves.

These Dolls Will Cost You No Money!

We will send you all three dolls with nine dresses and nine hats or if you prefer one doll with three dresses and three hats free and prepaid in return for a small favor. Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (parcel post prepaid) and we will send you all three dolls with their nine dresses and nine hats by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7842. Or, for your own renewal for two years at thirty cents and twenty cents extra (50 cents in all), we will send you all three dolls with nine dresses and nine hats by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7842. Or, we will send you one doll with three dresses and three hats for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 25 cents, or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all). Premium No. 7911. It will not be necessary for you to write a letter—just fill out the coupon printed at the right and return it to us with the subscriptions and money. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No Matter How Many Dolls There Are In The House Now You Cannot Have Too Many And You Want This Complete Doll Family Sure No Need Of Writing A Letter—Send The Coupon With Your Subscription And Remittance!

DRESSING DOLLS' COUPON

IF YOU SEND TWO ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIBERS WRITE THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES HERE
Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.—I enclose 50 cents and two one-year subscriptions for which send me all three Dressing Dolls with 9 Dresses and 9 Hats, free and prepaid.

Subscribers' Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....
Subscribers' Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....

IF YOU SEND ONE 3-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION WRITE THE NAME AND ADDRESS HERE
I enclose 50 cents and one 3-year subscription for which send me three Dolls with 9 Dresses and 9 Hats.

Subscribers' Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....
IF YOU SEND YOUR OWN 2-YEAR RENEWAL WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE
I enclose 50 cents for my own 2-year renewal for which send me three Dolls with 9 Dresses and 9 Hats.

My Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....
IF YOU SEND ONE 1-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION WRITE THE NAME AND ADDRESS HERE
I enclose 25 cents and 1 one-year subscription for which send me one Doll with 3 Dresses and 3 Hats.

Subscribers' Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....
IF YOU SEND YOUR OWN ONE-YEAR RENEWAL WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE
I enclose 35 cents for my own one-year renewal for which send me one Doll with 3 Dresses and 3 Hats.

My Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....
NO MATTER WHICH OFFER YOU ACCEPT BE SURE TO SIGN YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS HERE

My Name..... Post Office..... R.F.D. No..... Box No.....

39 SELECTED NOVELS FREE

We want to give you this big collection of thirty-nine Novels, Novelettes and Stories, some of the most interesting works of the most popular writers. Each is a complete story in itself. All are well printed on good paper and firmly bound in paper covers. We will give you this whole collection of best reading just to make you acquainted with our paper, **Good Stories**.

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And 29 others.
Etta W. Pierce
Mary Kyle Dallas
Charlotte M. Browne
St. Anne Frost
Mrs. C. F. Gerry
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GOOD STORIES is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful serial and short stories we can buy. In addition there are household departments with "tried and true" receipts, helpful editorials, up-to-date fashions. **Good Stories** has something for every member of the family.

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Publishers **Good Stories**, 101 Chapel St., Augusta, Maine

Wonderful New STEREOSCOPE



Premium No. 6462

For A Club Of Two!

Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days. Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, interested and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6462.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Barking Dog

Premium No. 7422



For A Club Of Two!

YOU simply press down gently on top of "doggie's" head and he opens his mouth and barks right out loud. And not only does he bark like a real dog but he looks like one. With his alert sparkling eyes, "bat" ears, and snubby upturned nose he is the perfect likeness of a cute little bull terrier pup. He is pure white with brown spots, and sitting on his haunches as you see him in the picture he measures over six inches high. His body, head and legs are made of practically indestructible material covered with soft thick felt; the marvelous mechanism in the throat that produces the bark is so constructed that it will not easily get out of order.

These wonderful barking dogs come from Japan where they make some of the finest mechanical toys in the world. In spite of the war we managed to import a limited quantity of them and while they last we are going to send them free to **COMFORT** homes where there are little boys and girls. Doggie looks so lifelike and his sharp yelping bark sounds so natural we know he will surely delight the children more than anything else you could possibly get for them. We will send you this fine barking dog exactly as illustrated and described free upon the terms of the following special:

Club Offer: For two one-year subscriptions to three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this cute novelty, **Barking Dog** free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7422.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

Matilda's Happy Christmas

Copyright, 1916, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

DEAR children, do you know what makes everyone so happy at Christmas-time? It is love. The presents you get are nothing unless love is mixed with the giving. When you make a gift to a friend, be sure and make it tell the story of your love for him. I knew a little girl once who thought all the pleasure of the Christmas season came from the toys and dolls she got. She longed to have more and more and made up her mind that she would spend nearly all of her money on herself and besides that ask Santa Claus for playthings enough to fill a whole room. Her uncles and aunts and grandparents and papa and mamma gave her plenty of money but she spent it all on herself and when Christmas morning came she had so many presents she didn't know which one to look at first. Her stocking was full, and the table was piled high and there were things on the floor. Not one had forgotten her but she had forgotten everybody. For the first few hours she was so busy and excited she did not know just how she felt but something seemed to be gnawing at her heart and accusing her and telling her she had done wrong. Try as she might, she could not make the feeling go away. She took the things off her Christmas tree and put them back again and dressed herself in her two new suits, the plaid one with the coat and leggings and the black velvet one with the Tam-o-shanter cap, but this did not seem to please her. In desperation she put on her new pink silk pajamas, but even that did not do good. To tell the truth there was unhappiness in her heart and it was growing bigger every minute. Even when the neighbors came in and praised her things and patted her

on the head she felt no joy. Late in the forenoon her grandma came with more gifts and of course they showed her everything Matilda had received. When they had handled the whole pile, Matilda's mamma said:

"I guess everyone in the world gave my little girl something."

"And what did she give?" asked grandma, staring over her spectacles at the child.

Matilda tried to answer but could not. A lump came in her throat and two hot tears burned in her eyes. Finally she sputtered out:

"I didn't give a thing and I'm dreadfully unhappy," and then she burst out crying and could not be comforted for quite a long while.

"We must find some way to make her happy," whispered her kind and worried mother.

"Let her come with me," offered grandma.

"I will manage it." To not a soul but Matilda did she tell her plan but the child seemed greatly pleased. More than half of her playthings were loaded on the automobile and away they went to a poor family over the hill. Six children were there and they had no toys at all. One by one Matilda doled out her pretty new things and when she saw the happy smiles on the faces of the ragged children her own heart grew warm and she knew she had discovered a great secret. It was this. To make yourself happy, you must make others happy.

There was one little girl about her own size there and Matilda whispered to grandma that she would like to give her the new velvet coat and cap.

"You may," smiled the kind old lady and they had to drive home again for it. It did not take long and when Matilda had put it on her new friend she just could not help from crying a little, but this time it was from happiness. When they got back it was just time for dinner and when grandma told the story of their adventure everybody looked proudly at Matilda and this time she did not have to turn away in shame.



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the entire picture on a piece of cardboard (using boiled flour paste) and smooth, with the hands, from the center towards the edges. Put it in a large book to dry and let it remain there at least three hours. Cut out each dress and hat with scissors and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. To put the hats on, slit them on the dotted lines and press down over the head. The dresses are held on by bending the little flaps back around the body. To make the doll and Christmas tree stand alone bend the base strips back near the ends to form corners or angles. Keep the set in an envelope and when your mamma reads the story you can arrange the dolly girl and the other figures to suit yourself.

Stocking Full of Christmas Presents



Free For A Club Of Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. **COMFORT** is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are here with illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—rattles, horns, dolls, whistles, musical files, harmonicas, imitation watches, toy dishes, marbles, tops, baggies, cut-out paper dolls and dolls' dresses, beads and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are large size, being nearly a foot and a half long and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. Sweet tinkling Christmas bells and ribbon bows decorate each Stocking and there is also attached a handsome embossed Christmas Card upon which is printed "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus" or some similar inscription. If you have no children of your own to make happy this Christmas you probably know of somebody's little boy or girl who would be delighted with one or more of these Big Christmas stockings, so you should not fail to take advantage of this offer at once, as Christmas is almost here and our supply of the stockings is limited and they may be all gone before your order reaches us unless you send it in at once.

Our Christmas Offer. For a club of TWO one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by Parcel Post prepaid. Remember our supply is limited, so you should send us your order early to avoid disappointment and delay. Premium No. 6582.

Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

INITIAL Dinner Set 31 PIECES FREE



With a few hours easy work you can sell 12 boxes White Clove at 25c, giving an Art Picture FREE with each box. Return to us the \$3.00 collected and this beautiful dinner set is yours. You can also earn watches, fine jewelry, bed spreads, blankets, musical instruments, silverware, etc. Large premium catalogue. Be first in your town—Write Now.

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Wanted An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Boyers." **RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. **G. A. Seuchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.**

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package which transforms instantly. Look your best in spite of moles, sallowness, blotches, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, etc. If you want to be charming and attractive order at once. Warranted absolutely harmless. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Dept. A, Box 1927, Boston, Mass.**

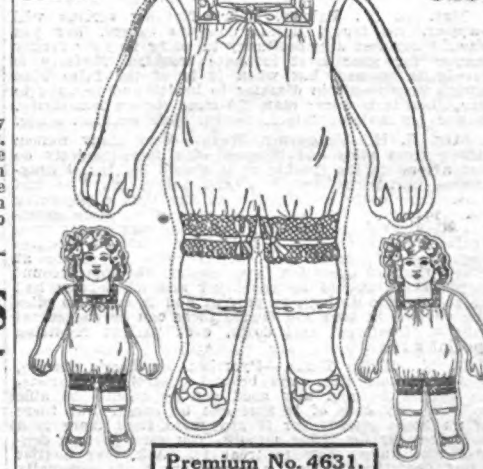
Engraved Gold Bracelet



THIS round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order. **Offer No. 4501 A.** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to **COMFORT** at 25 cents, we will send you this handsome Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Offer No. 4501 B.** For your own subscription or present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4501. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies! All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 4631.

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. "Golden Locks" is almost as big as a real baby, for she stands one and one half feet high, and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a lifelike way that you would almost think they were ready to speak and say "Mama." As shown in above illustration they are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 4631 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to **COMFORT** at 25 cents we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 4631 B. For your own subscription or present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 4631). Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Inquiries, unless accompanied by name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. K. Wetaskwin, Alta.—What you need more than anything else is rest and the advice, not the medicine, of a competent and kindly physician. There is nothing radically wrong with you, but your nerves are out of order and your general system is so run down that merely a change of living as it should. Any treatment by us would be impossible because it will be absolutely necessary for proper treatment for a physician to see you and after examination tell you what should be done for each individual disarrangement. If you could go to a hospital for a month where you could rest, have proper food and be looked after by intelligent nurses and physicians we believe you would be put fairly on the road to normal health. Two things you possess which are invaluable in recovering health and those are good sense and a cheerful spirit. We are sorry we cannot make you as well in body as you are in head and heart. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to the thousands and thousands of overworked women who need only rest to be well.

Mrs. J. V. Union Point, Ga.—Looseness of the bowels of long continuance as an after effect of measles is neither chronic diarrhea nor chronic dysentery and just what it is can only be determined by examination by a physician, and frequently not then. It can only be properly treated by such a physician, though the patient may be of great assistance by keeping a careful watch on the diet, taking principally liquid food, milk, eggs, rice, a little raw meat and stale bread. The object being to give the stomach as little work as possible. Milk punches are often of value, as the alcoholic stimulant is beneficial to the stomach and intestines. The taking of strong astringents should not be done except by the advice of a physician. Stomach troubles of this sort are very stubborn, often incurable and require the attention of the physician, though his constant attention is not needed. Suppose as a home treatment you try two milk punches a day, morning and evening, containing about a tablespoonful of good whiskey, each, and take a one grain camphor pill, three times a day for a week and see what effect they will have.

L. S., Lexington, Mo.—We are glad to learn that you are sufficiently interested in your bodily welfare to want to know where you may procure books on anatomy, physiology and hygiene and for your benefit and that of other COMFORT readers who ought to know about themselves we will say that for ordinary use the text books of the schools are the best to begin with and any teacher in your community will tell you what books they use and where you may get them. If you are more interested in reading them carefully and want to know more, any physician in your neighborhood will tell you what are the most popular books on the subject for general reading. In the school books, usually all three subjects are to be found in the same volume and the price is reasonable. You cannot read anything of more vital value to you and we hope COMFORT readers generally will read up on the subject.

Old Subscriber, Port Orford, Oregon.—The large lumps you mention as appearing at certain times on various parts of your husband's head and body are not due to any catarrh or eczema we know of in this part of the country, and they can only be properly treated by a physician who can examine them and determine their cause. Climate usually does not have much effect on eczema, but we cannot imagine a much worse climate than yours for catarrh, with its rain all winter and the heavy dews of the other months. Your husband should get out of it and live in a climate which is dry, either hot or cold, but dry. For the eczema, which is a stubborn customer, we recommend that he rub his skin night and morning with cocoa-butter, to be had at any drug-store for about seventy-five or eighty cents a pound, and usually put up in half pound packages. The butter is a fine skin food and is good to use for any itching trouble and is good for a healthy skin.

Mrs. G. N., Palmer, Neb.—Nothing serious will happen, we fancy, unless done to excess, but you should not feel any hesitancy in going to your family doctor for your most intimate troubles. Modesty is lovely in woman, but when it is of the false kind which may result in disaster to health and perhaps to life, then it is worse than the most vicious immodesty. Never let modesty interfere with plain common sense.

Mrs. J. H., Vancouver, Wash.—Very many women suffer from piles and because of false modesty do not attend to the trouble as it grows. In all drug-stores ointments, solutions and salves may be had which are quite as effective as any that a physician may prescribe, but something more than mere external application is necessary, as piles may result from indigestion, constipation and other stomach troubles requiring treatment and they become so severe at times that an operation is necessary. On this account a physician should be consulted and his advice had as to what to do both to prevent and to cure. As piles are various in kind and degree there can be no general rule of treatment laid down, each patient requiring special advice.

D. K., Elgin, Texas.—Pyrrothia, or Riggs' disease, which at one time was beyond control of dentists, no longer is, and any good dentist should be able to cure any case of it that can be cured. But there is no home remedy for it any more than there is a home remedy for filling a tooth. You must go to a dentist who knows how to treat it. Ask your dentist what dentifrice to use, as some are made especially for pyrrrothia. The drug emetine injected into the gums is a sure cure for this disease, but it must be administered by a skilled physician or dentist.

C. H., Pontiac, Mich.—You are like a good many other COMFORT patients who imagine that a doctor a thousand miles away can guess nearer to what is wrong with them and then guess at a treatment to go with his first guess and get better results in their cases than their own home physicians, but they are mistaken. We are sorry we cannot make a well man of you, but we cannot and the best advice we can give is that you keep on trying the doctors who can examine you and at least not guess at the proper treatment. Did you ever try osteopathic treatment? You are young enough to have hope in plenty.

E. B., New York, N. Y.—The statement is just as ridiculous as it sounded to you because everybody doesn't have to have measles some time before he dies. Most people have it in childhood, some adults have it, some old people die with it, but a great many people escape entirely, just as you have done so far and will continue to do if you are careful to keep away from contagion.

Mrs. M. O. G., Round Top, Texas.—Massaging the calves is about as good treatment as can be administered for cramps, but the applications are also beneficial. But thorough massaging will start the circulation better than anything else. (2) The surgeon who recommended the operation can tell you much more definitely than we can. Ask him.

G. H., Dubois, Wyo.—It is not at all uncommon for men to have a very heavy growth of hair all over their bodies and usually the hairy men have very good health, as you do. It is natural and while it may be removed, it will grow again and the better way is not to interfere with nature and be glad she made you hairy all over rather than bald all over.

No. 5, Grundy Center, Iowa.—When you don't know anything about a medicine except its name and are not very sure of that, it is a very wise thing for you not to be asking what it is good for, how to administer it, where it can be bought and other questions showing you wish to try it on yourself. Why don't you try it on the cat so that if it results seriously, it will be the cat and not you who must suffer from ignorance? Don't try to doctor yourself unless you are absolutely sure you know just what the matter is and what should be done for it.

The Uncle Charlie Birthday Fund

UNCLE CHARLIE in his report just to hand states that from October 1st to November 1st, 120 of our readers by subscriptions and donations increased the fund being raised for his benefit by \$116, making the grand total \$336 contributed by 320 members of the COMFORT family up to November first.

Uncle Charlie, needless to say, is deeply grateful to all those who have so generously given their time and means to make this inspiring project a success. All gifts have been personally acknowledged by him. What has been done so far is small, but it is only a beginning. Thus far only one in 5,000 of our vast army of subscribers have been heard from and there must be thousands, many tens of thousands anxious to make this a testimonial of practical importance.

For twenty years Uncle Charlie has battled with fate, asking odds of no one, and he is asking nothing now. The movement started with our readers and it is up to them to make it a success, as he refuses to be put in the position of seeking reward for rendering a public service that he deemed to be his duty.

But sympathy and compliments do not buy bread or bricks, or provide for sickness and old age. It requires but little if any drain on either our time or resources to forever place Uncle Charlie beyond the reach of want or worry, and now, if ever, is the time to do it.

Christmas is with us and Christmas is the magic key that unlocks every heart and every pocket. Everyone knows of Whitcomb Riley the beloved poet. Uncle Charlie is our Whitcomb Riley and in his book of poems will be found dozens of pieces just as humorous and delightful in their way as "Little Orphan Annie" and the "Raggedy Man." Only one COMFORT home in thirty-five has a copy of this delightful and beautiful work, which should be in the hands of every child and grown up in the land, for it appeals to both young and old with irresistible force. Uncle Charlie's Story Book too is a mine of wealth. Read "How Uncle Charlie Became A Hero of The Spanish War" and "How Maria and Billy the Goat" first made his acquaintance, and you will

rock with laughter and your eyes will fill with tears and life will be made sweeter for you all. Play over and sing the delightful melodies in his wonderful song book, and pay a visit to his home by securing his beautiful picture book, the home which it is in your power to make actually his, by a little effort on your part. At least a hundred thousand of you should secure these books. Those who already have them, know scores who need them and can pass them along as gifts.

Christmas only comes once a year. If the Uncle Charlie Fund is to be made a success worthy of COMFORT and its readers, we must all get together and pull together with a will. The time is short. Let every day count. Don't leave it to the other fellow but do a double share in case the other fellow does not do anything at all. A few can accomplish little but millions can accomplish miracles, and there is no more inspiring and beautiful work than this.

Here is how you can help.

1. By cash donations.
2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see advertisement.)
3. Those who cannot spare the money for a cash donation or for purchase of his books can contribute by getting subscriptions to COMFORT in aid of the "Uncle Charlie Benefit Fund" and instead of taking the club premium or cash commission themselves direct that it be credited to the fund. In such cases I will pay over to Uncle Charlie one half of the subscription price of all subscriptions sent for this purpose. The regular cash commission on COMFORT subscriptions is 40 per cent, but for Uncle Charlie's Benefit Fund I will allow 50 per cent. Another way to help him and benefit yourself is to get up a subscription club and take one of his books as your premium.

In one or other of these ways every COMFORT reader who wishes to do so can help swell the fund for Uncle Charlie which has my hearty approval and will have my assistance within the limits of propriety.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

Religion, Rum and so Forth

"Two hundred and sixty-two million dollars is a good deal of money," said a man who did not have that much saved for a rainy day, "and it is more when that amount is spent every year for one thing, yet the people of this country spend that much annually on their religious organizations—home churches and foreign missions—250 millions of it being spent at home. Three quarters of a million dollars a day, thirty thousand an hour, five thousand dollars a minute! Some money, that, isn't it? Seems like enough to convert the whole world, doesn't it? And it might, if we didn't spend so much to offset it. There's liquor, for example, all kinds of hard drinks. Do we spend five thousand dollars a minute on that bad habit? Do we? Well, we spend nearly ten times five thousand a minute. Our liquor bills for one year amount to two billion, two hundred million dollars. Very close to ten times more spent for rum than for religion! That doesn't sound much like converting our own country from the error of its ways, much less the whole world, does it? Then there's tobacco. Not a bit of use for anybody to have that habit, but we have it just the same, and we spend one billion two hundred millions a year on it. Nearly five times as much as for our religion, and tobacco never yet helped anybody to a better life, nor saved a soul from sin! For jewelry and silverware, which most of us plain people don't have any surplus of, eight hundred millions a

year are spent by those who have the money. For automobiles which some of us are able to get by mortgaging our farms, or something like that, five hundred millions are spent. Twice as much as for religion, though this is offset some by the fact that a good many people these days ride to church on Sundays in their cars. For candy, which isn't necessary at all, we spend two hundred millions a year and for tea and coffee half that amount, or say, a dollar each for our population of one hundred millions. Lots of us don't drink soda water or other soft drinks, at least, not very often, unless we count the red lemonade when the circus comes around, yet somebody spends one hundred and twenty million dollars a year for it, and to make matters worse, they spend thirteen millions a year for chewing-gum. Think of chewing up that much money every year! For patent medicines we spend eighty millions a year,—everybody has aches and pains—and for millinery, the women, or their husbands for them, spend ninety millions and this seems to me, next to religion, to be the most reasonable expenditure. Allowing that one third of our population is women of an age to wear millinery, the ninety millions represent an expense of only about three dollars per person, and certainly the woman who can get along with only three dollars' worth of hats and trimmings a year could not be called extravagant by anybody except a prevaricator of the most malicious mind. Maybe some day we will learn to spend our money for better things, but just now, it looks like too much of it was being worse than thrown away, doesn't it?"

What Shall I Give Them For Christmas?

HOW MANY TIMES do you ask yourself this question as the holidays draw near and you are making up your list of those whom you wish to remember with some appropriate yet inexpensive Xmas gift?

Oftentimes you find it almost impossible to decide—it even becomes a source of downright worry because all of us like to feel that the presents we give are something that will be actually needed and appreciated by the recipients.

Why not let us help you solve at least one of your Christmas problems this year? We believe we know of one present that will bring more pleasant and more frequent reminders to your friends than almost anything else you could buy—and that is

A One Year's Subscription To Comfort

Here is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 25 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail

A Beautiful Christmas Presentation Card

so that both paper and card will reach the recipient at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Date _____ 1916.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 25 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name _____

Street & No. or R. F. D. No. _____ **Box No.** _____

Post Office _____ **State** _____

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Here)

My Name is _____

Street & No. or R. F. D. No. _____ **Box No.** _____

Post Office _____ **State** _____

If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. **DE SURE TO ENCLOSE 25 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.**

6 Wheel Chairs in November

375 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Six wheel chairs in November is a gain of two over October and makes a total of 65 that I have sent out thus far this year. It is much the best showing we ever made; it is splendid, but we ought to do even better and we can if we try. So all please boost with a will to make December a big month for the shut-ins and close the year's record of the Wheel-Chair Club in a blaze of glory.

The six November wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Miss Etta Hendrixson, R. 3, Kaufman, Texas, 226; Henry C. Williams, 3640 Ave. F, East Lake, Tenn., 206; Mrs. Martha E. Harvey, Fallon, Nevada, 140; Mrs. Della Wyman, Jamestown, N. Dak., 126; Raymon Boswell, Forsyth, Mo., 110; Mrs. Edith M. Cole, Bryant Pond, Maine, 97.

Etta Hendrixson, age 15, has been in bed since May, 1915, suffering from tuberculosis of the right thigh bone. Four of her good friends sent 226 subscriptions, all in one day, saying that 200 of them were for her chair and the extra 26 were to help some other needy shut-in to obtain a wheel chair. Certainly they have the right stripe of Christian charity and it shows up in their work. You will see their names in this month's Roll of Honor below.

Henry C. Williams, age 14, is severely afflicted with rheumatism from the effect of which he has been a crippled shut-in the last fifteen months. Mrs. Williams sent the entire 200 subscriptions for the boy's chair all in one bunch as she had obtained them so quickly with the help of friends.

Mrs. Martha E. Harvey, age 64, is so badly crippled by rheumatism that she can not walk, yet this brave sufferer does all her housework sitting in a chair, made by her son, in which she manages to push herself over the floor. She is a widow dependent on her son, himself a cripple, who earns a living by selling popcorn. Her wheel chair will be a much needed help.

Mrs. Della Wyman, age 40, crippled the last six years by paralysis. For some time she was under treatment at the State Hospital in Jamestown, N. Dak., but Mrs. G. L. Acheson of Dale, N. Dak., who obtained all the subscriptions for her chair, writes, that Mrs. Wyman is about to leave the institution. She says Mrs. Wyman is in great need of a wheel chair.

Raymond Boswell, age 15, has been a helpless cripple all his life and can not even use his hands. The wheel chair will be a pleasure to him and a great help to his mother in taking care of him.

Mrs. Edith M. Cole, age 30, has five children ranging from three to twelve years of age. Although her legs are so drawn up by rheumatism that she can not take a step she does all the cooking for the family and sends her children to school. What a pity for such a good mother to be so afflicted! The wheel chair will help lighten her toil.

We have an interesting Roll of Honor this month, and I hope more of you will get your names there next month so to help me send a ray of joy into the sad lives of a goodly number of poor crippled shut-ins by presenting them with a wheel chair on Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables Him to Get a Peep at the Outside World

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you and COMFORT friends who so liberally helped me to obtain my wheel chair which enables me to escape from the confinement of my room and get a peep at the outside world which looks very beautiful to me after having been a shut-in for twenty-three long years. God bless you and all who helped me.

Yours respectfully, JOHN W. HANKINS.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. T. A. Williams, Tenn., for Henry Clinton Williams, 200; Nellie Odell, Texas, for Emmett Odell, 150; Mrs. Rosetta Smith, Nevada, for Martha E. Harvey, 68; H. C. Anderson, Texas, for Miss Etta Hendrixson and Needy Shut-in, 58; Mrs. H. C. Anderson, Texas, for Miss Etta Hendrixson and Needy Shut-in, 56; John Hearn, Texas, for Miss Etta Hendrixson and Needy Shut-in, 56; Mrs. H. C. Couch, Texas, for Miss Etta Hendrixson and Needy Shut-in, 56; Mrs. G. L. Acheson, N. Dak., for Mrs. Della Wyman, 55; Mrs. R. W. Bryan, N. C., for Jessie D. Bryan, 40; Mrs. S. W. Walker, North Carolina, for Herbert Walker, 35; Mrs. J. F. Hickman, Ark., for Miss Odell, 35; Mrs. Lena Andrews, Mass., for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 31; Mrs. Annie Boswell, Missouri, for Raymon Boswell, 30; Mrs. Edith M. Cole, N. C., for J. C. Shook, 26; Mrs. L. E. Killian, Okla., for Raymon Boswell, 20; Mrs. J. A. Moad, Okla., for Mrs. Naomi Moad, 18; Mrs. J. Mack Law, Tenn., for Edw. Bryan Law, 13; Leithor D. Darter, Texas, for own wheel chair, 13; Etta Cox, Ky., for own wheel chair, 12; Mrs. J. W. Sifford, Missouri, for Willie Sifford, 12; Miss Mary Weston, Iowa, for Miss Margaret Dew, 11; Minnie Ostrander, Okla., for General, 11; Mrs. G. E. McCone, Colo., for General, 11; Miss Nellie Ferguson, Texas, for Mollie Fay Belle Ferguson, 11; Catherine Fraisure, Fla., for own wheel chair, 10; Mollie Andrews, Okla., for Buel Hibbard, 10; Vera Sherrod, Wash., for Mrs. Arabella Sherrod, 10; Mrs. Morton Rowe, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 10; Stanley Kulawik, Texas, for J. R. Claxton, 10; John Tiller, Iowa, for General, 10; Mrs. Chester Andrews, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 10; Mrs. Inez Bisbee, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 10; Mrs. T. A. Ivey, Ga., for Miss Ann Allen, 10; Mrs. Leiland Andrews, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 10; Mrs. Alice Redding, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 10; Mrs. Alton Ames, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 10; Ada Beck, Ky., for Annie Opal Beck, 9; Mrs. E. J. Allen, Ky., for General, 9; Mamie Hibbard, Ark., for Buel Hibbard, 8; Roy W. Glass, Ala., for Mrs. Sarah M. Baker, 7; Minnie Kurts, Iowa, for General, 6; Mrs. Della Andrews, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 6; Mrs. Nina Beck, N. Mex., for own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. W. E. Garnea, Ohio, for General, 5; Mrs. F. A. Harrison, Texas, for J. R. Claxton, 5; P. F. Lally, Ky., for Etta Cox, 5; Cora A. Looley, Ill., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. C. A. Lynch, Idaho, for General, 5; Miss Ella Paddock, Indiana, for Mrs. Adella Albiston, 5; Miss Lona Norris, Ala., for Mrs. Flora Sifford, 5; Mrs. N. B. Ridge, Ill., for General, 5; Mrs. S. A. Swinson, N. C., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. J. R. Williams, Texas, for Mrs. Jim Claxton, 5.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Men Or Women. A real honest-to-goodness-sells-itself line—over 250 light weight, popular priced necessities. We pay 100% commission. \$6 a day can be made at the start. No capital—no experience required. Enormous demand—sells fast—big repeaters. Valuable territory opened—all or spare time. Elegant agent's outfit furnished free. Write today. Postal will do. American Products Co., 9215 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

We Start You In Business. furnishing everything; men's suits \$30 to \$300 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents Profits. Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 231 N. 2nd, St. Louis, Mo.

Earn \$50 to \$100 monthly distributing Parker Hosiery to regular repeat customers in your home town at mill prices. All or spare time. Protected territory. Credit given. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Men And Women: \$1500 to \$3000 Yearly taking orders for over 90 Household Articles. Outfit Free. Big Chance. Full Particulars. Duo Factories, Dept. B, 40, North Java, N. Y.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Every Home on Farm, in Small Town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) mantle lamp; five times as bright as electric; tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading universities; awarded gold medal; one farmer cleared over \$500 in 6 weeks; hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month; no capital required; we furnish goods to reliable men; write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 610 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

Agents: Cooper made \$314 last month, \$91 last week selling "Kantak" Raincoats. No proposition. We deliver and collect. Sample coat free. Comer Mfg. Co., 13 Opal St., Dayton, Ohio.

Guaranteed Hosiery Selling From Mill earns \$5 a day for our representatives. No Capital or experience needed. All or Spare Time. Weber Mills, Nicetown Station, Phila., Pa.

Agents I've a new soap game that's dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames. Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Penants, Paper Mache Frames, Rejected Credits. From shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk M6, Chicago, Ill.

Agents—200 Per Cent Profit. Wonderful little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 8615 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents can make big money selling hosiery of exceptional quality at prices that cannot be secured elsewhere. Big repeater. Write. Fish-er Hosiery Co., 723 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mends, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package and catalogue of household specialties free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452 A, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Insyde Tyres. Inner armor for Automobile tires, double mileage and prevent punctures and blowouts. Quickly applied. Cost little. Demand tremendous. Profits unlimited. Details free. American Automobile Accessories Co., Dept. 119, Cincinnati, O.

\$100.00 Weekly easily made selling to dealers on commission "18-92" highest quality Aluminum Cooking Utensils, guaranteed for 20 years. Exclusive or side line. Write immediately for proposition. Ipalco, Lemont, Ill.

Turn Spare Time Into Dollars. Something new. No canvassing or investment. Daydark Co., Desk 54, St. Louis, Mo.

\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Kotstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 296 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Agents: Make 100% selling Harwood's Freckle Cream and other toilet needs. Write today. Harwood Laboratories, Aurora, Ill.

We Pay \$36 A Week and Expenses To men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 9, Parsons, Kans.

Man Or Woman Of Good Character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising. Experience unnecessary. References required. \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson King & Co., 7 South Clinton St., Chicago.

Agents—Revised prices—Big increase in profits. Free Sample And Particulars. Del-bare's Naptha Washing Tablets. Wash clothes clean without rubbing. Guaranteed not to injure the finest fabric. No acids, lime or caustics. Manufactured by Naptha Washing Tablet Company, 718 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

Women to distribute toilet goods to friends and neighbors. \$1 a dozen for you. Sample free. Daley Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents sell our waterproof aprons, soaps and toilet articles. Big profits. Pelham Manufacturing Co., North Pelham, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

Lady Or Gentleman To Travel for old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line. \$18 weekly pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. O. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

"Easy Steps" scientific foot-comforters; sponge rubber inside-cushions; 200% up; \$2 dozen, makes \$4 extra; Big clean-up. Samples 24c. Manhattan Products, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

Would \$150 Monthly as General Agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford Auto of your own, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants, etc. Interest you? Then address Royoleum Co-Operative Mfg. Co., Dept. 2, Monticello, Ind.

Blaxit Safely While Hot. New stove polish, works without soiling the hands. Agents Wanted. Boss Mfg. Co., New London, Ct.

To Sell new parlor baseball game. Novel, fascinating and instructive. Price 50c. Send 30c for agents outfit. Barnum Novelty Co., Dept. B, Bridgeport, Conn.

Spiral Spring Curtain Rods: fit any window; put up in minute; sample 10c; circulars free. Moore Co., 4132 Nerome Ave., Cincinnati.

Agents Sell Duz-Win Washing Paste. Wonderful compound. Washes and whitens clothes without boiling, rubbing or bluing. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. 100% profit. Splendid repeater. Send for free sample and agents proposition. Duz-win Products Co., Crow St., Utica, N. Y.

Agents—A one-cent post card will put you in touch with an \$80 a week proposition selling Aluminum Utensils and Specialties direct to the consumer. Don't let one cent stand between you and prosperity. Div. B.B.P., American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

In Time of Need
"Help the blind!" muttered the beggar on the corner, near a picture theater.
"Here, poor man," said a young woman, "here is some money."
She dropped the dime on the pavement and the "blind man" leaned forward to pick it up.
"I thought you were blind!" exclaimed the girl.
"No, lady; I'm only taking the regular man's place for a while."

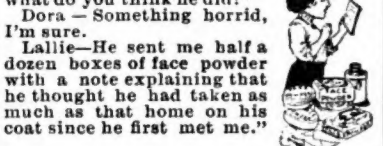


"Is he sick?"
"No, lady. He wanted to go in and see the moving picture show!"

Just His Luck
It happened during one of the air raids, at a place not specified in the newspaper reports.

Isaacstein, just emerging from a chemist's shop, got in the way of the explosion, and when he recovered in the hospital found that both his feet had been amputated.
"Just my luck," he grumbled, and I had just vent and bought sixpenny-worth of corn-plaster."—Tid-Bits.

Fair Exchange
Dora—"And so you quarreled?"
Lallie—"Yes, and I returned all his presents, and what do you think he did?"
Dora—"Something horrid, I'm sure."
Lallie—"He sent me half a dozen boxes of face powder with a note explaining that he thought he had taken as much as that home on his coat since he first met me."



The Connoisseurs
Two farmers, attired in corduroys and gaiters, were strolling through a picture gallery, where they looked, and ap-

POST CARDS
Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

Just Photographed: The cowboy of the wild west, riding "Sharky" the famous bucking Bull. Send 10c for this real photograph. Echo Photo Co., Echo, Minn.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS
Pony Carts, Sleighs, Harness. Send 4c for catalog of 42 styles at Factory to User prices. Wal-Rite Co., Saint Paris, O.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES
Ford Owners—complete set nonskid 3500-mile tires, prepaid to you, \$27.95 or write for description. J. A. Duckett, Merkel, Tex.

PHOTO FINISHING
Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

SCHOOLS
Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, 14 St., Valparaiso, Ind.

CALLING CARDS
Special Offer. 25 Calling Cards, 25 Address Cards, 10 Friendship Cards, 20 cents. Automatic Printing Co., Gardner, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Biggest selling household necessity. Huge profits; steady repeater. Write today. Peck Specialty Co., North Haven, Conn.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 246, Cincinnati, O.

\$1,000.00 For Your Next 100 Days. Spot Cash. New money-making invention for agents, general agents, managers. Recently invented. 1,000,000 already sold; 200 more salesmen wanted at once. Amazing automatic Compressed Air Washing Machine. Washes tub of clothes in six minutes. No cranks to turn or levers to push—no rubbing. Works like magic. Price only \$1.50—makes sale at every house; 200% profit. L. Palmer, Glen Allen, Ala., put out on trial 108 machines, sold 107. Profit \$107.00. Write now, Wendell Co., 1114 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks required. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying \$100 to \$500 per month. Address nearest office, Dept. B-28, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

Salesmen Wanted—Reliable Men That can furnish team and wagon to travel in the country and sell old established line of medicines, flavorings, spices, soaps, toilet, condition powder, etc. Permanent work. Pay Big. Write today for free copy of "Opportunity." It tells how. Seminole Medicine Co., Boone, Ia., Box 228.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Learn Nursing At Home. Rates low. Easy terms. Catalog free. Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2227 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

When the Ranch Sailed
The following story is told about Col. D. C. Collier:

While riding along a mountain road in San Diego, Cal., Col. Collier came upon a dilapidated corral fence upon which hung a sign bearing the following announcement: "For Sail." A bright looking small boy sat on the fence beside the sign and Col. Collier asked him: "When does this ranch sail?"

The small boy glanced up quickly at Col. Collier, smiled and said: "When some sucker comes along who can raise the wind." Col. Collier doffed his sombrero, thanked the lad for his information and rode on his way feeling greatly enlightened, for he understood that "raising the wind" meant raising money.

A Modern Linguist
The class in English was being taught the intricacies of forming adjectives from nouns by the addition of -ous. Examples were given such as hazardous

parently felt, decidedly out of place. But at last they brought up before a picture which really seemed to please them—a portrait of a lovely girl with a particularly ugly buldog.

"This is something nice, Dick," said one.
"What is it called?"
Dick referred to the catalogue.
"Beauty and the Beast," he said.
The other man looked closer at the buldog.

"Ah!" he sighed, appreciatively, "he is a beauty, too!"

Safety First
"It would please me very much, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "if you would go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" inquired Miss Vera Stout.
"Oh, come now," he protested, "you're not so heavy as all that."

In Need
For three successive nights Newpop had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup.

"Why, James," exclaimed his wife, when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give to a child anything like that?"

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."

Lucky
"My cousin is to be married on the thirteenth of next month."

"On the thirteenth? I should think she would be afraid of such an unlucky date."

"Evidently you have never seen my cousin. Any day would be a lucky day for her to get married."

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS
\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small Capital Starts You. No experience needed. We teach you the business. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 407 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

\$20 to \$50 nightly Complete outfit, machine, film. Everything furnished on Payment Plan. Catalog free. Moving Picture Sales Co., Dept. CC, 540 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

\$50.00 Nightly—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Ser., vice, 228 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS
Write Photoplays. Short Stories. Poems: \$100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Write Photoplays! \$75 each. Send for free booklet "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Universal Pub. Co., 315 Fergus Falls, Minn.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.
We Accept your Ideas and Scripts in Any form—correct Free—sell on Commission. Big Rewards! Make Money. Write us Now! Writer's Service, Box 31, Auburn, N. Y.

See Here! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! Accepted in any form, and criticised Free. Sold on commission. Write Now! Ms. Sales Co., Dept. E., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

SSSS In Pigeons! Start raising squabs for market or breeding purposes. Make big profits with our Jumbo Pigeons. We teach you. Large, free, illustrated, instructive circulars. Providence Squab Co., Providence, R. I.

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